Communism: A World-Wide Failure

By Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Communism: A Failure In America

By Harold H. Martin

The Saturday Evening POST

May 19, 1962 — 20¢

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Among Our Authors. **Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.,** who writes on the failure of Communism to capture men's minds—"Communism, if it ever comes to developed countries, will come, not as a consequence of social evolution, but only on the bayonets of the Red Army"—won a Pulitzer prize in history (for *The Age of Jackson*) when he was only twenty-eight and serving with the O.S.S. History runs in his family: His father has taught history at Ohio State, Iowa and Harvard; through his mother, Elizabeth Bancroft Schlesinger, he is a collateral descendant of the great historian of American democracy, George Bancroft (1800–91). On leave from his Harvard professorship while he serves as a Presidential adviser, Schlesinger Jr., now 44, lives in the Georgetown section of Washington with his wife, the former Marian Cannon, and their four children, Stephen, Katharine, Christina and Andrew. **Harold H. Martin,** also the father of four children, and author of the article on the failure of the Communist Party to capture American votes, lives in Atlanta but ranges the world. After serving in World War II as a Marine Corps officer, he joined *The Post* and has contributed 159 articles on subjects as widely distributed as the Middle East (a notable series of last winter), the Korean war and the American economy (for which he won the Sigma Delta Chi award for magazine reporting in 1958).

Other By-Lines. Free-lance reporter **Bernard Asbell,** of Wilton, Connecticut, is a transplanted Chicagoan. . . . **Toni Howard,** an American who lives in Paris, stitched together her article on pattern-maker Jim Spadea during a recent trip to the U.S. . . . **Joe Falls,** of the Detroit *Free Press* sports department, reports on Norm Cash, of the Detroit Tigers' home-run department. . . . Adventures of the Mind No. 97, THE MAN WHO SAW THROUGH TIME, is by University of Pennsylvania anthropologist **Loren Eiseley,** who inaugurated the series four years ago with AN EVOLUTIONIST LOOKS AT MODERN MAN. . . . STAGE-STRUCK HIGH SCHOOL author **Gerald Walker** studied playwriting at Columbia, met his wife at a summer theater where he was the publicity director, she the leading lady. . . . London-born **Robert Standish,** whose name graces the recently published *Post Stories of 1962,* gives us another roguish tale peopled by his neighbors on the French Riviera. . . . **Richard Towne** is a professor of English in an Eastern girls' college. . . . Virginia's **Will F. Jenkins** has been a free-lance writer his entire adult life.

The Cover. To heighten the Cinderella magic of the senior prom—the short-lived corsages, the rented dinner jackets, the courtly manners—artist Ben Prins concocted a fairy tale of his own: He posed seniors from Fairfield, Connecticut's, antiquated Roger Ludlowe High School at the nearby, glitteringly modern Mill Plain Junior High. Prins, it develops, was prescient: The Mill Plain building is being tripled in size and in September, 1963, will become the new Roger Ludlowe High.

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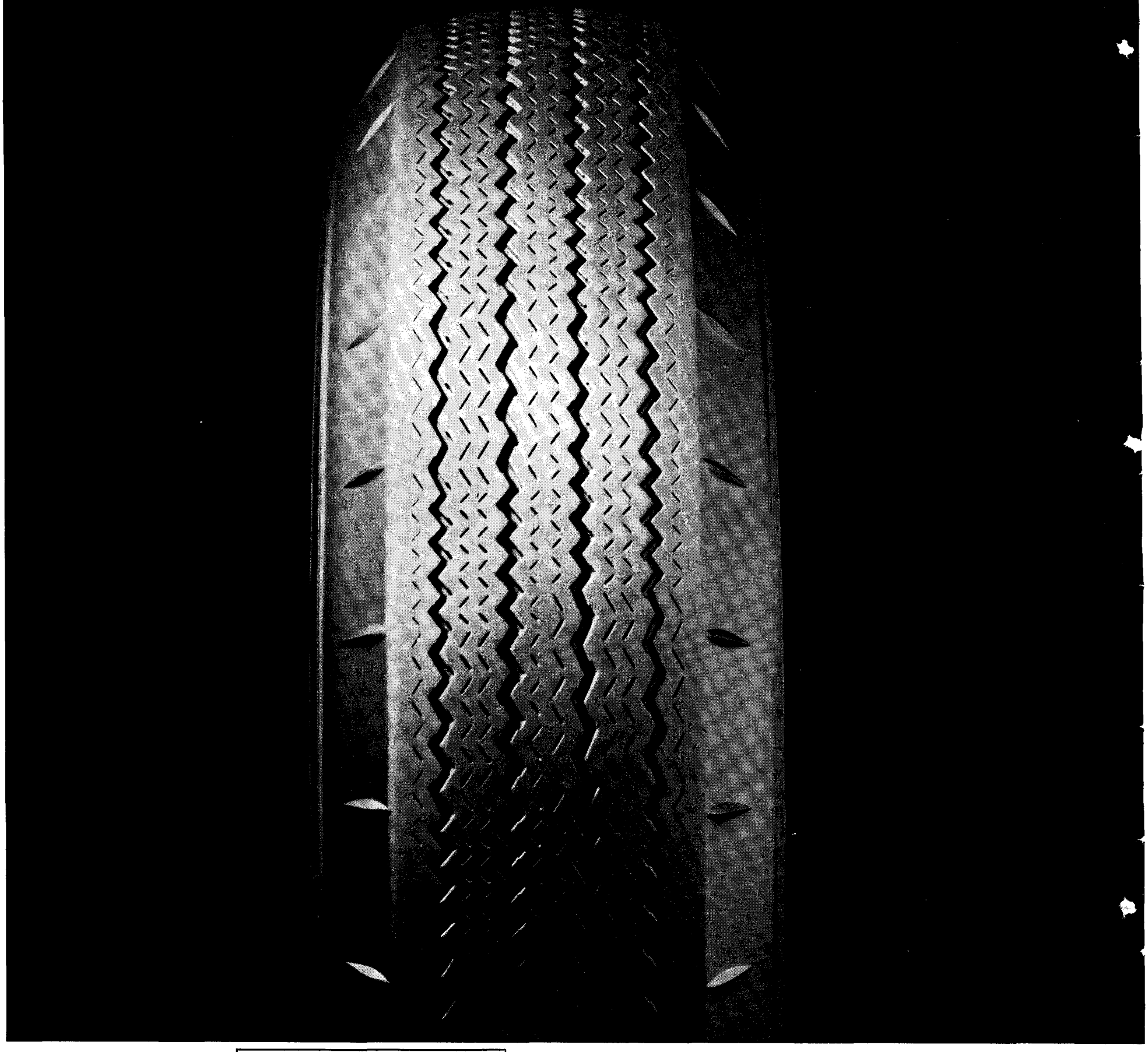
WITH TUFSYN... 1962 Custom Super-Cushion run for 21,501 fast-wear miles.



New Tufsyn in Goodyear tires

These 2 tires were run the same distance. On the same car. To let you see the difference Tufsyn makes in Goodyear's new tread compound.

What is Tufsyn? Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's polybutadiene—the new *tough synthetic*—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional "rubbers"—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same. It feels the same. It's in the same family. But, it's tougher. More durable.

Proof? Look at the unretouched photos above. The tire at the right—a 1961 Goodyear—is *famous* for mileage. That's why it was standard equipment on so many makes of new cars last year.

Thousands more miles with Tufsyn—The tire at the left—a 1962 Goodyear with Tufsyn in the tread compound—was still good for thousands of miles when the test was over. Remember—both tires went the *same* mileage over the *same* roads on the *same* car—rotated every 1000 miles. Speed: 60-65 mph.

And we didn't stop with the tread. We added new Tufsyn to the tire body, too—to make it safer. Because Tufsyn holds a tire together

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'s THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

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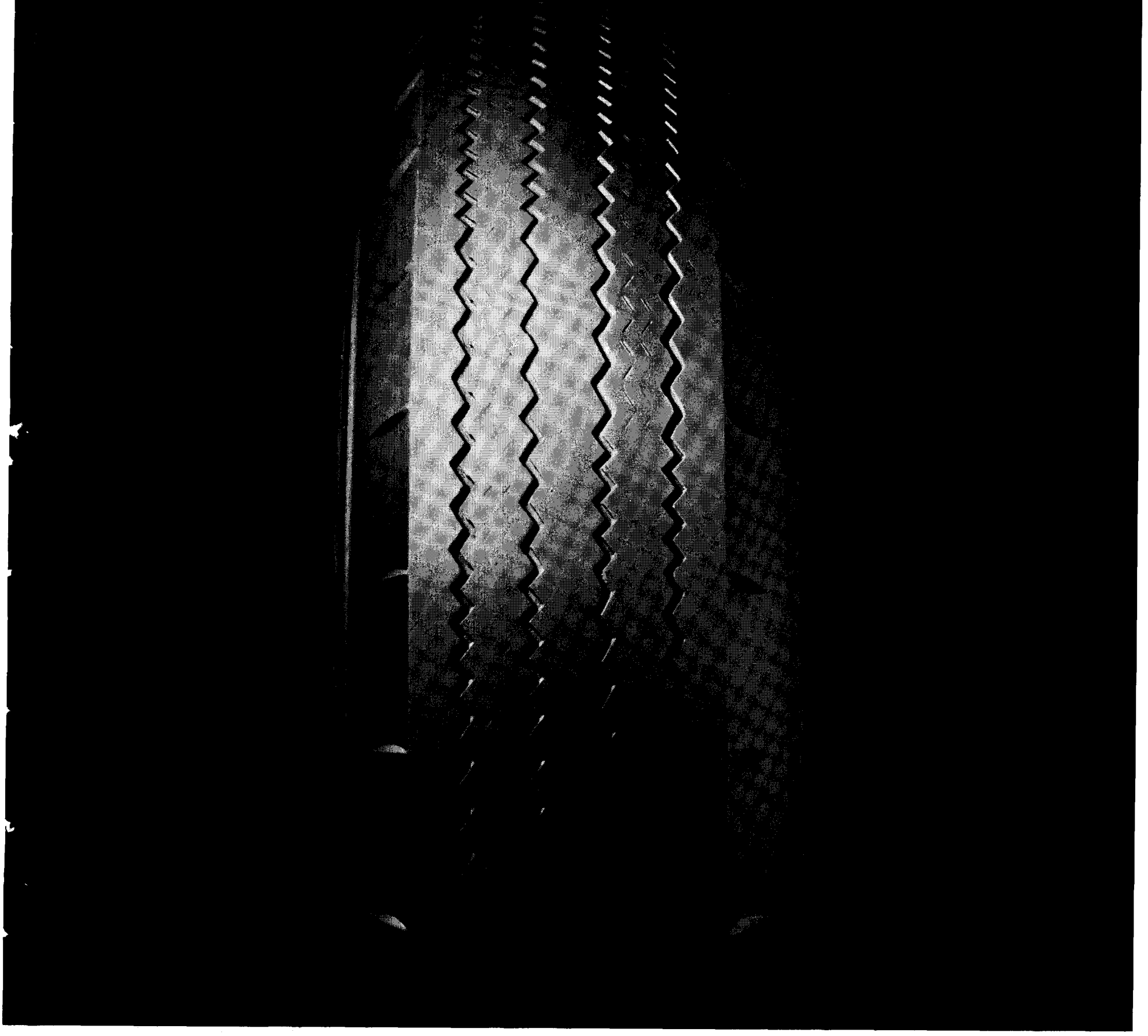
WITHOUT TUFSYN . . . 1961 Custom Super-Cushion run for the same mileage.



makes this much difference

better. Meaning you're better protected against separations, chunking, cracking, or chipping—especially at today's turnpike speeds.

25% more durable tire body—In fact, Tufsyn when combined with Goodyear's 3-T triple-tempered cord—now improved for even greater resistance to road shock—increases tire body durability by as much as 25%.

More than ever, you get a tire that's built for turnpikes. A tire that's *Turnpike-Proved*. And it's all made possible by Goodyear's *know how*.

Our constant search for *better* materials and *better* methods means you get a *better* tire. You can count on it.

Remember the name: Tufsyn. Because you're going to want it. Your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store has it. Now.

GOODYEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind!

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LETTERS

Grandma Strikes Back

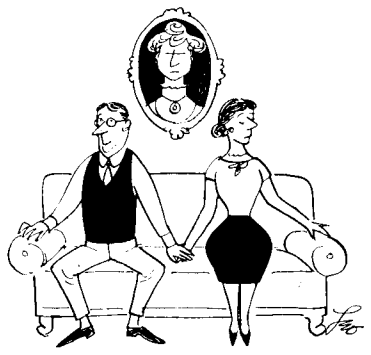
Dear Sirs:

It shocks me that the S.E.P. would lend the dignity of publication to this cruel and heartless article [SPEAKING OUT: GRANDMA, STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR!, by Robert and Ruth Neilson, Apr. 14]. I was privileged to have my mother living as a member of my home for many years before her death. I now live with my daughter; there is love and respect shown on *all* sides. I feel sorry for all the members of (the Neilson) family; they are missing much.

MRS. SOREN SORENSEN
Old Tappan, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

As for "the Neilsons" being annoyed because grandma was present, and they couldn't neck on the sofa "like



teen-agers," I don't believe it was that at all. Judging from their article, they're too ugly and grim to want to neck on the divan. I'd prefer to think that they were prevented (by her presence) from pulling the parakeet's tail feathers or from setting fire to the cat's whiskers.

ANNE CONROY BARRETT
Mansfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The Neilsons have said the dirty words for all of us. Cruel—but true!

FLORENCE E. COURTNEY
A Grandma
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Robert and Ruth Neilson do well to hide behind pseudonyms but, in doing so, they have caused the hurt and anguish, aimed at Mrs. Neilson's mother, to be spread among thousands of grandmothers forced to live in daughter's home. Each will wonder, "Am I the one?"

FRANCES B. KIRSCHNER
Montevideo, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I suppose that there are grandmothers like the one mentioned in the article, but I rather think that they are in the same statistical class as juvenile delinquents.

MRS. JOHN J. GARCY
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Frankly, my children bore me. I love them dearly, visit them a couple times a year—practically on demand from them. Then I am treated to cremated ham or half-raw chicken, before which I am asked to bathe one or other of the grandchildren. Which is supposed to be some sort of enormous pleasure to me. Then I must admire these nauseous drawings they bring home from school.

After all this, I can then decently take my leave (escape, really), repair to my own humble surroundings, kick off my shoes, undo my girdle, open a can of beer and say, "Kids, Stay Away From *My* Door"—at least for a while.

I must be a real oddball!

MARY ELIZABETH PARSONS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If Robert and Ruth Neilson used this philosophy of life in regard to all other people with whom they came in contact, there wouldn't be anyone coming to their door, *period!*

MRS. JOHN S. GAST
Sulphur Springs, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

A hearty "Amen" to your article by Robert and Ruth Neilson. Every word in it is true.

NELL T. JONES
Franklin, N.C.

● *Grandmas, grandpas, grandsons, granddaughters, great-grandmothers, fathers, sons, daughters and friends of grandmothers sent* The Post *429 letters in grandma's defense. Sixty-four readers wrote to agree with "the Neilsons."—ED.*

Answering Eight Scientists

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished AN ANSWER TO TELLER [by Eight Scientists, Apr. 14]. These scholarly apologists could not have unmasked their naïveté more succinctly than by their illusion that anyone proposing armament against Communism is (like) a "paranoid . . . fearing . . . his wife, children and colleagues hate him and are conspiring to kill him." What better authority do these scholars want than Messrs. Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Khrushchev?

JAMES P. CASEY
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

May I thank you for allowing the eight scientists to undo in one issue the harm that Doctor Teller did in three? After reading their article, I can not help but disagree with Doctor Teller.

WALTER ZIMMERMAN
Brookline, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The key phrase of the article, the crux, the only argument is "foolproof guarantees of performance may not be necessary." They are necessary for me, Teller and the vast majority of the population of the free world. Absolute inspection and control is not the final step; it must be the first step.

TOM CARROLL
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Finding Meaning in Faulkner

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for publishing William Faulkner's HELL CREEK CROSSING [Mar. 31]. It is a story that will remain with me for the rest of my life. It was full of adult wisdom and humor. I fear, however, that not everyone will appreciate it.

DUVAN POLK
Breckenridge, Tex.

● *Reader Polk, a writer himself, has had seven short stories published in* The Post.—*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If Boon must "cuss," won't Mr. Faulkner (and you) please use blanks and symbols (=*#!) for the printing and let the reader supply his own "cussings."

PAUL E. LESTER
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

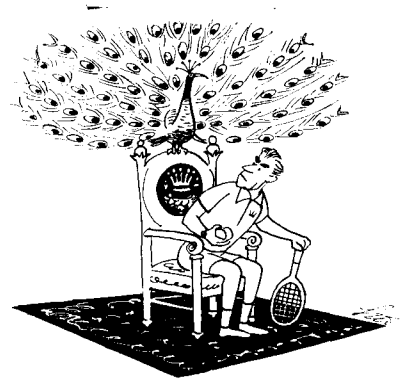
Last night it was very late when I came home, but I wasn't too sleepy to read. However, that was soon remedied—the sleepiness, or rather lack of it, that is—by my having the misfortune to select the excerpt "from the newest work of America's most famous living novelist." Doggone that Faulkner's style—gets you right here, doesn't he?

WILLIAM A. JASPER
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Shah Irks Them

Dear Sirs:

If the Shah [IRAN'S GOOD KING by Harold H. Martin, Apr. 14] is so concerned about hunger and disease among his people, why doesn't he take time out from his tennis game and chip a few jewels out of that Peacock Throne of his! I wouldn't mind having



a solid-gold teapot myself, and my "Western tastes" lean to sports cars and custom clothes, but *I* have to pay income tax to feed his people. If they need technical help, send the Peace Corps! Send Jackie Kennedy! I'd just as soon feed somebody without any oil wells!

JEAN B. PANACCIONE
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Martin's article is an insult to American readers. Such a fawning, obsequious, chauvinistic attitude toward a monarchical form of government is disgusting.

H. A. WILKE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Millions of loyal inhabitants of monarchies deny Mr. Martin the right to state (that) "monarchies are looked upon as archaic symbols of a dead past." Shame on such a shortsighted American!

J. F. A. VAN WEEZEL ERRENS
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

As an Iranian, I would like to congratulate you for the article on Iran. However, one gets the impression the landlords initiated the January movement of the students. As a graduate of the University of Tehran, I do not think any landlord could move the student body. The students oppose the land-reform program.

H. HEMAMI
Cambridge, Mass.

Arms Merchant Peppered

Dear Sirs:

If Mr. Sam Cummings [THE MAN WITH THE CROCODILE BRIEFCASE, by John Kobler, March 24] feels the need to defend himself morally and with logic he had better dig up some new analogies. In regard to his statement, "I feel no more responsibility for what people do with the weapons I sell them than an automobile manufacturer feels for traffic deaths," cars were not designed for killing nor was the Russian 14.5 mm. designed for target practice. . . . He has well described himself—"my nefarious career."

RUTH BULLIONS
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

STEWART ALSOP ASSESSES THE G.O.P.'S FAST COMER:

George Romney

Bermuda
Where the Girls Are

Black Monks
A Look at the Benedictines

Also

Gamblers Anonymous
HOPE FOR COMPULSIVE BETTORS

Racing Driver Eddie Sachs
and the
Indianapolis 500

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23–Larry Fried. • 24–Coby Whitmore. • 26–Jerry Cooke. • 27–Denis Cameron. • 28–Julian Wasser. • 29–Gary Gladstone. • 30, 31–Jerry Cooke. • 32–Map, Zen Yonkovig; Jerry Cooke. • 33–Jerry Cooke. • 34, 35, 36, 39–Ormond Gigli. 43–Philippe Halsman. • 58, 59, 63–Ollie Atkins. • 67–Larry Fried. • 69–Bettmann Archive. • 81–Carroll Jones. • 89, 90, 91, 92, 93–Ted Russell.

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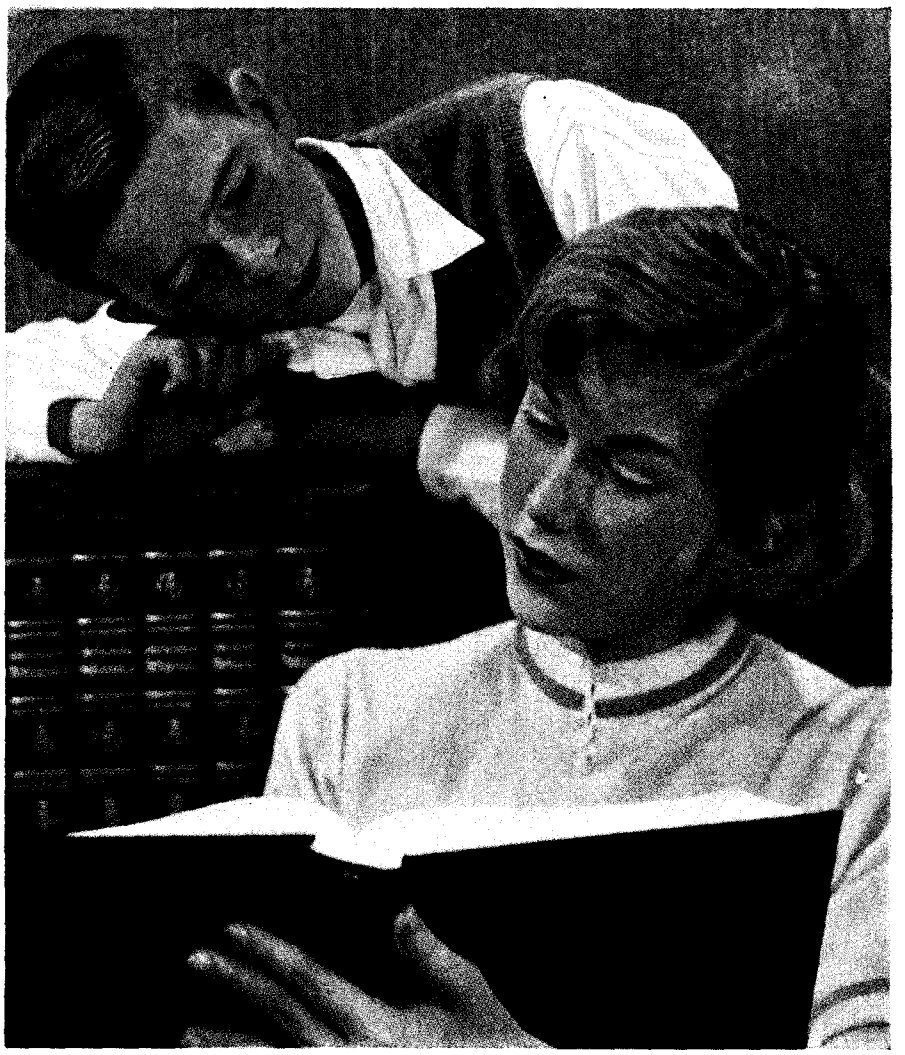

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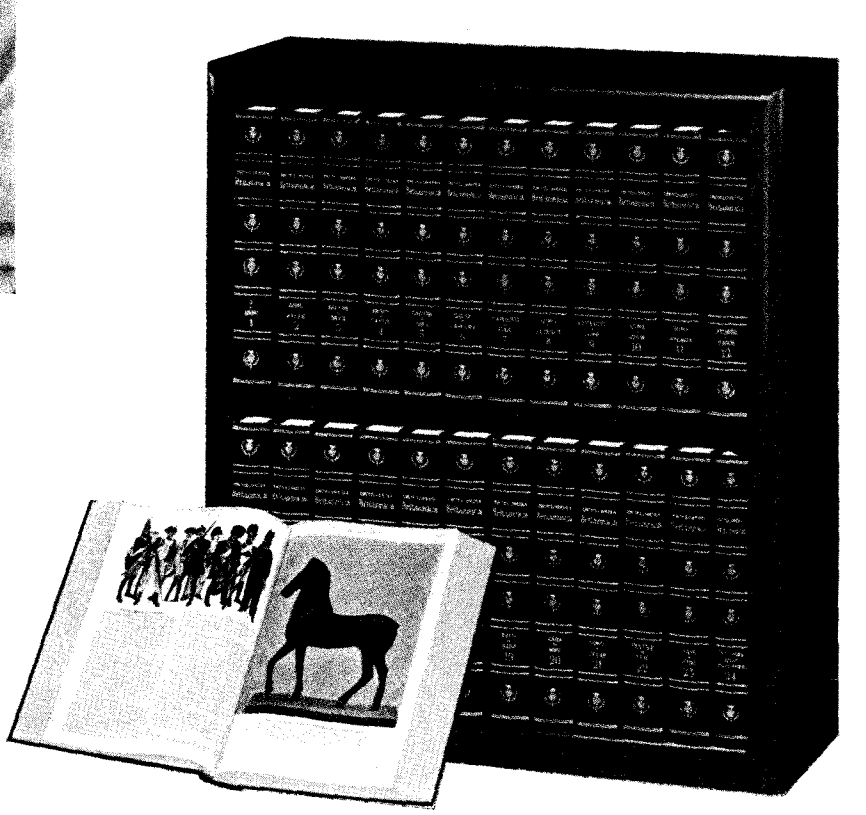
If your children are at the age of hungering to know, isn't this a time you should think about the Britannica? They are at the brink of a demanding age in the history of the world, and what you give them now can be infinitely important the rest of their lives.



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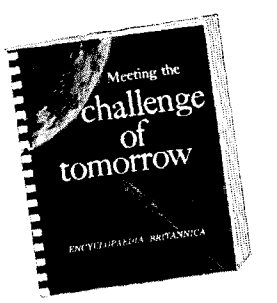

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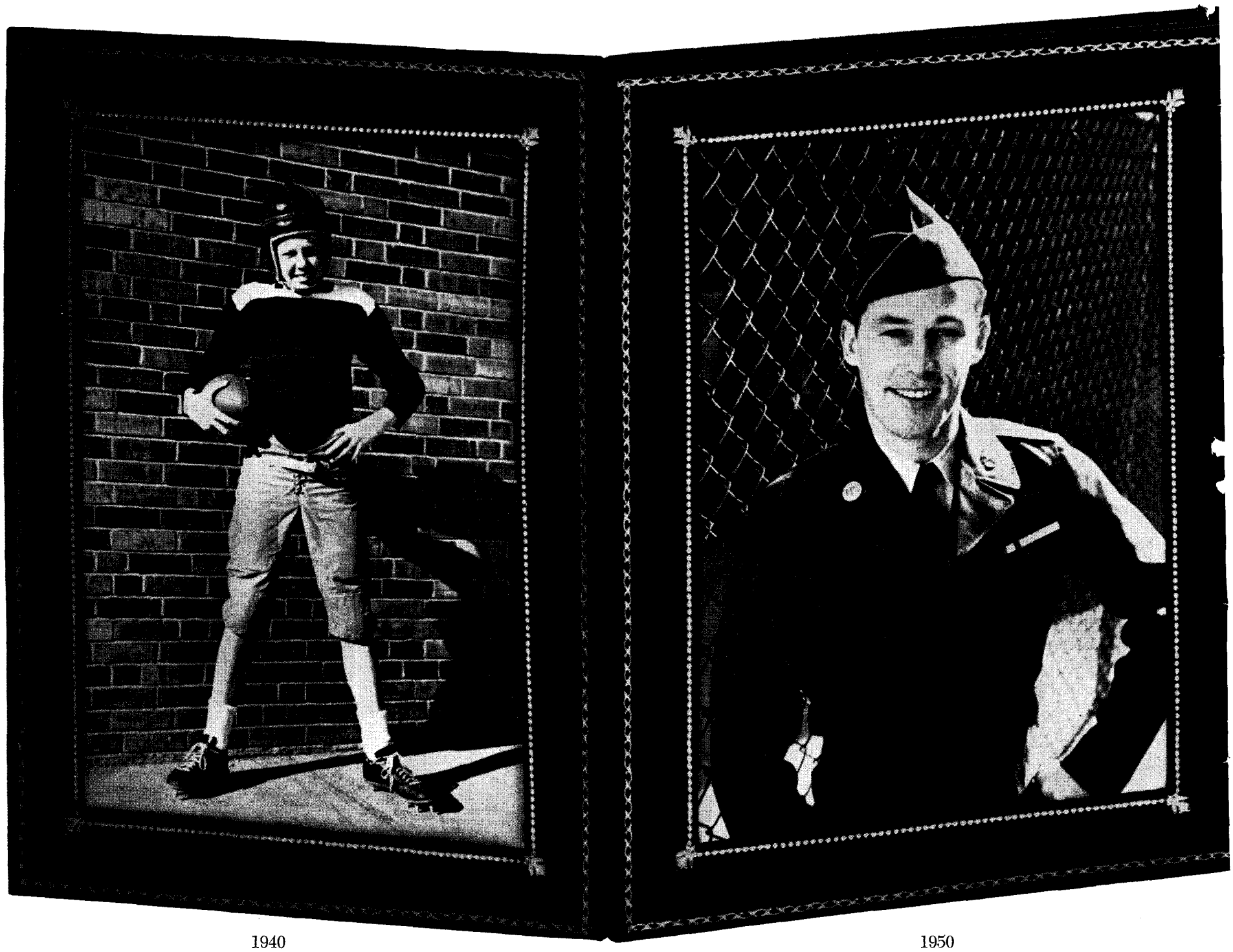

1940

1950

Times *change*, incomes *change*, family needs *change*...

Every father has seen plenty of changes in his own life. And his family's needs are changing all the time, too. There's a new house, or a new job, or a little girl who outgrows her clothes every other month, or a big boy heading for college.

And laws change, too—Social Security laws, for example, have changed many times. These are just some of the reasons why every father should have a thorough review of his family's financial security program regularly.

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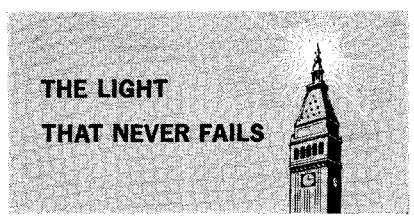

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SPEAKING OUT

A noted historian and
close adviser to President Kennedy
examines the reasons behind

The Failure of World Communism

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER Jr.

This article is taken from Mr. Schlesinger's book The Politics of Hope, *to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, this fall. As a statement of liberalism's role in refuting the claims of Marx, it makes a valuable companion piece to Harold H. Martin's article on the decline of the American Communist Party, starting on page 17 of this issue.* THE EDITORS.

The autumn and winter of 1948–49 was a moment of transition in the postwar history of American liberalism—a moment when the liberal community was engaged in the double task of redefining its attitude toward the phenomenon of Communism and, partly in consequence, of reconstructing the bases of liberal political philosophy.

In the years since, the process of redefinition has been completed: I believe that all American liberals recognize today that liberalism has nothing in common with Communism, either as to means or as to ends.

As for the process of reconstruction, this is by its nature continuous: If liberalism should ever harden into ideology, then, like all ideologies, it would be overwhelmed by the turbulence and unpredictability of history—especially in an age when science and technology have made the velocity of history so much greater than ever before. The continuing enterprise of reconstruction has consequently brought new phases of liberal thought to the forefront in the past thirteen years.

Idealism Betrayed

So far as Communism is concerned, in the confused years immediately after the end of the Second World War, and in spite of Stalin's notable record in the '30's of internal terror and international betrayal, the Soviet Union retained for some people traces of the idealistic fervor of the Russian Revolution. By 1962 it seems safe to say that postwar Soviet policy has extinguished any remaining elements of idealism in the Communist appeal. No one with any knowledge of history can believe in the Soviet Union on the supposition that Communist victory would usher in a generous and beneficent society. Where people believe in the Soviet Union today, it is on quite other grounds: It is basically because they are persuaded that, whether they like it or not, Communism is going to win, and that they had therefore better make their terms with a Communist world. The essence of contemporary Soviet policy is to enhance this impression of the inevitability of Communist triumph, to employ every resource of science and politics to identify Communism with the future and to convince people everywhere that they must accept the necessity of Communism or face the certainty of obliteration. They have addressed this policy especially to the southern half of the world, where the awakening of underdeveloped countries from centuries of oblivion is discharging new and incalculable energies into human society.

Obsolescence of Communism

The irony is that the very eagerness with which intellectuals in emergent nations often embrace Communism itself suggests that Communism is *not* the wave of the future and is, if it is anything, a passing stage to which some may temporarily turn in the quest for modernity. Where Marx portrayed Communism as the fulfillment of the process of modernization, history seems abundantly to show that, if the world avoids thermonuclear suicide, the modernization process, contrary to Marxist prophecy, will vindicate the mixed society and render Communism obsolete.

The Marxist contention has been (a) that capitalism is the predestined casualty of the modernization process and (b) that Communism is its predestined culmination. In these terms Communism has boasted the certification of history. But history quite plainly refutes the Communist case. It shows (a) that the mixed society, as it modernizes itself, can overcome the internal contradictions which in Marx's view doomed it to destruction and (b) that Communism is historically a function of the prefatory rather than the concluding stages of the modernization process.

Marx rested his case for the inevitability of Communist triumph on the theory that capitalism contained the seeds of its own destruction. He argued that the capitalist economy generated inexorable inner tendencies—"contradictions"—which would infallibly bring about its downfall. One inexorable tendency was the increasing wealth of the rich and the increasing poverty of the poor. Another was the increasing frequency and severity of economic crisis. Together these tendencies would infallibly carry society to a point of revolutionary "ripeness" when the proletariat would rise in its wrath, overthrow the possessing classes and install a classless society. Marx saw no way of denying this process, because that capitalist state could never be anything but the executive committee of the capitalist class.

This was Marx's fatal error. The capitalist state in developed societies, far from being the helpless instrument of the possessing class, has become the means by which other groups in society have redressed the balance of social power against those whom Hamilton called the "rich and well-born." This has been true in the United States, for example, since the age of Jackson. The liberal democratic state has accomplished two things in particular. It has brought about a redistribution of wealth which has defeated Marx's prediction of progressive immiserization, and it has brought about an economic stabilization which has defeated Marx's prediction of ever-worsening economic crisis. What the democratic parties of the developed nations have done, in short, has been to use the state to force capitalism to do what both the classical capitalists and the classical Marxists declared was impossible: to control the business cycle and to reapportion income in favor of those whom Jackson called the "humble members of society."

The Triumph of Liberalism

The champions of the affirmative state, in their determination to avert Marxist revolution, had to fight conservatism at every step along the way. Nonetheless, they persevered; and the twentieth century in America and Great Britain saw the rejection of *laissez-faire*, the subjugation of the business cycle, the drowning of revolution in a torrent of consumer goods and the establishment of the "affluent society." The revolutionary fires within capitalism, lighted by the great industrialists in the nineteenth century, were put out in the twentieth by the triumphs of industry—and by the liberal politicians, by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Such men ignored the dogmatists,

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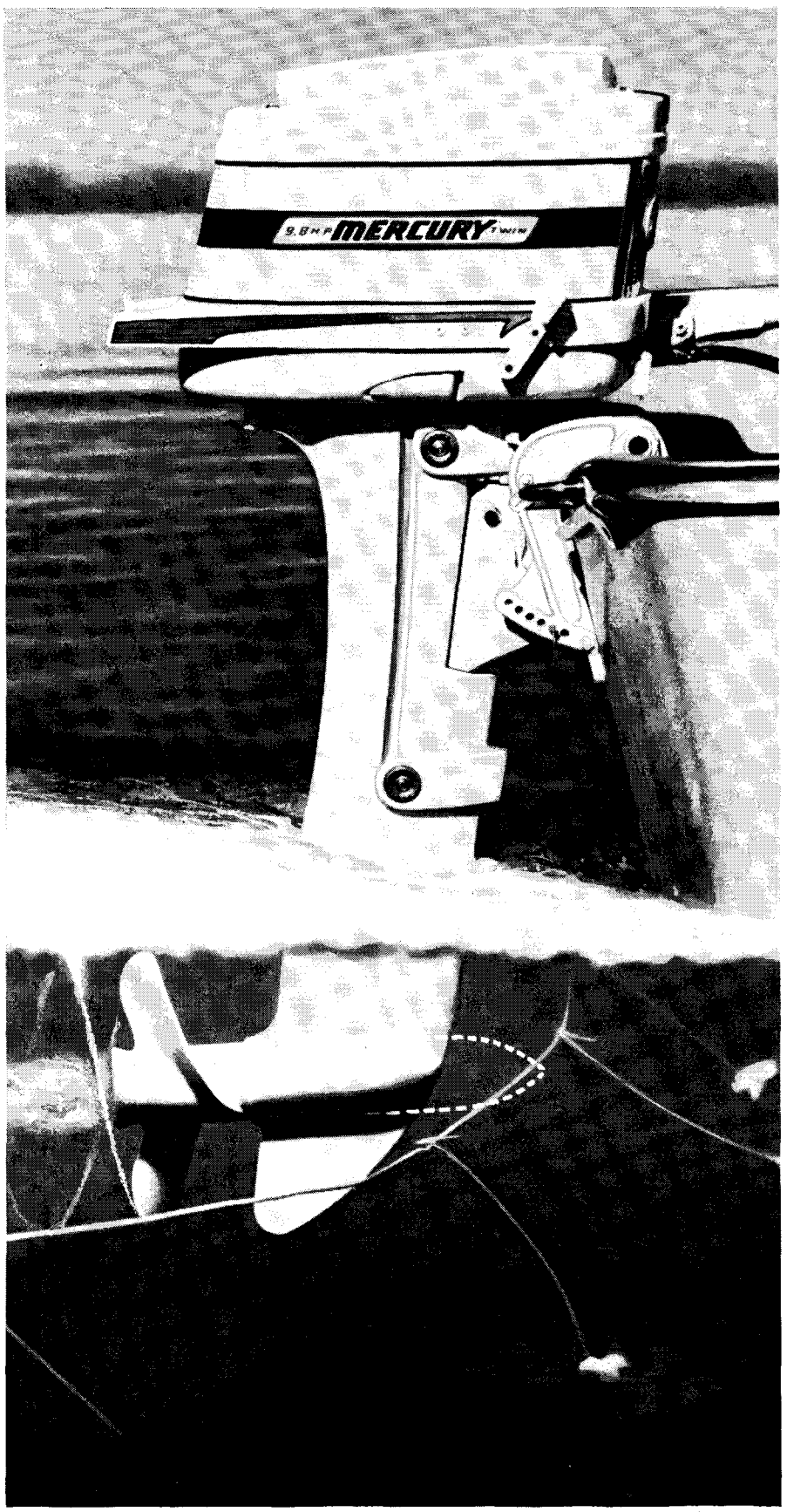

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SPEAKING OUT

the philosophers of either/or, and created the mixed society. Both classical socialism and classical capitalism were products of the nineteenth century, and their day is over. As a result, capitalism can no longer be relied upon to dig its own grave; and Communism, if it ever comes to developed countries, will come, not as a consequence of social evolution, but only on the bayonets of the Red Army.

At the same time, history has thrown sharp light on the actual function of Communism. Marx, regarding Communism as the climax of the development process, prophesied that it would come first in the most-developed nations. On the contrary, it has come to nations in the early phases of development, like Russia and China; and it has appealed to activists in such nations precisely because they see it as the means of rapid and effective modernization. Instead of being the culmination of the modernization effort, Communism would seem to be a form of social organization to which some countries aspiring to development have resorted in the hope of speeding the pace of modernization. We do not know what will happen to Communism in a Communist state which achieves full development; but, if it should then survive in anything like its present form, it would be because of the efficiency of its apparatus of control and terror, not because it is the natural organizational expression of the institutions of affluence.

History thus shows plainly that Communism is not the form of social organization toward which all societies are irresistibly evolving. Rather it is a phenomenon of the transition from stagnation to development, a "disease" (in Walt Rostow's phrase) of the modernization process. Democratic, regulated capitalism—the mixed society—will be far more capable of coping with the long-term consequences of modernization. "The wave of the future," Walter Lippmann has well said, "is not Communist domination of the world. The wave of the future is social reform and social revolution driving us toward the goal of national independence and equality of personal status."

Affluence Is Not Enough

If this is so, it emphasizes more than ever the need to keep abreast of history in our own social ideas and programs. We are all indebted to J. K. Galbraith for his demonstration that the affluent society compels a sweeping reconsideration of social and economic policies. The problems of the New Deal were essentially quantitative—problems of meeting stark human needs for food, clothing, shelter and employment. Most of these needs are now effectively met for most Americans; but a sense of spiritual disquietude remains nevertheless. A full dinner pail turns out to be something less than the promised land. The final lesson of the affluent society is surely that affluence is not enough—that solving the quantitative problems of living only increases the importance of the quality of the life lived. These qualitative problems seem next on the American agenda.

The qualitative aspects of life are only marginally within the reach of government. Yet public policy surely has its contribution to make to the elevation of American civilization. "The great object of the institution of civil government," said John Quincy Adams in his first message to Congress, "is the improvement of the condition of those who are parties to the social compact, and no government, in whatever form constituted, can accomplish the lawful end of its institution but in proportion as it improves the condition of those over whom it is established. . . . Moral, political, intellectual improvement are duties assigned by the Author of Our Existence to social no less than to individual man. For the fulfillment of those duties governments are invested with power, and to the attainment of the end—the progressive improvement of the condition of the governed—the exercise of delegated powers is a duty as sacred and indispensable as the usurpation of powers not granted is criminal and odious."

A central issue of contemporary domestic polity is a variation on the question which concerned Adams—that is, the question of the balance between the amount of our national wealth we reserve for private satisfaction and the amount we dedicate to public need. In the '30's "recovery" was the catchword of our national economic philosophy; in the '40's, "full employment"; in the '50's, "economic growth"; in the future it is likely to become "allocation of resources." No one would argue that steering more resources into the public sector would cure the spiritual ailments of the affluent society; but it seems possible that the resulting improvements in opportunities in education, medical care, social welfare, community planning, culture and the arts will improve the chances for the individual to win his own spiritual fulfillment.

The Trouble With Ideology

The impending shift from quantitative to qualitative liberalism emphasizes once again the hazards involved in the degeneration of liberalism into ideology. By tradition American liberalism is humane, experimental and pragmatic; it has no sense of messianic mission and no faith that all problems have final solutions. It assumes that freedom implies conflict. It agrees with Madison, in the tenth *Federalist*, that the competition among economic interests is inherent in a free society. It also agrees with George Bancroft, who wrote: "The feud between the capitalist and laborer, the house of Have and the house of Want, is as old as social union and can never be entirely quieted; but he who will act with moderation, prefer fact to theory, and remember that everything in the world is relative and not absolute, will see that the violence of the contest may be stilled."

Its empirical temper means that American liberalism stands in sharp contrast to the millennial nostalgia which still characterizes both the American right and the European left—the notion that the day will come when all conflict will pass, when Satan will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, and mankind will behold a new heaven and a new earth. José Figueres, the Latin-American patriot, calls his finca in the Costa Rican uplands "*La Lucha San Fin*"—the struggle without end. Freedom is inseparable from struggle; and freedom, as Brandeis said, is the great developer; it is both the means employed and the end attained. This, I believe, states the essence of the progressive hope—this and the understanding that the struggle itself offers not only better opportunities for others but also a measure of fulfillment for oneself.

THE END

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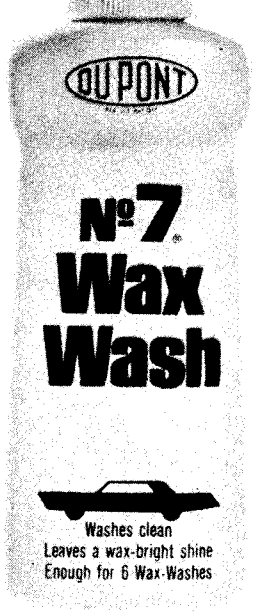

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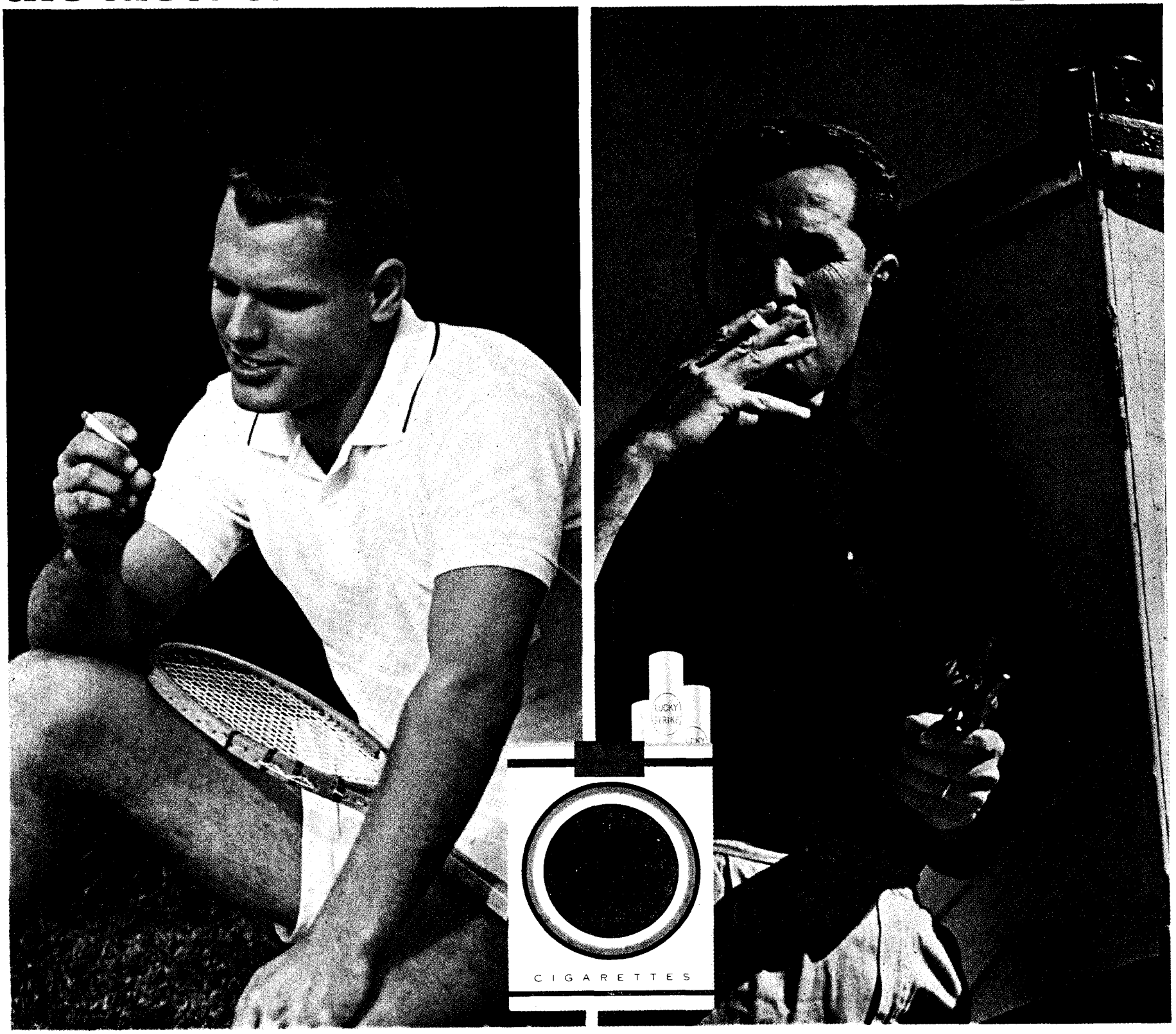

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

The Communist Party, U.S.A.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

With membership at the lowest level in twenty years, the U.S. party is "an old, blind tiger." But it can still be dangerous. A *Post* editor reports.

The Communist Party in America is having its troubles—and they are not all with the law. In every field where it once was strong it is struggling now to regain its old influence, against the quickened animosity of the American people. Its membership is down to a hard-core cadre of old unshakables who still work with fervent devotion for the party, and they are as dangerous to us as rattlesnakes; but nearly all the intellectuals, who once shared the party's dream of a new heaven and a new earth under socialism, have long since become disillusioned, and the "working stiffs," from whom it drew its basic strength in the old days, no longer respond as they once did to its hackneyed shibboleths. Their attitude now can be summed up in the words of a hard-hat laborer on a Manhattan construction job: "Those people should drop dead. Who needs them?"

The far-right organizations today are attacking the American Communist Party that existed nearly twenty years ago. As World War II ended, the Communist organization in the United States was at the peak of its power and influence. Open membership in the party stood at 85,000; and the concealed Communists, sympathizers and fellow travelers, some of whom held high places in government, in the unions, and in education, could be numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Since then, congressional investigations and government "loyalty programs" have cleaned them out of the Federal agencies—hurting in the process some innocent people. The labor unions have so harshly purged their own ranks that only a few small unions can now be described as Communist-dominated, and most of the teachers who once leaned far to the left have straightened up to a conventional liberal posture. Contrary to right-wing charges, the party never had any significant influence in the churches, nor has it now.

Today, according to Arvo Gust Halberg, the party's general secretary, whose working, or police-blotter, name is Gus Hall, a nose count from coast to coast would show the party's membership to be around 10,000. About a third of these members are concentrated in New York. The others are grimly hanging on in Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco and Seattle. This enrollment is about the same as it was three years ago—an indication that the old hard-core Communists are dying off about as fast as new members are being recruited. J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who next to Mr. Hall knows more about the party's strength than anybody else, agrees that this count checks pretty well with the FBI's own figures.

In fact, Mr. Hoover may know more about the party's numerical strength than does Mr. Hall. He knows how many of Mr. Hall's followers are not Communists at all, but FBI informers, working for Mr. Hoover for a small retainer fee. Mr. Hall obviously does not have this knowledge. If he did, his membership rolls would be even thinner. The American Communists even grin wryly at the current jest that the party at the moment is hopelessly split between its Albanian faction and its FBI faction.

"You can't stop to worry about spies," said Joe Brandt, veteran of the Lincoln Brigade and World War II, and a zealous party hack. "If we spent all our time suspecting each other, we'd never get anything done."

The dreary state of the party at the moment is also reflected in the anemic condition of the Communist press, an indication that the peripheral supporters, who once read the *Daily Worker* to discover the party line, have fallen away in droves. In the days of the party's greatest strength, *The Worker* had a circulation of 100,000. Today it is down to two issues a week, and only despairing cries for help keep its circulation floating around the 20,000 mark. On the West Coast, the *People's World* sells about 8000 copies. *Political Affairs*, the party's intellectual monthly, has a circulation of 1045. The *National Guardian*, which has never been identified as a Communist paper, but which faithfully presents the party line, has a circulation of 30,000. It must be made clear, however, that the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee do not see in these figures an indication of the party's weakness, but of its hidden strength. Estimating that at least two people reach each Communist or Communist-line publication, they come up with a figure of 110,000. This calculation

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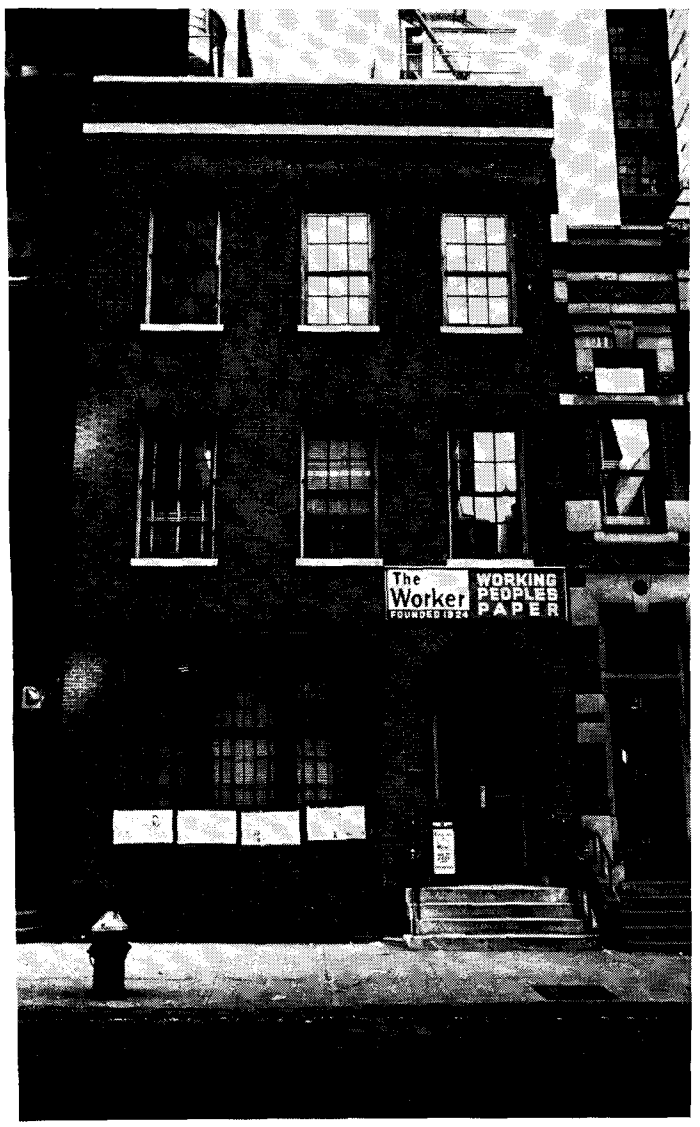
The FBI may know more about Communist membership rolls than the Reds do themselves.



Headquarters of the Communist Party, U.S.A. This shabby, converted New York town house also shelters the party newspaper, The Worker.

suggests that Mr. Hall was correct when he said that there are thousands of "state of mind" Communists who do not belong to the party, but who sympathize with its aims.

The party, as always, claims to be in need of funds. Dues start at fifteen cents a month for students and the unemployed, rising to five dollars a month for members making over $120 a week. Naturally, with such a thin membership, dues collected are not enough to pay fines and lawyers, and to carry out all the agitation and propaganda which the party feels it must keep up. As a result the membership is constantly beseeched for special donations. *The Worker* is freckled each week with announcements of lectures, seminars, bazaars, rummage sales, suppers, dances, picnics and youth gatherings, at which a call for funds is made. Like the church, which its members despise, the party relies heavily on gatherings at which food is served.

"We try to eat our way into a state of solvency," says Mr. Hall.

Mr. Hall, at fifty-one, is a big, cold-eyed, heavy-jawed man of tremendous bounce and vigor, and his person reflects none of the penury which he says afflicts the party. He stands a little under six feet and weighs 245 pounds, a state of corpulence which causes him to resemble a wrestler still eager to get a toehold on his opponent. On a salary which he says is only seventy-seven dollars a week, he dresses more like a banker than a Bolshevik, drives a fawn-colored 1962 convertible, and lives in a $30,000-to-$40,000 home in Yonkers. He also travels extensively on party business, and never, unless detained by the courts, misses the opening of the deer season in Minnesota, or the trout fishing in upstate New York. It would probably be unfair to him to reveal that he fishes for trout with worms instead of dry flies.

The air of opulence which surrounds Mr. Hall suggests to a suspicious mind that the party, or at least Mr. Hall himself, has financial resources which have not yet been revealed. It has been suggested in some anti-Communist quarters that certain persons in the export-import business may be required to share their profits with the party, in return for the privilege of doing business with the Soviet Union. It has also been hinted, by an apostate Communist once high in party councils, that the party might do a little trading in Wall Street now and then, acting on tips from Mr. Khrushchev that he was planning to dump some commodity on the world market. There is also reason to suspect that Communist countries overseas may be sending a few kopecks, by courier, to their hard-pressed American comrades. No doubt the facts will eventually be revealed in the courts. The Internal Revenue Service is seeking to collect from the party $381,544.83 in unpaid income and excess-profits taxes. It is unlikely that the IRS auditors snatched this figure out of thin air.

The Party's Den Mother

Whatever the facts may be about the party's financial resources, the party headquarters at 23 West 26th Street, in New York City, exudes an atmosphere of age, dry rot and shabbiness. The narrow three-story red brick building was once owned by William Astor. Crowded into it are the business and editorial offices of *The Worker*, the headquarters of the New York party district, and Mr. Hall's own national staff. Even the people who work here have an air of age and mustiness. Among these party elders is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, aged seventy-one, a motherly-looking Irishwoman, whose ample bosom still heaves with emotion at the thought of the bliss we all will know when the rotten capitalistic system finally has fallen.

"I get so tired of being described as the 'elderly wheel-horse' of the party," said Sister Flynn (the Communists in their public meetings now address each other as "Brothers and Sisters" instead of "Comrades"). "Can't you think of something better?"

I asked her if "den mother" of the party would do. She said that would be nice.

Even in Mr. Hall's own hideaway, a penthouse cubbyhole up a winding wrought-iron stair, the only evidence of prosperity is the well-fed, well-tailored Mr. Hall himself. The desk at which he works, beneath a dusty lithograph of Lenin, is plain gray metal, and the table at which the party satraps sit in conference is of unpainted white pine covered with a glass top. Above Mr. Hall's chair the paint has peeled from the plastered ceiling, and the cracked plaster looks as if it might at any moment crash down upon his skull.

Top Reds on Trial

Mr. Hall, however, has far more to worry about than that. Before the year is out, the full impact of a highly controversial law may descend upon him. After an eleven-year legal battle in which the Communist Party fought a bitter rearguard action, the Supreme Court in June of 1961, in a five-four decision, upheld the constitutionality of the registration provisions of the Internal Security Act, popularly known as the McCarran Act. Under the provisions of this law, the Communist Party, U.S.A., is required to register as a Communist-action organization, to reveal its membership lists and the sources of its income. If the party was not so registered by November 20, 1961, the officers of the party were required to register for it by November thirtieth. Failing this, the individual members of the party were required to register for themselves. Nobody registered; and Mr. Hall, who had already served five and a half years' imprisonment under the Smith Act, for advocating the overthrow of the U. S. Government by force and violence, announced publicly that nobody had any intention of registering. Nothing happened for a while, and right-wing forces began to cry out that Attorney General Robert Kennedy should be impeached for allowing Communists to defy the law. On March fifteenth the government moved. Hall and Benjamin J. Davis, the national secretary, were indicted by a Federal grand jury in Washington, arrested in New York, and released under $5000 bond. On March thirtieth they were arraigned in Washington. Both pleaded not guilty.

At the arraignment hearing, when Hall was called up to the bench to plead, Davis, an Amherst- and Harvard-educated Negro lawyer whose father was once a prominent Republican leader in Atlanta, Georgia, rose to go with him. Davis's lawyer waved him back.

"Discrimination everywhere," said Davis, returning to his seat. "See how they call the white man first?"

With the arraignment hearing, the final battle had begun, after more than eleven years of legal skirmishing. Preliminary motions will be filed in June, and a date for the trials will be set. If Hall and Davis are convicted, and the convictions can be made to stick through the interminable legal maneuvers that are sure to follow, the Communist Party, as a political organization, will have come to the end of its road. Its leaders, one by

Photographs by Larry Fried

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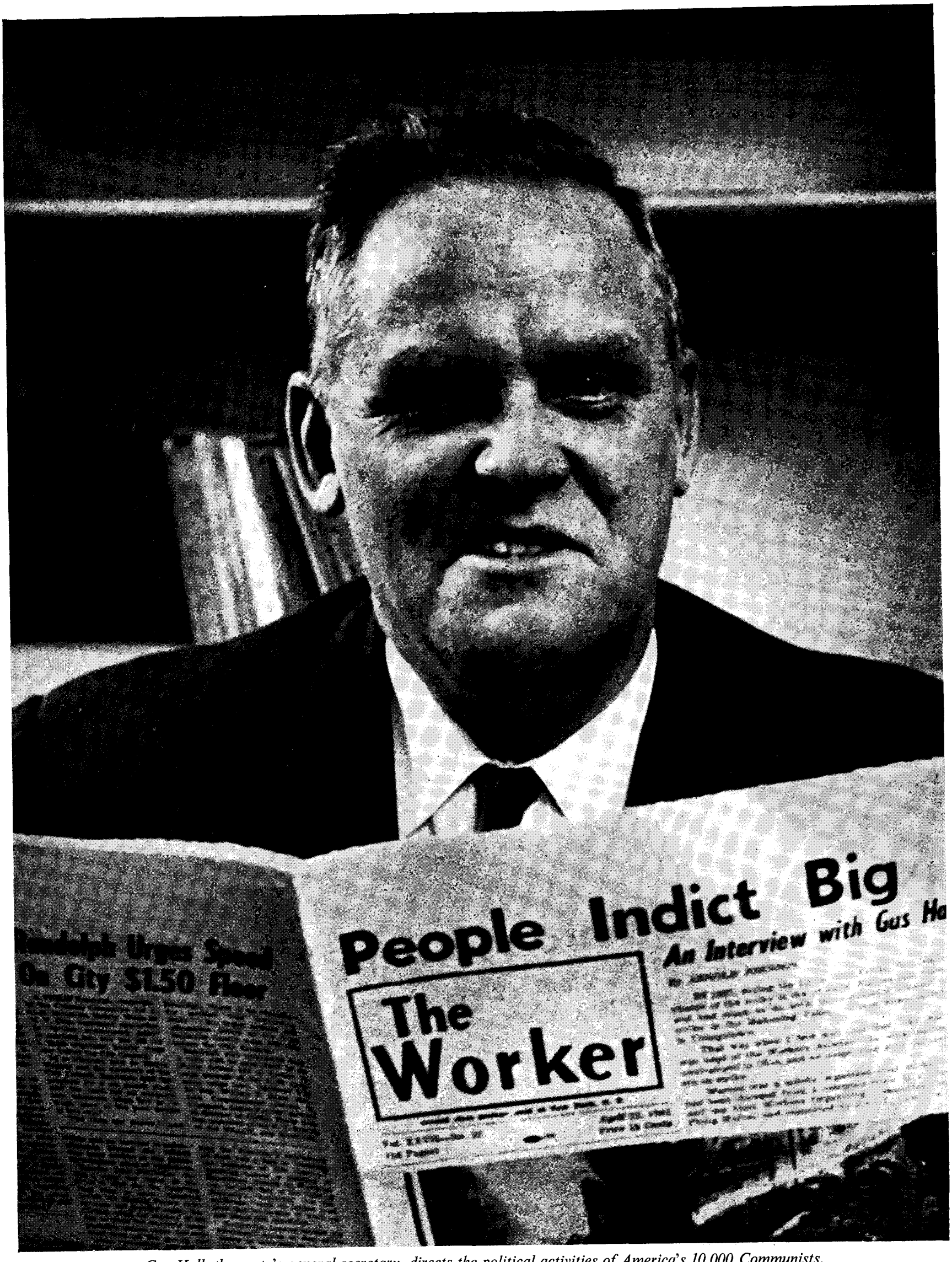

Gus Hall, the party's general secretary, directs the political activities of America's 10,000 Communists.

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Every night, somewhere, Communist members

The Jefferson Book Shop on New York's Lower East Side is the country's main outlet for Communist books and pamphlets. It is operated by Ben Bordovsky, publications agent of the New York State Communist Party.

one, can be safely stowed in jail. Its rank-and-file members, as far down the line as the Justice Department wishes to reveal its undercover agents, can be brought to trial.

There are thousands of Americans, however, who, hating the Communists and all they stand for, believe that the rigid application of the registration act will represent a classic case of burning down the barn to get rid of a few rats. In the process of striking a final blow at the Communist Party, already scorned and rejected by the great mass of the American people, they argue, we also will be striking a crippling blow at our basic liberties. President Truman, in vetoing the original act in 1950, expressed this view when he called the McCarran Act a "clear and present danger to our institutions." Chief Justice Warren, in his dissent from the majority decision in 1961, joined with Justice Brennan in expressing the belief that the act violated the Fifth Amendment, which holds that no person shall be compelled to be a witness against himself. This same point was made also in the dissent of Justice Douglas.

McCarran Act Under Fire

Justice Black dissented with fervor. He said, "The Communist Party had never been more than a small group in this country. And its members had been dwindling even before the Government began its campaign to destroy the party by force of law. This was because a vast majority of the American people were against the party's policies and overwhelmingly rejected its candidates year after year. That is the,true American way of securing this nation against dangerous ideas. . . .

"I am compelled to say that I fear that all the arguments and urgings the Communists and their sympathizers can use, in trying to convert Americans to an ideology wholly foreign to our habits and our instincts are far less dangerous to the security of this nation than are laws which embark upon a policy of repression by the outlawing of minority parties because they advocate radical changes in the structure of government. This widespread program for punishing ideas on the grounds that they might impair the security of the nation not only sadly fails to protect that security but also diverts our energies and thoughts from the many far more important problems that face us as a nation in this troubled world.

"I would reverse this case and leave the Communists free to advocate their beliefs in proletarian dictatorship publicly and openly among the people of this country, with the full confidence that the people will remain loyal to any democratic government truly dedicated to freedom and justice—the kind of government which some of us still think of as 'the last best hope of earth.'"

The Communists' reaction to the dissents was one of approbation. Their reaction to the arraignment of Hall and Davis was, as might be expected, a piercing shriek of rage. The arraignment hearing was held on a Friday. By the following Tuesday a defense committee had been formed and the mimeograph machines had started rolling.

"The arraignment of Gus Hall and Ben Davis," the committee's first handout shrilled, "carried the Government's persecution of a minority political party and its spokesmen to a stage that

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hold meetings to further some party project.

cries out for a new and herculean effort to quash the indictments. The issue has been joined. Shall the McCarran Act—the Bible of the Birch Societies, the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Crusaders, the White Citizens Councils—be allowed to prevail; or shall the strong winds of the people's indignation blow the ultra-right into the ash can of history?"

To Mr. Hall, the main actor in the coming drama, the trials under the McCarran Act offer a godsent opportunity to get his moribund collection of aging Marxists back into the public eye. They can parade and petition and protest and send up a mighty clamor in defense of the Bill of Rights. They can perhaps win back some of the old liberals who have fallen away. They may even be able to enlist some new members.

A shrewd, pragmatic man, Mr. Hall knows well what the strong winds of public indignation had been blowing into the ash can of history; it was his aging, querulous Communist Party. In the years since the war, American Communists have been hard put to find an issue. It was difficult to climb on the bandwagon of reform—to cry out for civil rights for Negroes, slum clearance, better housing, medical care for the aged, full employment—when the government they sought to overthrow was itself battling for these reforms. Mr. Khrushchev's tough talk, his bomb-rattling, his shoe-pounding bad manners at the UN, also hurt the party sorely. His blunt "We will bury you" stirred the resolve of Americans not to be buried by the Soviet, but to bury instead the Communists closest at hand, the Communist Party, U.S.A.

Ever since 1945, when Moscow ordered the sacking of U. S. Communist leader Earl Browder, the advocate of the soft sell, in favor of the hard-line leader, William Z. Foster, internal quarrels have decimated the party's ranks. The desanctification of Stalin and the bloody suppression in Hungary caused many to fall away. The application of the Smith Act, which had put Hall himself in prison, and the Communist Control Act of 1954, frightened the fainthearted and drove old hard-core revolutionaries underground. They were accompanied, it might be noted, by their faithful FBI shadows.

Blueprint for Tyranny

When Hall took over as general secretary in December of 1959, the party was stumbling and muttering to itself like an old, punch-drunk prize-fighter. Its only resources were the craftiness learned in years of eye-gouging strife, and the knowledge that it still had the backing of the Kremlin. Hall immediately sought to breathe some of the old life into the withered carcass. A year later he was still struggling. On January 20, 1961, John F. Kennedy stood in a cold-blowing wind to take the oath as President of the United States, and to pledge America's word to the new, free nations of the world that they, who had thrown off their old colonial controls, should not find imposed on them an even more iron tyranny. On the same day, in a shabby hall in snowbound Manhattan, Gus Hall was giving a pep talk to his Communist National Committee and sketching for them a blueprint showing how that tyranny could be imposed upon the United States.

James E. Jackson, editor of The Worker, *is free on bail pending appeal of a six-month sentence for refusing to answer questions before a grand jury. His paper, once a daily, now limps along twice a week.*

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The party is searching for a way to get its aging leaders back into the public eye.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, 71-year-old national party chairman. She resents being characterized as "the party's elderly wheel-horse."

His speech was wrapped in the cotton-wool of Communist double-talk, but the meat of it was this:

The party had let itself drift into a stagnant eddy, out of the mainstream of American life. It had failed to get back into positions of leadership in the labor unions. It had failed to make a place for itself in the drive of the Negro race for their civil rights. "Front" organizations had been allowed to dwindle into impotence. The Communist press had fallen into desuetude, and even the hated, treasonous, counterrevolutionary Trotskyites were luring more of the youth of the country into the Marxist-Leninist fold than were the holders of the true faith.

All this must be changed. There must be a great revival of the party's strength through dedicated, selfless, grassroots work in the unions, in the peace organizations, with Negro groups and among the youth of the country. Fortunately, he told the group with booming confidence, the time was ripe for a change. He had surveyed the nation and had found it in a state of extreme decay—the fate that Marx had predicted would befall all capitalistic countries.

"A small handful of billionaire monopolists oppress the overwhelming majority of the people," he announced cheerfully. "There is a growing unemployment, a new economic crisis, and real hunger and privation for large numbers of our people. There is degeneration of our educational system, our culture and our ethics, and a vast growth of corruption. On top of these severe illnesses there is the undermining of our liberties, the growing destruction of labor's rights, the unabated cruel oppression of the Negro people and the violent denial of their rights. And by no means least, there is the threat of a terrible nuclear holocaust, which big business and big brass are preparing."

Watchword for "Progressives"

The seedbed in which Communism could take root was being prepared by capitalism itself, he implied. All that was needed was a few more years of "peaceful coexistence" while the socialist world grew leaner, harder and stronger, and soft capitalistic America sank deeper into its luxury-sodden coma, until finally socialism could triumph without a struggle.

The watchword of all "progressive people," therefore, must be Peace, Peace, and again, Peace.

It was this same peace message which Mr. Hall and certain of his cohorts took to college campuses in the West and Midwest last fall and winter. He was gratified to find himself speaking to audiences ranging in size from 2000 to 15,000 persons.

"These people weren't Communists," said Mr. Hall, "but they wanted to hear a Communist speak. They had heard the fulminations of the right wing. They wanted to hear the other side. And by inviting me there, and by coming to hear me, they asserted their faith in the First Amendment."

Mr. Hall's efforts to revive his ailing party take many forms. The New York School for Marxist Studies, directed by Herbert Aptheker, the party's leading intellectual, enlisted 250 students for its spring term. In the unions, rank-and-filers are urged to "make shoptalk party talk." Every night, somewhere, meetings are being held to further some party project of propaganda or agitation. Some time ago in a public hall on lower Fifth Avenue the party called a meeting to lay its plans for a great May Day celebration in Union Square. Most of those present were past middle age, and their speech was heavily flavored with the accents of Eastern Europe. They were ordered to go back to their unions and their community clubs to herd at least 10,000 people to the Square on May first, the traditional day of celebration in Communist countries around the world. They seemed less interested in the theme of the demonstration, which was to be "Freedom of the Press," than they were in what police protection would be provided.

"Our safety will be in numbers," one speaker reassured them. "If we turn out 2000 people, the Fascist hoodlums will overrun us. If we have 10,000 there, we don't care whether the police show up or not."

As the meeting ended, I asked a party functionary how many people had been present.

"Seventy-eight," he said, "including you and one guy we suspect was from the FBI."

A Dollar for Mercy

That evening a handful of the faithful braved a cold drizzle to attend a "Mercy Party" in a bleak hall on Second Avenue. Its purpose, as advertised in *The Worker*, was to raise money to buy medicines for Cuba. Admission was one dollar, and some thirty-five people showed up. Most of them were old merchant seamen now on the beach, who seemed to have only a remote interest in Cuba's need for medicines. They clustered around the bar in the back room, where a Mr. Joe Stack, the organizer of the party, sold eye-dropper-sized drinks for fifty cents a shot, or sat in twos and threes at small tables, reminiscing about long-forgotten waterfront strikes.

The evening lacked gaiety and enthusiasm. Mr. Stack himself introduced the only light note. He was wearing a pair of mottled black-and-white shoes made of calfskin with the hair left on.

"Hiya like these capitalist shoes?" he bellowed, holding up his foot. "Bostonians."

Then after some heavily jocose remarks about how difficult it was to get sailors out of a gin mill, he summoned the drinkers from the back room to hear his plea for Cuba. It was a perfunctory effort, and when he was finished, nobody reached for his pocketbook.

The party members who parade and shout slogans and carry banners and attend these morose little meetings do not greatly concern the FBI. The bureau knows who they are and what they are doing; their activities, though designed to stir up strife and thwart U.S. policy at every turn, are for the most part futile. They are watched carefully, of course, and they would be jailed immediately if we got into war with Russia; for their goal is the same as that of Mr. Khrushchev: to overthrow the Government of the United States.

The bureau keeps an even more watchful eye on those who quit the party. Some have truly recanted. When the FBI approaches them, they tell all they know about the party's internal operations. Others tell the FBI agents to go to hell. Some "defectors," we have learned from

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experience, have not abandoned their beliefs at all. They have dropped out to lie fallow for a while, seeking to purge themselves of the party taint before beginning a new career in some job where they will be able to serve the party surreptitiously or act as low-echelon spies for the Soviet Union.

These are not the dangerous ones, however, for the Soviet espionage apparatus has become far too subtle and crafty to entrust a task of vital importance to a former party member. The danger stems from professional spies, such as Col. Rudolph Abel, or the ideological supporters, such as Harry Gold, who may never have been within a mile of a party meeting. They receive their orders and transmit their intelligence through couriers, who have no contact whatever with Mr. Hall's party, or through Soviet or satellite attachés in the embassies and the UN. Seventy percent of these "diplomats," the FBI estimates, have some espionage assignment, and keeping them under surveillance is not a simple task. Nor is it made easier by the right wing's charges that there are Communists everywhere. Such exaggeration, the FBI points out, causes excitable people to flood the bureau with reckless and unfounded charges against anyone whose behavior seems to them suspicious. Every one of these reports must be checked out, and this work places a heavy burden on the investigative staff.

The Danger of Sabotage

Of grave concern to the agencies charged with defending the country's security is the fact that there are still some Communists in the unions which serve sensitive industries. There is no reason to believe that Harry Bridges' Longshoremen's Union, or the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, or the United Electrical Workers, or the American Communications Association, which handles much of our diplomatic and military cable traffic, have purged themselves of their Marxist members. In time of crisis, a dedicated Communist in any of these unions could do great damage to the country through sabotage. There is also an unrelenting campaign, guided by Moscow and supported by the Communists in the United States, to overthrow the republics of Central and South America. It is these danger areas—the threats of espionage, sabotage and subversion of the countries south of the border—which concern us most today. The Communist Party itself is dangerous only to the degree that it can serve these ends.

At the moment, its effectiveness is at a low ebb. Spurned and despised by the masses it purports to serve, hemmed in by the law, its only significance lies in the fact that it still is the willing instrument of the Soviet tyranny; and so long as the two great ideologies, democracy and Communism, stand opposed, weak or strong it will be a danger to us.

Some time ago, in a friendly greeting to the Communists of Cuba, Gus Hall wrote: "Yankee imperialism is an old, blind tiger, and the area in which it can operate grows smaller and smaller. Nevertheless, a tiger remains a tiger to the end, a deadly and dangerous beast of prey."

For "imperialism" read "Communism," and you have an accurate description of Mr. Hall's party in the United States today. THE END

Benjamin J. Davis, a former member of the New York City Council, is under indictment with Gus Hall for failure to register as a party member. "If they are convicted," the author reports, "the Communist Party, as a political organization, will have come to the end of its road."

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Weep for a Thief

Every woman has a special charm, and the Marchesa's tears never failed.

BY ROBERT STANDISH

The circle of spectators surrounding the big baccarat table—big only in the sense that the stakes were big—gasped with a mixture of envy and admiration as the florid man with a huge cigar turned up a nine and scooped in chips to the value of 18,000,000 old francs—call it $40,000—added it to the larger pile of his earlier winnings, bowed unsmilingly and left the table without the foolish but customary tip to the croupiers. He was a hard-boiled, self-made businessman who, judging by his accent, hailed from the north of England, where they are tough and proud of it. His name doesn't matter, for no sooner does he enter this story than he passes out of it. So why embarrass the man, who probably still blushes when he thinks of the little moment of weakness which followed. Cashing in his chips and stuffing a huge wad of notes into his pocket, he made for the bar, where he ordered a half bottle of champagne.

At a small table adjacent to the bar and sitting alone was a lovely young woman in her middle twenties. In front of her was an untouched drink. Great ropes of blue-black hair were piled on her neck while the rest was drawn tightly to a well-shaped head. The effect was pleasing, but curiously old-fashioned. On the rare occasions when she looked up, she revealed great lustrous golden eyes. She wore a star-sapphire pendant, which hung at her throat from a thin gold chain.

Taking a gulp of his champagne, the newcomer glanced at the Madonnalike beauty, flinching visibly as he saw that her lovely eyes were filled with tears. Suddenly, and for no reason, he began to think about his mother. There was a lump in his throat as he remembered too late that he might have been a better son. He had not lived a bad life, but he found himself wishing it had been better. Nor did it occur to him that these thoughts were inspired by the lovely, tragic-faced girl.

On a sudden impulse he took his glass of wine to the girl's table. "If it will make you feel any better, my dear," he said kindly, "tell me about it. Two heads are often better than one, and mine," he added wryly, "is pretty hard." This was true enough, except for the tense.

"Thank you, but there is nothing to tell," she replied in a dead voice, "except that I have been a fool."

"Gambling?"

She nodded.

"Lost your shirt?"

As she nodded assent, two beautiful tears ran down her cheeks.

Fumbling in his pocket, he brought out a big, uncounted wad of Bank of France notes which, as discreetly as such an indiscreet thing can be done, he thrust into her beaded evening bag. It was a tight fit. "If your luck's out," he said, "don't play again this evening."

Returning to the bar, he finished his half bottle, paid for it and one hour later was at Nice airport, waiting for a night plane to London. He still wonders why he did it.

As the girl was about to leave the casino premises, one of the directors, a suave man with the manners of an ambassador, intercepted her. In his hand was a card which was drawn from a confidential filing cabinet and described her as Mabel Potter, unmarried, aged twenty-six, professionally known as the Marchesa di Canneloni. In the right-hand bottom corner of the card was a cryptic annotation which read "*pleureuse*." This, translated into English, means "weeper."

"Madame," said the director with icy courtesy, "let me remind you—and for the last time—that people come to a casino to gamble and to enjoy themselves. The sight of a lovely woman weeping"—he bowed—"not only spoils that enjoyment but by inference reminds them of the folly of gambling. For the future, madame, if you are overcome by grief or anguish, my private office is entirely at your disposal. But," he added sternly, "no tears anywhere else on the casino premises, or madame's card of admission will be withdrawn. Is that quite clearly understood?"

With a haughty little nod of understanding, the Marchesa di Canneloni left the casino, crossed the Croisette and was soon lost in the labyrinthine ways of the old town of Cannes. Soon she came to a café known as the Chien Perdu, or Lost Dog, and entered.

"Hello, Mabel, how's tricks?" said a genial voice from an alcove table. The speaker, "Colonel" James Smythe-Emerson, better known as "Slim Jim," was a handsome, swashbuckling man around thirty-five, a jewel thief by occupation, "resting" after two sensational coups on the Riviera. "Something wrong?" he asked sympathetically. "Tell me about it."

"It's soon told, Jim," she said sadly, her lovely eyes filling with tears. "I can't work the casino any more. I was given the bum's rush a few minutes ago, and it's the last casino left to me in Europe. But I did a nice touch this evening," she said, opening her bag to count the wad of notes she carried.

Slim Jim looked admiringly at the great tears which were rolling down Mabel's cheeks so convincingly. "Turn off the waterworks, my dear," he said breezily. "They're wasted on me. What are you going to do next?"

Continued on page 72

ILLUSTRATION BY COBY WHITMORE

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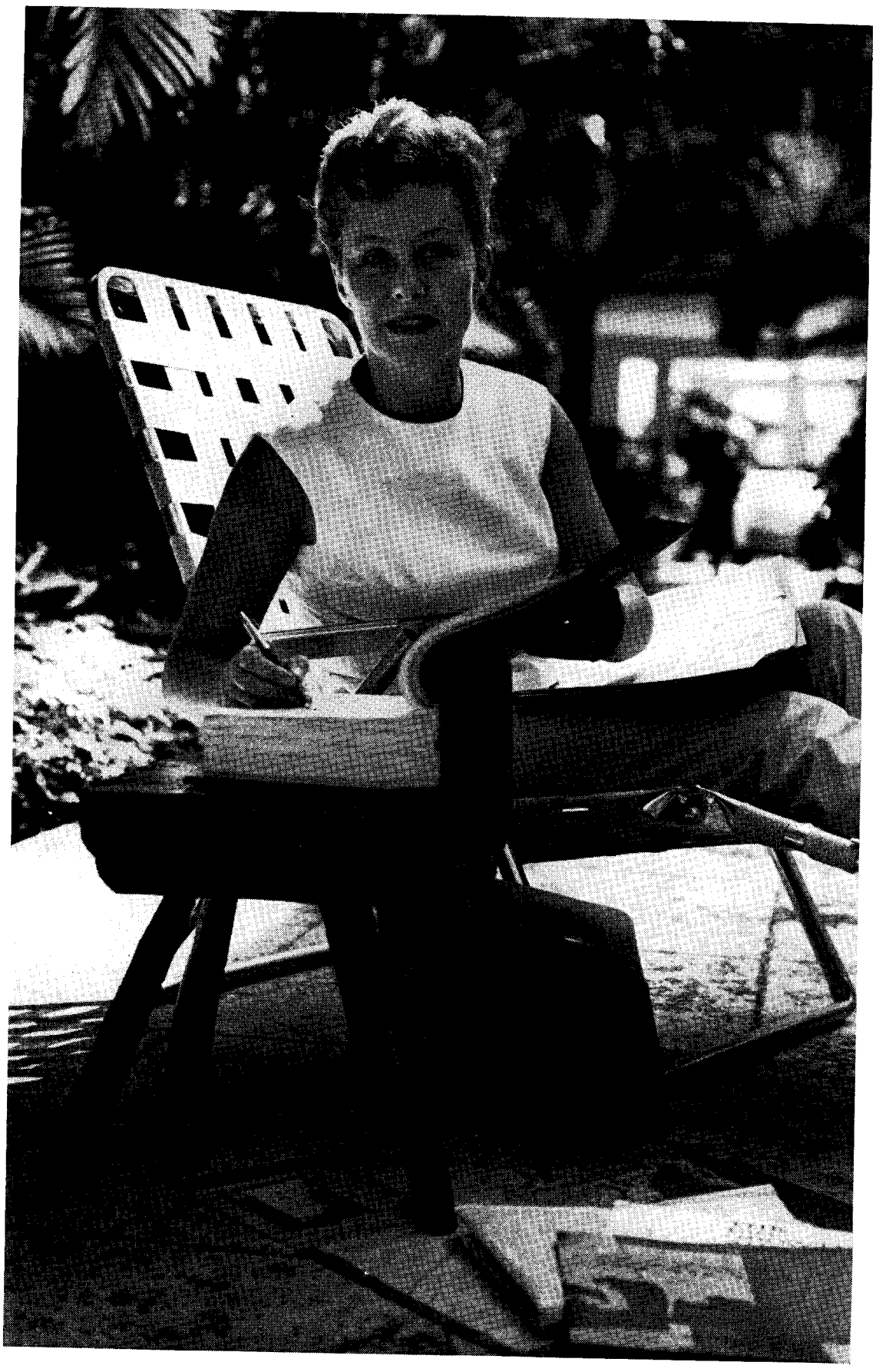
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Business Analyst: Executive Mary Shelley, 33, analyzes financial statements in the same calculating manner other women do their family shopping. Assistant secretary of the Florida Capital Corporation (a multimillion-dollar firm specializing in loans to small businesses), Mary believes women have an advantage in the field of economics and finance. "A woman," she contends, "is more likely than a man to apply simple common sense to complex problems. And sometimes common sense, properly applied, will point to the best course of action." English-born, Swiss-educated Mary began her business career with an American firm in Paris (where she met and married, in 1951, English-French artist Patrick Shelley), moved to New York City in 1958. "Going to New York might be described as a speculative venture," she says, "for I had no job in sight. But Wall Street is the center of world finance, and that was where I wanted to be." Starting as a secretary, she soon won promotion as executive assistant to financier Alfons Landa. Last year, a few months after Landa and his associates formed Florida Capital in Palm Beach, Mary was picked for the new firm's management team. She plans eventually to operate her own investment company, capitalizing on her American experience and her European background. "Before long," she says, "there will be a real need for a company in this country that will specialize in investments in the European Common Market." Entrepreneur Shelley is banking on filling that need. PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE.

Budding Swashbuckler: When robust Rod Taylor, 32, furrows his brow, his female admirers swoon. Movieland flacks breathlessly avow that Rod, starring as Sir Francis Drake in a forthcoming movie, *Seven Seas to Calais*, will "bring back the spirit of Errol Flynn." The daily press is gushing: Noting that Rod's performances shone through the murky plots of a TV series called *Hong Kong*—which appeared opposite *Wagon Train* and was trampled to death—newspaper critics named him TV's "Most Promising New Actor (1960–61)." Son of a Sydney, Australia, contractor—and still an Australian citizen, as Flynn once was—Rodney Taylor aspired to be a theatrical-set designer, switched to acting after watching a performance by Sir Laurence Olivier. In 1954 he won an Australian "Best Radio Actor of the Year" award, entitling him to a trip to England. He stopped in Hollywood and was soon involved in his first Hollywood picture, *Hell on Frisco Bay*. "Alan Ladd was the star. I played a hood from Seattle. He beat me up." Later Rod panted after Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant* and Shirley MacLaine in *Ask Any Girl*. After Sir Francis Drake, Rod will star in an Alfred Hitchcock movie and in a new TV series, *Dateline: San Francisco*. Divorced, Rod is lord of a low-budget Erroldom: His Beverly Hills home has four baths and a swimming pool, and his name pops up in the gossip columns regularly. (Sample: "Anita Ekberg-Rod Taylor merger plan is iffy.") How does Rod account for his appeal to women? "I dig life," says he. PHOTOGRAPH BY DENIS CAMERON.

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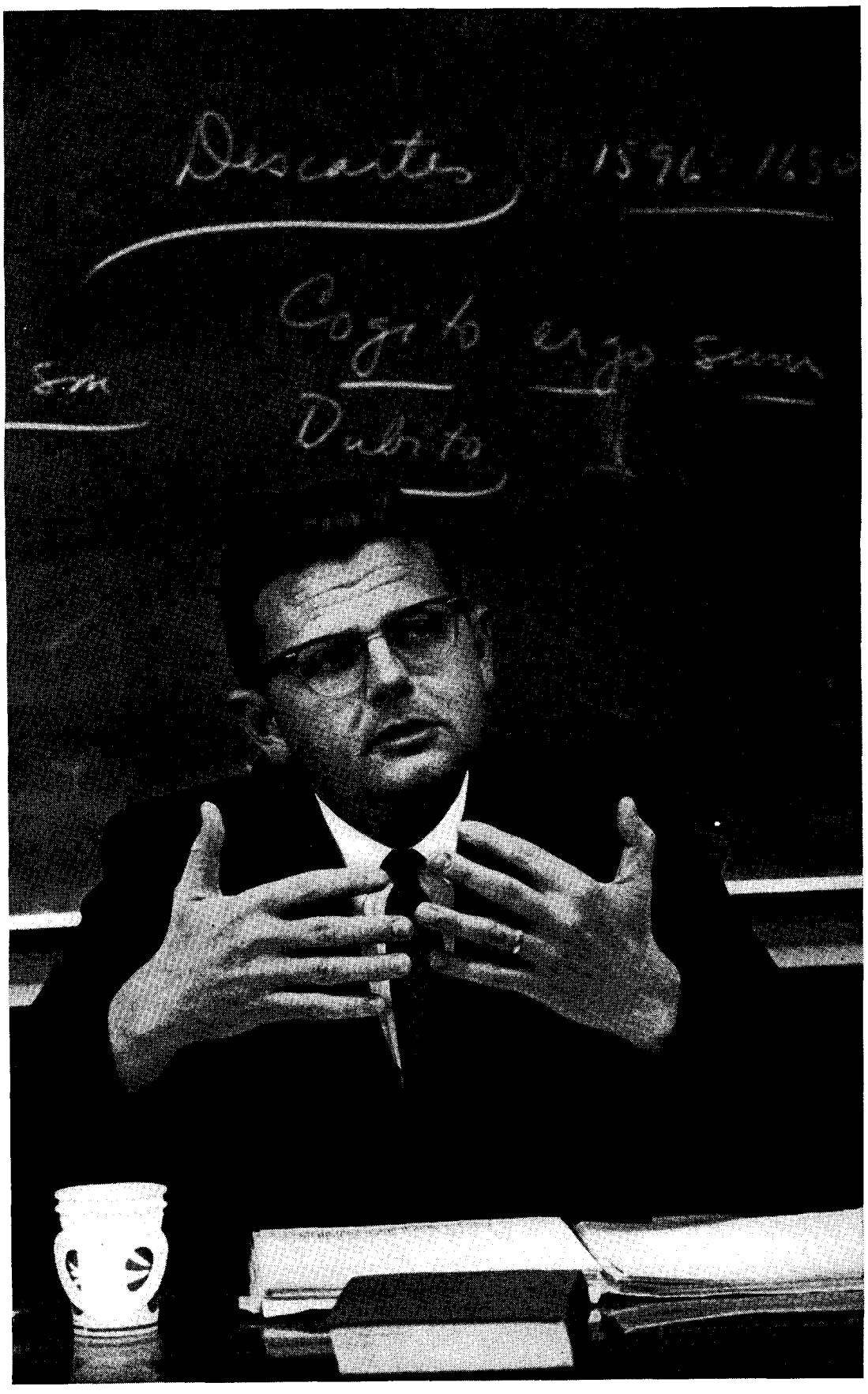
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Story Teller: With the gracious cooperation of her doll friends, Dare Wright, 35, produces unusual children's books. The dolls are her characters, and for illustrations Dare takes photographs of them in beguilingly lifelike poses. Total sales of her books—the fifth and most recent was *The Lonely Doll Learns a Lesson*—exceed 200,000. Dare stumbled into the book world when, as a fashion-model-turned-photographer, she took casual pictures of her favorite childhood doll, Edith, in the company of two Teddy bears. Dare took the photographs to a publisher, and her career was launched. "I don't think of Edith as a doll," says Dare. "She was my friend when I was a child, and now she supports me. She's a personality in her own right." Born in Canada, Dare grew up in Cleveland, Ohio, moved on to New York when she was 20. The RAF pilot to whom she was engaged died in a crash, and Dare is still single—though not resolutely so. She does all the writing, photography and layout for her books. When she goes on vacation, she locks Edith and the bears in a bank vault. Once one of the bank officials, to whom the stuffed creatures in the vault seemed more animate than some of the stuffed shirts he knew, warned Dare: "We won't know what to do if they cry!" PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GLADSTONE.

Theology Dean: Expounding an up-to-the-minute brand of religion, Dr. F. Thomas Trotter, 36, fights hard to win bright youngsters to the church. "One reason young intellectuals are not attracted to the Protestant ministry," says Trotter, dean of Southern California School of Theology, "is that the ministry has not been demanding enough of the intellectual." To promote what he calls "mature religious sophistication" at his seminary, a Methodist-affiliated institution in Claremont, Trotter shapes the curriculum to draw together the arts and Christianity. He himself teaches courses such as "Spiritual Problems in Modern Literature" and "The Tragic Vision and the Christian View of Life," in which students look for Christian answers to the dilemmas of existence posed by secular authors. Son of a Methodist minister, Tom was born in Los Angeles. He served a wartime hitch with the Air Forces, entered Occidental College in Los Angeles in 1946. There he met campus chaplain Hu Noble, who, Trotter says, "raised my sights a bit." He took a Ph.D. at Boston University, served as chaplain there for three years, then became a pastor in Montclair, Calif. In 1959 he joined the seminary faculty, became dean last November (becoming youngest dean of the 82 seminaries accredited by the American Association of Theological Schools), now lives with his wife and daughter near the campus. Ernest Colwell, seminary president, hails Trotter's contributions to theological education: "Tom has tremendous rapport with the moods, fears and hopes of the young." Recently Trotter invited bandleader Stan Kenton to the campus for a symposium on religion and jazz. Trotter's reason: "I want our students to learn what the artist is trying to say, and the artist what the church is trying to say." PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN WASSER.

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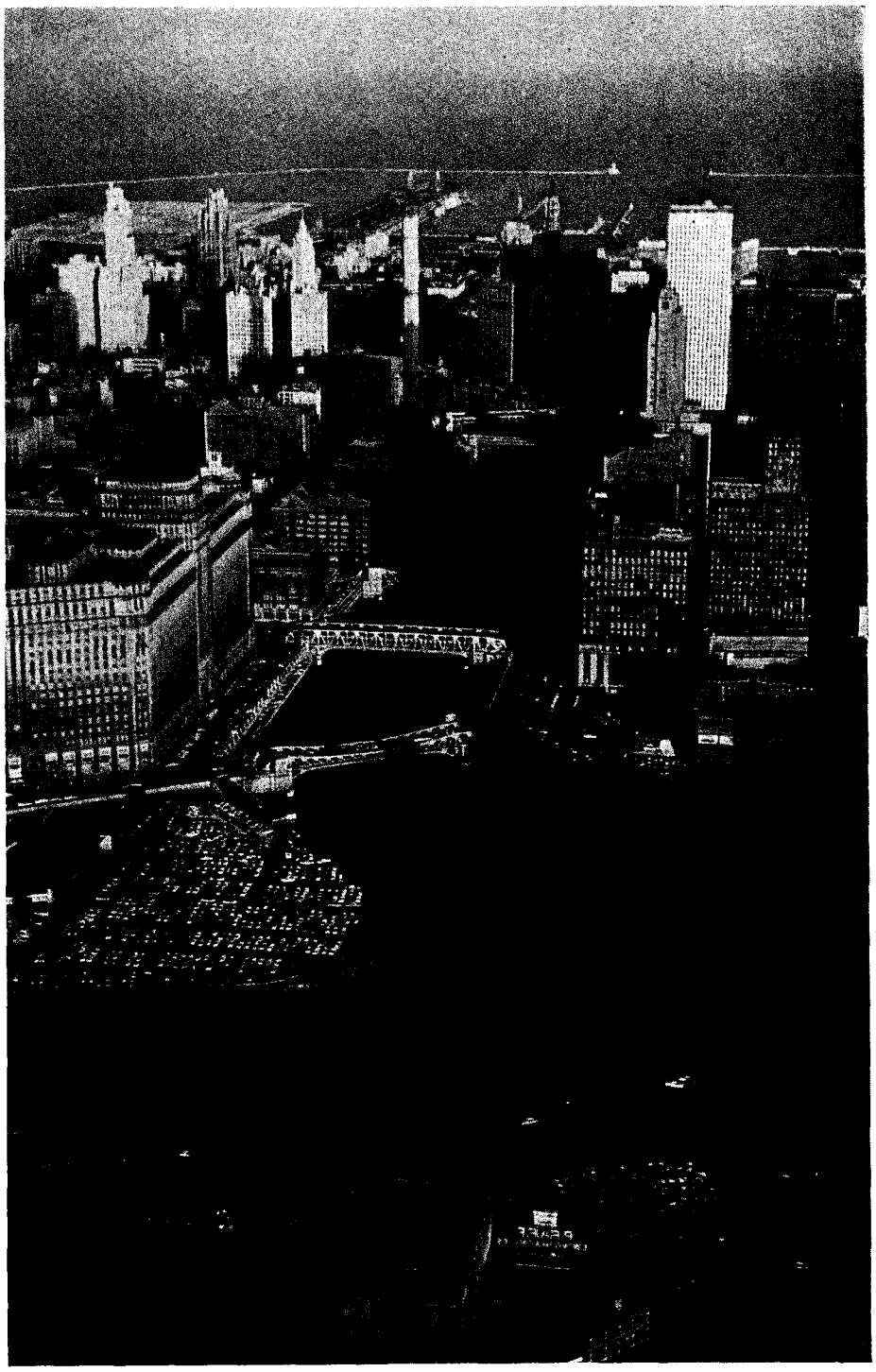
THE GREAT CHICAGO WATER STEAL

A bitter debate rages over the Great Lakes: Whose water is it?

By BERNARD ASBELL



Chicago, the lakes' biggest water consumer, siphons off two billion gallons daily and pumps it polluted to the Mississippi.

One broiling summer afternoon when I was living on "America's fourth seacoast"—the shore of the Great Lakes—my wife and I loaded the kids into the car and took them to a cool, sandy beach. Minutes later the kids were having the time of their lives scooping holes in the sand, filling them with lake water, digging canals and rivers to connect the scoops, building dams to control the flow, floating toy cargo ships, constructing harbors and surrounding them with miniature cities, even bathing their feet Gulliver-style in the Lilliputian system of lakes.

"There is absolutely no toy," my wife said, "like an unlimited supply of water."

I lay back in the warm sand and relaxed. But not for long. Soon the kids were hollering, splashing and jostling in a first-class row. Unlimited supply? The kids hardly thought so. They were fighting because one had started stealing another one's water.

That's the way it is with the Great Lakes. For almost forty years grown men in the states bordering the lakes—governors, mayors, legislators, newspapermen and lawyers—have been clawing at one another in court, in Congress, in print. Even Canada has entered the free-for-all. The battle cry is, "Hey, cut it out! Look what you're doing with *our* water!"

You'd think they were talking about a park lagoon. The truth is that the five titanic potholes that form the Great Lakes contain the largest supply of fresh water in the world. There is so much water that even Niagara Falls, thunderously spewing 100,000,000 gallons per minute, day and night, year after year, century after century cannot empty the lakes. More than 18,000,000 people—10 percent of the population of the United States—live in the counties immediately adjacent to the lakes. So does an even higher percentage of Canadians. They drink the water, wash in it, cook with it, fish in it, swim in it, skate on it; they float ships on it to carry wheat, iron, copper, lumber, coal; they boil it into steam to power their factories, heat their homes and kill their germs; they freeze it to preserve food and cool their whisky; they shoot it downward to make electric current and squirt it skyward to douse their fires.

Fresh water is precious, and nowhere do men have so much of it as in the Great Lakes. Even so, there's no longer enough to go around. As soon as someone helps himself to the riches of the Lakes, someone else is sure to shout, "Thief!"

Not long ago, for example, the residents of three Chicago suburbs, Elmhurst, Villa Park and Lombard, found that their wells were running dry. A solution to their problem seemed simple. They were only a few miles from Lake Michigan. They would tap the lake for about sixty cubic feet per second, a mere trickle compared with the 212,000 cubic feet per second that Niagara Falls throws irretrievably toward the Atlantic. The towns prepared a bond issue to pay for a pipeline. But before the first bond was offered, the states of Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York descended upon the towns—with lawyers and threats. The lawyers of New York argued: If you steal water that we need for our hydroelectric plants, the price of our electricity will go up, and that will force a rise in the price of chemicals, aluminum and shredded wheat, all made with our hydroelectric power. The lawyers of Michigan argued: If you steal water from the lakes, so will others; lake levels will lower, our streams and swamps will drain, our wildlife will suffer, and hunters will no longer come hunting in the Water Wonderland. The lawyers of Ohio and Pennsylvania argued: If you and others steal lake water, the rivers connecting the lakes will get shallower, cargo ships will be forced to carry less iron ore, shipping costs will rise and the price of steel will go up. The three Illinois towns, astonished at the tempest they had stirred, quickly canceled the bond issue. But the towns now are asking the Supreme Court for the right to take their desired bit of lake water.

Of all the battles which have been fought over Great Lakes water, however, the greatest by far has been the one set off by "the Chicago water steal." Like all Great Lakes cities, Chicago pumps water out of the lake for its households and factories. But all other cities take their water on short-term loan; they use the water, pipe it through sewage-treatment plants, then pour the almost-pure effluent back into the lake. Chicago, however, the biggest water consumer on the lakes, takes its water—more than a billion gallons a day—and gives nothing back. It flushes its sewage down a canal to the Illinois River, which pours it into the Mississippi. But that is not the full extent of the "water steal." Even though Chicago treats its used water in a mammoth sanitation works, its effluent still contains frightening quantities of sewage. So the city dips into Lake Michigan for almost a billion gallons more each day to help dilute and wash away the first billion. But that's still not all. Even two billion gallons a day cannot dilute Chicago's filth. For years the city has been beseeching Congress for an additional 650,000,000 gallons a day—not a drop to be returned to the lakes—so the city and its suburbs won't rot in their own garbage. Other lake states have fought Chicago bitterly. In recent years two bills in Congress favoring Chicago managed to pass. But by that time, "the Chicago water steal" had grown beyond a battle among the states; it had become an international crisis.

In April, 1959, Canada sent the State Department one of the sternest notes it had ever directed at the United States: "The government of Canada is opposed to any action which will have the effect of reducing the volume of water in the Great Lakes basin. . . . Canada considers that many agreements and understandings between the U.S.A. and Canada would be broken if unilateral action were taken to

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

Niagara Falls: 100,000,000 gallons a minute rush to the Atlantic.

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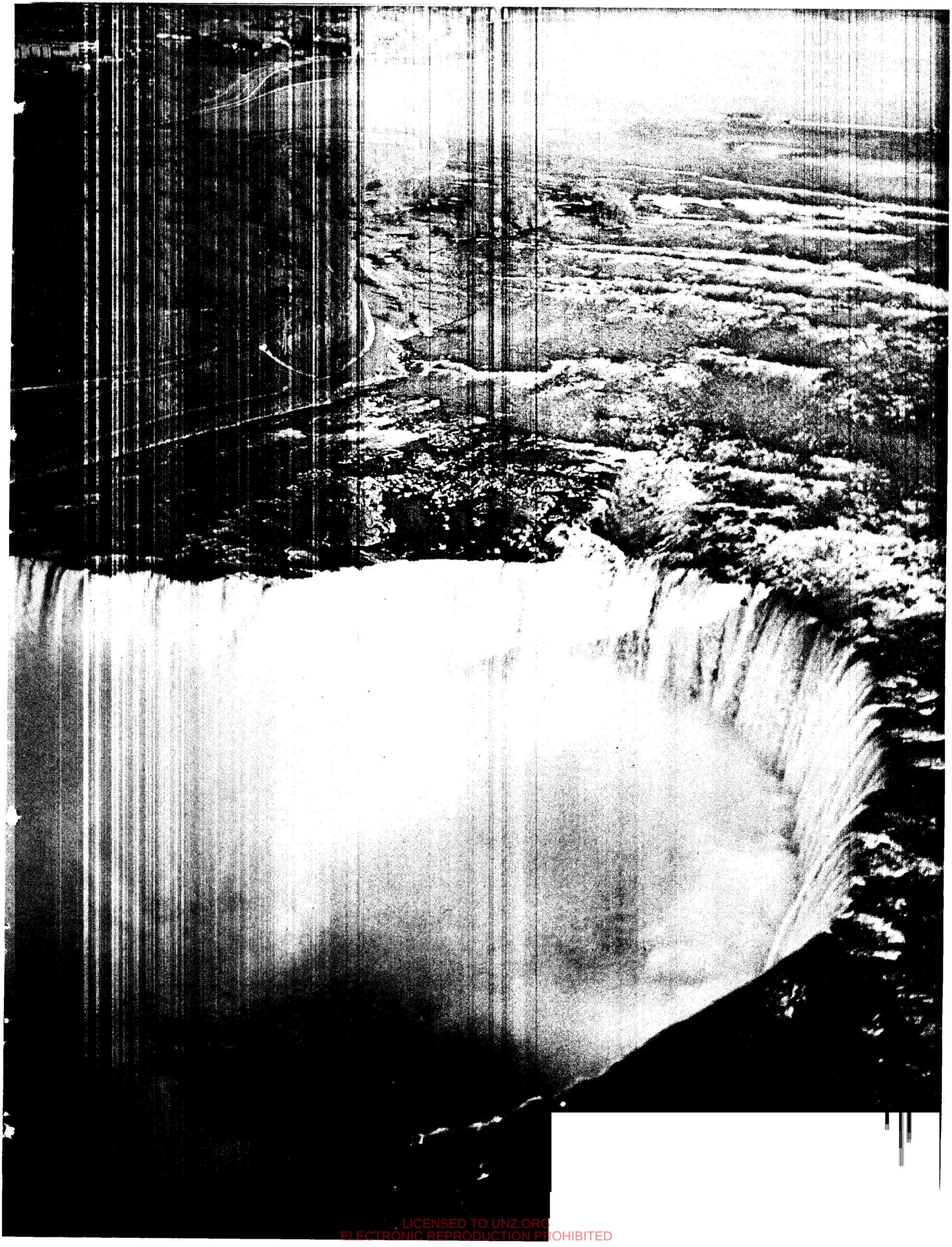

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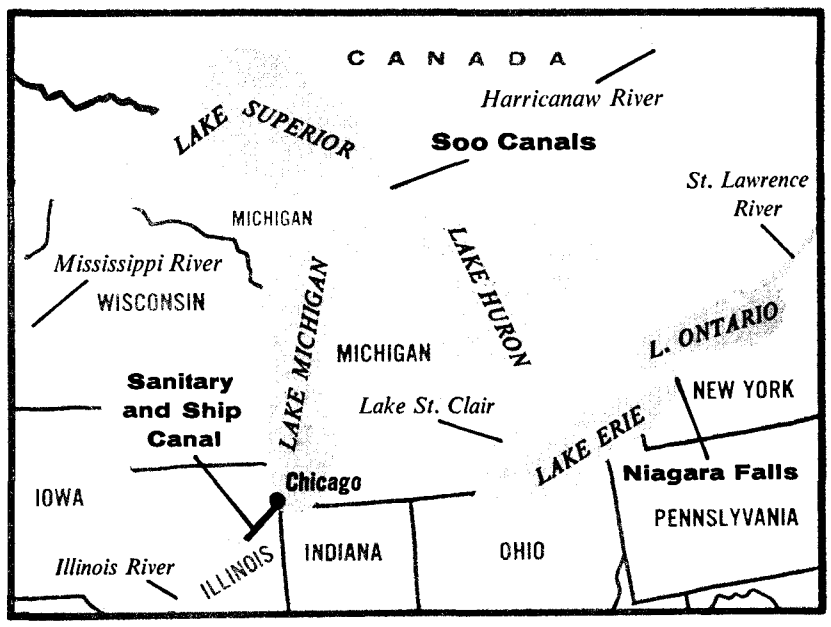

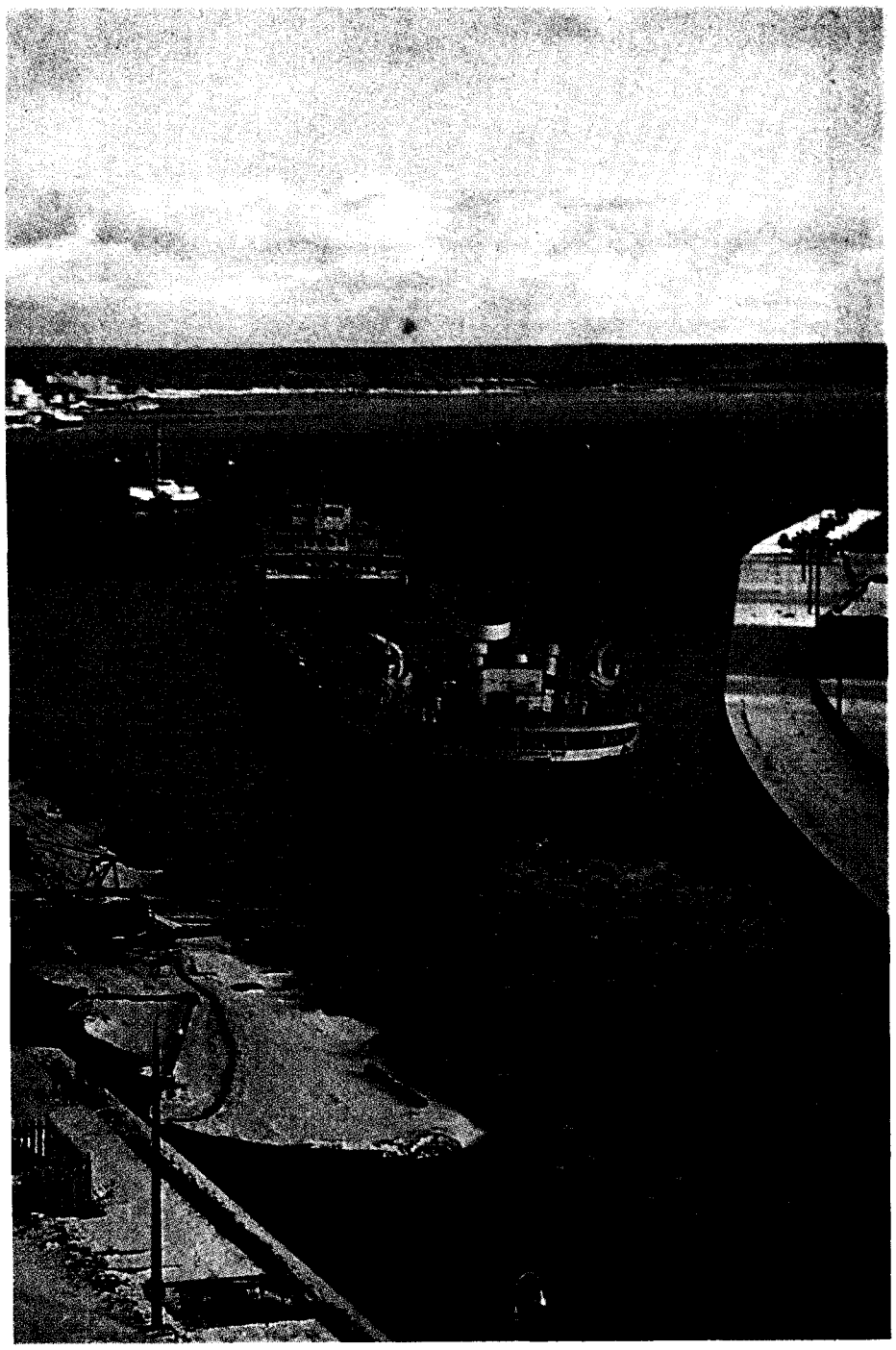

The Soo Locks shipowners protest that Chicago's proposed water tapping will lower nearby channel depths to a disastrous point.

divert additional water from the Great Lakes watershed at Chicago."

President Eisenhower responded by vetoing both bills. In doing so, he may have prevented the water battle from expanding into a continental cold war. As some senators have quietly pointed out, Canada has shown admirable restraint in not pulling a "water steal" of her own. The mighty Columbia River, which enriches the northwest United States with power and irrigation, flows down from Canada. For years some Canadians have been charmed by the prospect of damming up these waters before they cross the border. The dams would sidetrack the flow into the all-Canadian Fraser River, bringing power and irrigation to the Vancouver area, but leaving the Statesiders high and dry. Nothing in international law prevents Canada from doing so. She is restrained only by the traditional friendship between the two countries—a friendship which has not been enhanced by "the Chicago water steal."

The Great Lakes states battling Chicago claim they are paying in cold cash for what Chicago is currently "stealing." New York power engineers say that if Chicago is permitted to take still another 650,000,000 gallons a day, the Niagara and St. Lawrence power plants will be robbed of more than $1,000,000 a year. Shipowners, according to an estimate by the U. S. Army Engineers, would have to load their vessels more lightly to get through connecting channels and would lose more than $250,000 a year. These channels are now being deepened at a cost to the Government of $150,000,000. But what is the sense, ask Chicago's opponents, of spending huge amounts to scoop dirt from the bottom if Chicago is going to take water from the top?

The ultimate argument against the "water steal" is, "Where will it end?" Already, three additional Chicago suburbs, Des Plaines, Arlington Heights and Mount Prospect, have organized a commission—called DAMP—with the goal of taking water from the lake. If the courts rule that they may, by what rule will the courts say others may not? A group of Texas promoters recently proposed a pipeline from the Great Lakes to irrigate the wastelands of Texas. A Colorado state senator has said that the only long-range solution to his state's water problem is to tap the Great Lakes. If other places do what Chicago is doing—take lake water without returning it—the Great Lakes could indeed be severely depleted.

When these arguments are piled one upon another, Chicago comes out an unspeakable villain. But it is not so simple. If Chicago does what its Great Lakes neighbors want it to do—pour its used water back into Lake Michigan—the second largest city in America may (1) go broke, (2) poison its people and (3) poison many of its neighbors who are now decrying the "water steal."

Chicago claims it is doing what is best for the country as well as for itself. In 1955 the American Society of Civil Engineers called Chicago's sewage-disposal plant "one of the seven engineering wonders of the world." It *almost* purifies the dirty water of a city of 3,500,000, suburbs of another 1,500,000 and a mammoth complex of factories that is the equivalent of still another 3,000,000—a total "sewage population" of 8,000,000. Chicago's sewage-treatment works normally achieves 90 per cent purification, the highest that science presently can attain. But this means that Chicago's effluent, scientific paragon though it may be, still contains as much filth as the untreated sewage of a city of 800,000—more than the entire population of Milwaukee. Sometimes the residue of sewage goes much higher. When rainfall is heavy, the sewers overload. The plants cannot cope with the sudden bulk of water, so most of it—garbage and all—is flushed away without being treated.

When Chicago flushes its effluent—more than a billion gallons a day—toward the Mississippi, true, it is "stealing" water from the lakes, but it is performing a national service. For the Army Corps of Engineers has ruled that approximately this amount of liquid is needed to make a navigable stream of the Illinois Waterway. Thus Chicago is helping to provide a valuable passageway for ships from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. But in performing this service, Chicago is dumping the equivalent of the untreated sewage of 800,000 people into a narrow stream. This is an intolerable hazard to the health of downstream communities. That is why Chicago, with the approval of the Supreme Court, takes the additional billion gallons directly from the lake to help dilute the mess. And it is this second billion that incites other lake states to cry "steal."

These states demand that Chicago build enormous new sewerage plants to cope with its storm water, then install plumbing to run the effluent back to Lake Michigan. If this were done, according to the theory, the "water steal" could be reduced to the needs of navigation on the Illinois Waterway. Such a project, however, would set Chicago back $250,000,000,000. Taxes would rise drastically. Many industries might be driven from town. The city does not think it could stand the economic strain.

But suppose it could. There is reason to suspect that, if the city were to raise the whopping sum, it would be financing the mass poisoning of its own people. This appalling possibility arises from the unique position of Lake Michigan among its sister lakes, and the position of Chicago on Lake Michigan.

The Great Lakes are not, like most lakes, an enclosed, currentless body of water. They are really a colossal stream. The flow begins at Lake Superior, which absorbs the waters of many small rivers of Minnesota and Canada. The water slips down a long staircase—the rapids of the St. Mary's River to Lake Huron, through the St. Clair and Detroit rivers to Lake Erie, then the mighty drop over Niagara to Lake Ontario, and finally down the St. Lawrence River to the sea.

The water is good for drinking, even though sewage is poured into it, for flowing water normally purifies itself. But this marvelous process does not work so marvelously in Lake Michigan. Lake Michigan is not in the line of flow; it hangs limply like a wet bag from the mouth of Lake Huron. Water seeps into it through the Mackinac Straits and must seep out—if it seeps out at all—through the same narrow opening. The water drifts slowly, down the Wisconsin shore on the west, and up the Michigan shore on the east. The United States Public Health Service suspects that at the southern end—right near Chicago—there is a gigantic whirlpool, slowly, perpetually churning. If this is so, and if Chicago were to dump what amounts to the untreated sewage of 800,000 people into the lake, the poisons would build and build, spin and spin, for days and years and decades, never floating away, until southern Lake Michigan became a monstrous, hopeless cesspool.

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The Public Health Service is now moving fast to confirm or refute the whirlpool theory. This is one of the first targets of the biggest water-pollution study in history, a six-year analysis of the entire Great Lakes Basin and the Illinois Waterway.

There are other horrifying possibilities the Public Health Service aims to learn more about. It may be that other lake cities, which are scolding Chicago in supercilious tones, are on the verge of poisoning one another. Since World War II, 10,000 new chemical compounds have come into heavy use, winding up in the nation's drinking water with unknown effects. It is known that present-day detergents do not dissolve in flowing water. Neither do certain deadly insecticides. It is not known how much of these seemingly indestructible poisons may accumulate in a larger water supply like the Great Lakes before they threaten human health.

But there are disturbing indications. The value of the 1960 catch by Great Lakes commercial fisheries was the lowest in thirty-two years. In western Lake Erie, where a circular current partially traps the flow of sewage from Detroit and Toledo, certain species of valuable fish—Lake Erie whitefish, pickerel and walleyed pike—have nearly disappeared. If these fish are dying of pollution, as many experts fear, how long will it be until the water poisons people?

"It used to be," says H. W. Poston, coordinator of the pollution study, "that if water had enough quantity, its quality took care of itself. This is no longer so. We have come to the point where too many people are making too many demands. We have to rethink the whole problem of keeping our water pure."

Many otherwise responsible men in the lakes area are not ready to rethink the problem. They use "pollution" as a catchword to serve whatever side of the Great Lakes battle that employs them.

Thomas F. Moore, general counsel of the New York State Power Authority, who wants Chicago to pour its effluent back into the lake so his agency's brand-new power plants can use it to make power, demands, "What right has Chicago to dump its filth down a river and bisect America with a sewer?"

He waves his hand in derision at the possible hazard of Chicago poisoning Lake Michigan. When I pressed him on this point, Moore, with surprising candor, pulled a sheaf of balance sheets from his desk, tapped them emphatically with his forefinger and said, "What we've got to worry about around here is paying off the interest on these bonds."

Lyndon Spencer, president of the Lake Carriers' Association, the shipowners' trade group, opposes the "Chicago water steal" because he wants to keep lake levels high. He too is nonchalant about the prospect of lake pollution.

"I don't think water is any more polluted today than it ever was," he said to me. "It's just that we *think* about these things more than we used to."

Today, while industries around the lakes are booming, business is not so good for the shipowners whom Spencer represents, which perhaps explains a preoccupation with his own problems. The Mesabi iron range in Minnesota is producing less ore than in earlier years. Industrial use of coal has sharply declined. This means fewer cargoes for lake carriers. Most threatening of all, foreign ships entering the Great Lakes through the three-year-old St. Lawrence Seaway are taking many cargoes formerly carried by lake ships. Lake shipowners have scrapped many of their old vessels and are investing in fewer but deeper, more efficient carriers. But the efficiency of these giant ships depends on deep channels in which to float them.

A single inch of extra water depth permits a supercarrier to load an extra 110 tons of ore. Multiply this tonnage by forty trips a year per vessel, and it is easy to see why shipowners are not inclined to give Chicago the top inch of Great Lakes water without a fight.

So the battle rages among the grown-ups around the Great Lakes just as it inevitably does among kids playing on the beach. On the beach the problem is solved simply and swiftly: Tell the kids to cut it out—or else. Around the lakes, however, it is neither simple nor swift.

To settle the Chicago sewage controversy, the Supreme Court has appointed Federal Judge Albert B. Maris of Philadelphia to hear every qualified voice in the argument and to hand down a fair solution. The testimony which Maris has listened to so far fills fourteen volumes; he expects to fill many more. It may be two years or more before his work is done.

But some of the officials around the lakes, weary of the interminable battles, are convinced that an even grander solution has to be found. One of these is the governor of Illinois, Otto H. Kerner. Kerner envisions a managerial agency to regulate all the conflicting demands and uses of Great Lakes water. All the states bordering on the Great Lakes, as well as the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, would be represented on the agency—and, ideally, so would the governments of the United States and Canada.

Kerner believes fulfillment of this dream is a long way off, but meanwhile he has another pet project. It is a plan that would allow Chicago to continue flushing its sewage down the river, perhaps enable other cities to do the same if they were so inclined, yet still gladden the hearts of the shipowners, the power producers, the fishermen, the duck hunters and almost everybody else—maybe.

The plan rests on an idea developed by an Ontario mining engineer, Thomas W. Kierans. He suggests tapping a Canadian river that flows into Hudson Bay, a big one called the Harricanaw. Its flow would be reversed and channeled into Lake Huron. Those who favor the plan believe that the tap can be accomplished for $200,000,000. They also believe that the Great Lakes would be swelled by 13,000,000,000 gallons of water a day—more than six times the quantity of the "Chicago water steal." There is also a possibility of connecting and tapping a complex of Canadian rivers north of Lake Superior. This would produce an estimated 6,500,000,000 gallons a day. Chicago, Toledo and other cities could flush their sewage away from the lakes, and the water would hardly be missed.

The only trouble is that Canada has to agree to the plan. The plan's proponents hint vaguely that Chicago "would try to work out a way" to see that Canada bears no cost. So far, however, Canada has not hinted—not even vaguely—whether it would become a party to the scheme.

But at least someone is stepping aside from engagement in the Great Lakes battle to look for some kind of solution. That's a good omen. If the Kerner plan can be made to work, it will be not only a rare achievement in diplomacy—especially rare for the embattled community of the Great Lakes—but also a spectacular triumph in large-scale plumbing. THE END

A dredge on Lake St. Clair, which links lakes Huron and Erie. The Great Lakes contain the world's largest fresh-water supply, and regions as remote as Texas are trying to wangle a share.

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By TONI HOWARD

High Fashion for Housewives

The furious stitching of 40,000,000 American women creates an enormous demand for sewing patterns. For style merchant Jim Spadea it means a million-dollar business.

Spadea, an advertising man turned patternmaker, with examples of his fashion inventory: a Duchess of Windsor afternoon dress (left), a Monte Sano suit, a suit by Jo Copeland and a Pierre Cardin cocktail dress. His patterns enable home seamstresses to copy designer originals which sell for as much as $1000.

Wearing a baggy tweed suit and a red flannel vest, Jim Spadea was making zucchini soup. And he was making it pretty much ad lib, using what he had on hand and hoping for the best. "I make soup the way I do everything else," he said confidently, "sort of by ear."

From the looks of him, you would have said that here was a fellow who wouldn't know a pleat from a flounce. But this six-foot amateur chef bustling around the kitchen of his farmhouse in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, is an expert judge of female fashions, and an enthusiastic gambler on them as well. Head of Spadea Inc., makers of original designers' patterns for the home seamstress, Jim Spadea has spent the past twelve years breaking into and revolutionizing one of America's oldest and most staid businesses.

Everybody who reads newspapers has seen advertisements for dress patterns. Generally appearing on the women's page, they feature a sketch of the garment to be made, a size chart, and a "how to order" paragraph asking the reader to send cash or money order to box number such-and-such, care of this newspaper. For more than 100 years the advertisements—and the patterns—varied little, usually offering the home seamstress simple unimaginative styles in easy-to-make form. Small wonder that from a postwar high of 150,000,000 patterns sold in 1945, the industry had fallen to a bare subsistence level of only 85,000,000 sold in 1950.

Then along came James Vincent Spadea with a new and revolutionary idea: The American housewife was a better seamstress than the pattern companies thought. With that one conviction, with no experience and very little capital, he set out to invade the pattern field. And what he decided to invade it with can be expressed in one word—style.

Certainly other pattern companies, such as McCall's and Vogue, had for years included in their catalogues a few chic, up-to-date designs for the accomplished seamstress. And in 1949 Vogue Pattern Service had featured in its spring catalogue a handful of original designs by eight of the big Paris *couturiers*, twenty-four authentic new styles sandwiched in between the house dresses and the dirndl skirts. Spadea's innovation was to throw the house dresses out the window and make his entire line a collection of fashionable signed originals by famous "name" designers. Comparing the low prices of his competitors' patterns (ten cents and up) with the constantly rising price of yard goods, he decided to set a standard price of one dollar per Spadea pattern.

Since the birth of Spadea Incorporated in 1950, the firm has grown from a small pattern syndicate, serving twenty-one newspapers, to a nationwide syndicate serving more than 300 newspapers and more than 850 department stores. From a collection of seven original designs by seven famous American designers, it has grown to a collection of 625 original designs by eighty-three famous American and European designers—more than four times as many as its only real rival, Vogue.

Spadea today advertises "the World's Largest Collection of Famous Designer Patterns," a fabulous array of original designs by the leading fashion creators of New York, Hollywood, Paris, Rome, Milan, Florence, London and Dublin. It is a glittering list, studded by such *haute couture* names as Pierre Cardin, Jacques Heim, Jean Patou, Fabiani, Fontana, Givenchy, Norman Hartnell, Sybil Connolly, Vera Maxwell, Ceil Chapman,

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Photographs by Ormond Gigli

Above: the clothes shown on the opposite page have been converted into heavy-paper patterns, from which Spadea's workshop turns out easy-to-follow tissue copies that cost one to two dollars. The Spadea collection includes 700 patterns by eighty-three American and European designers. The firm will even supply designers' labels to be sewed into the finished garment.

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In his New York office Jim Spadea and his wife Jean, the firm's top fashion consultant, inspect a coat designed by Italy's Michael Paul. Designers receive a royalty on each pattern copied from their creations.

Spadea with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor attends a showing of the Duchess's styles at a New York department store. Under her contract with Spadea the Duchess's designs are sold only in pattern form.

Pauline Trigère, Balenciaga, Balmain, Capucci, Lanvin Castillo. Spadea enables the housewife to copy—exactly, legally, and in her own home—copyrighted American and European originals for which the carriage-trade retail shopper would have to pay $100 to $1000. All it costs the home seamstress is the price of the pattern, the sum she spends on fabric and thread and buttons, and whatever time she has available for sewing. If she wants it, Spadea will even provide her with a woven silk label bearing the designer's name, which she can sew into the inside of her coat or dress or suit to prove the authenticity of its design.

No matter where she lives, however far from the nearest fashion center or department store, any woman who is—or has—a competent seamstress can wear line-for-line copies of designer originals in coats, suits, playclothes, daytime dresses, evening gowns. What's more, since neither Spadea nor Vogue designs are adaptations, the dress she makes herself will in many cases be truer to the designer's original model than the "adapted" ready-to-wear versions sold in exclusive stores and shops. Considering that about 20 percent of all feminine clothes in America are made at home, to call this a revolution is something of an understatement.

Never one to hang back when she sees a good thing, the American woman has taken to these new up-to-the-minute patterns the way a schoolboy takes to vacation, liberating herself from the previously accepted idea that anything homemade would be inferior to ready-made. While unit sales of the old-fashioned ordinary pattern have declined, sales of the new high-fashioned patterns have been skyrocketing. Vogue's $3 and $3.50 Paris Original Models (known in the trade as POM's) are moving twice as fast as five years ago. Even more spectacular is Spadea, who started out selling 50,000 patterns a year and is currently selling at a rate of more than 1,000,000 a year. From one end of the country to the other the fashion-conscious woman is going on a sewing binge, to the delight of the sewing-machine manufacturers, who are selling 1,500,000 per year, and of the piece-goods industry, which expects sales of fabrics for home sewing to top $1,000,000,000 in 1962.

Part of the boom is due to recent improvements in the sewing machine, which has blossomed out in pastel colors and with so many ingenious gadgets that it can do almost everything except baby-sit. Imported or domestic, the new sewing machine can make buttonholes, pleats and gathers; it can embroider, mend, quilt and appliqué. It can sew on buttons, apply elastic, overcast and, of course, stitch to perfection. With 32,000,000 of these miracle-workers in use in American homes, housewives were ready for the inspiration of excellent foolproof design.

It is a commonplace that as soon as a revolution shows itself successful, everyone wants to know how it was pulled off. According to Jim Spadea, this one was as simple as making zucchini soup: He "played it by ear." Already in the fashion business with an advertising agency called Spadea Fashions, Inc., he got his initial idea for American "name" designer patterns in 1949 and immediately tried to sell it to one of his agency's biggest accounts, The Butterick Company. But The Butterick Company, manufacturers of patterns for eighty-six years and accustomed to their own ways, politely declined. Walking home across New York City that evening, Spadea stopped short in the middle of the street and said to himself, "OK. If they won't do it, I'll do it myself."

Getting a few of America's top designers signed up was not difficult, as he was already on friendly terms with most of them through his fashion advertising agency. Getting a small string of newspapers to carry his new pattern service was not very difficult either, as he already distributed his agency's fashion reports to about twenty-five newspapers. The designers were paid royalties on the patterns sold, and the newspapers received the service on a six-month trial basis, with Spadea paying each newspaper 30 percent of the gross income from sales made through that paper.

Most urgent of his problems was that of getting a firm to manufacture the actual tissue-paper patterns. Temporarily solving that, Spadea came out on January 8, 1950, with his first "American Designer Pattern," manufactured for him by Peerless Pattern Company (now defunct). The pattern was for the dress Ceil Chapman designed for Mary Martin in *South Pacific*, and it was an immediate hit. His next, a Nettie Rosenstein, also was a hit, and Spadea was "in business." In less than six months he had eighteen more top American designers signed, and was syndicating to fifty newspapers.

There remained three key problems to solve, however. With rapidly rising costs threatening his solvency, it became evident that he would either have to do his own pattern manufacturing or close shop altogether. He beat that one by moving in 1951 to a new building on the edge of Manhattan's garment district and setting up a manufacturing room where his patterns could be cut, perforated and folded by hand. That was a big step on the road to success, for it made Spadea completely independent of his competitors and convinced him that in a small-volume quality business such as his, custom-made patterns were more accurate than printed patterns and easier for the home seamstress to follow. To this day, although all the volume houses, such as Simplicity, McCall's, Butterick, Vogue and Advance, have converted to the mass-produced printed pattern, Spadea patterns are still hand-cut, hand-perforated, folded and wrapped by hand.

The second big hurdle involved sizing. For months Spadea had puzzled over the fact that the pattern companies were still sizing their patterns according to 1929 Government standards, whereas the designers whose work he was buying were using an entirely different set of measurements. Making comparisons and querying his designers, he discovered that the American woman was not built according to U.S. Government standards. Those standards had been drawn up in the flapper era, when the ideal female figure was flat-chested and narrow-hipped. By the 1950's American womanhood had developed bosoms and hips.

In September, 1952, Spadea announced that his patterns would no longer be sized according to the outdated U.S. Government standards, but according to the body measurements of today's American woman, as established and accepted by the ready-to-wear garment industry.

During the first two months, as confusion over the new sizing spread, he took a beating in sales. Three years later, when the other pattern makers reluctantly adopted a new "compromise" sizing gauge, with bust and hip measurements somewhere between Spadea and the Government, he issued a press release pointing out to his competitors that in the time

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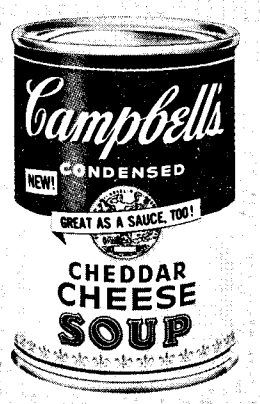
NEW *from Campbell*

Great as a soup! Great as a sauce!

CHEDDAR CHEESE SOUP



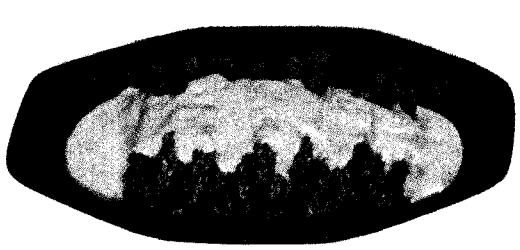
It's a great new soup — Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup! It's a great new sauce — an instant, thrifty, creamy cheese sauce! Golden Cheddar cheese gives this new soup tangy, rich flavor. Country cream adds velvety-smooth goodness. It's great for cooking, too — adds party flavor to simple dishes. Buy it . . . try it — free!*

Great new all-time family favorite!

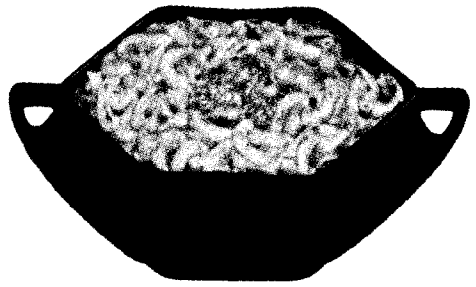
SPLIT PEA WITH HAM SOUP

Have a healthy helping of this homey, hearty, wholesome new soup. It's just like Mother made—a smooth purée of green peas plus split peas for extra goodness, delicious pieces of smokehouse ham and ham stock. Split Pea with Ham Soup is seasoned with delicate spices the Campbell way. Buy it . . . try it — free!*

New Cooking Secret—Cheddar Cheese Soup!



INSTANT CHEESE SAUCE. Just empty 1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup into pan. Gradually blend in ¼ — ⅓ cup milk. Heat slowly; do not boil. Makes about 1½ cups to pour over vegetables, hamburgers, meat loaf, chicken or fish! Thrifty new way to make delicious cheese sauce!



MACARONI AND CHEESE. Cook ¼ cup chopped onion in 1 tbsp. shortening; blend in 1 can Cheese Soup, ½ cup milk. In 1 qt. casserole, mix sauce, 2 cups cooked macaroni. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 375°F. 30 min. 4 servings.

*BUY BOTH...GET BOTH FREE!

Buy Campbell's 2 new soups — Cheddar Cheese Soup and Split Pea with Ham Soup. Remove both labels and, on the back of one, write the price you paid for both soups, plus your name and address. Send both labels to 2 NEWEST SOUPS, Box 35C, Mt. Vernon 10, N.Y. We will refund full purchase price. Limit — one refund per family. Offer ends June 30, 1962.

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You gonna paint walls?

Better pick paints in flower-fresh colors that make work heap easier!

LOWE BROTHERS PAINTS

HOW? Look for paints with palefaces on package

Lowe Brothers Mellotone . . . for a velvet-soft flat finish. Brushes or rolls on—dries quickly—odorless—washable. Wonderful way to paint your walls. Write for color card.

Lowe Brothers Mello-Gloss . . . smooth, medium gloss finish for walls *or* woodwork. Odorless. Fast-drying. Super-washable. Colors match Mellotone. Write for color card.

STYLE-TESTED COLORS FOR HOME AND INDUSTRY

THE LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY · DAYTON 2, OHIO

"From one end of the country to the other the fashion-conscious woman is going on a sewing binge."

they had been hesitating, Spadea pattern sales had tripled.

By then he was deeply engrossed in problem No. 3. He had in his stable virtually all the thoroughbreds of American dress design—forty of them—and he felt compelled to reach out for some of the great European designers. That field had been dominated since 1949 by Vogue Patterns, which still had contracts for forty original Paris designs per year from their eight Paris *couturiers*. But Spadea saw no reason why he shouldn't move in. From 1954 to 1957 he flew back and forth across the Atlantic, haunting the August and January fashion collections and lining up designers in Paris, London, Dublin, Milan and Rome. By 1957 he had twenty-four of the foremost dressmakers in Europe under contract.

As with American designers, Spadea chooses as many designs as he likes for copying; in return he pays the designer a royalty on each pattern sold. That arrangement has proved so profitable, both for the designers and for Spadea, that in 1959, while Vogue was signing Dior, he negotiated with the Duchess of Windsor to design exclusively for Spadea patterns. When, early this year, he announced the addition of fifteen of Paris's most renowned dressmaking houses, it brought his list of European designers to thirty-nine. He and Vogue, between them, now have all the big Paris names except Chanel.

But that is only the business side. Although the pattern industry can hardly be described as creative, to succeed in it as Jim Spadea has done requires more than audacity and business acumen. It requires unerring taste, a practiced knowledge of dressmaking and design, and a flair for fashion promotion. As is not unusual in American merchandising, there is a woman behind James Spadea's success—his wife, Jean Spadea, mother of the three Spadea children and hostess of the family's art-filled town house in New York City and the farmhouse in Bucks County. She is also top fashion and art consultant to the entire Spadea enterprise. For fifteen years one of America's best-known and highest-paid commercial fashion artists, Jean Spadea has made contributions to her husband's career which have been psychological, social, financial and, above all, artistic.

Born Jean Miller in Marinette, Wisconsin, Jean as a youngster was so interested in art and uninterested in formal education that she barely finished one year of college. From then on, her career ran as straight as a draftsman's line: Before she was twenty she had decided she wanted to be a successful fashion artist, and before she was thirty she was just that.

In contrast, Jim, who was born in southern Italy in 1900 and brought to this country when he was a year old, had no clear idea where he was going in life until he was halfway there. Brought up to be a farmer, all he knew was that he was going somewhere other than into farming. When that "somewhere" turned out to be the pattern business, no one was as surprised as James Spadea himself.

The way Jean and Jim Spadea work together is simple, shrewd and exhausting. Twice a year, sometimes with their adult children along—daughter Anne or son Stirling—they fly to Europe to cover the Italian, French and British collections. In feverish salons crammed with buyers, newshens, photographers and fashion spies they watch and wait for a dress or coat or suit that interests them. Jotting down notes, they finish out the showing to the last dress, then go backstage to examine their choices for construction.

Although they prefer garments with a minimum of pieces, never do they select a dress or coat because it is easy to make. Their only criteria are that the design be fresh and new, eminently suited to the demands of American life, and that it have indisputable chic. They shun clutter and gimmickry, keeping their eyes on cut alone. Consequently, although they refuse to state preference for one designer, they select more models from designers of clean, classic lines than from designers whose effects are extraneous and theatrical.

Once a choice has been made, Jean sketches it, and her sketch, along with the original in either fabric or toile (a light canvas), is flown immediately to Spadea Inc. in New York to be translated into a tissue-paper pattern, short-cutting by two months the ninety-day production schedule common in the pattern trade. Exactly thirty days from the moment Jean and Jim select a dress in Paris, Rome or London, a tissue-paper pattern of that dress, along with copy, artwork and instructions for use, can be ready to mail. If Mrs. Home Seamstress were to take a plane to Paris, attend the public fashion showings, select a dress, go through the extensive fittings required, put her dress in a suitcase and fly home with it, she couldn't make better time.

As for promotion, although Jim Spadea leaves no stone unturned when it comes to publicizing his product, he relies most heavily on that sinuous and effective form of advertising known as word-of-mouth. Women see his pattern books on the pattern counters of their department stores, or they see a pattern advertised in their daily paper. They send in for it, make a dress or suit, receive compliments on it and tell their friends.

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The home-sewing Spadeas: Jim, son Stirling, daughter Anne and Jean.

Spadea's mail room is flooded with 5000 pattern orders a day, plus about 100 letters a week from customers in every state in the Union and on military bases all over the world. One woman, a resident of Sumatra who could not send currency out of Indonesia, wanted a pattern so much that she sent a pound of coffee beans in lieu of money, then followed that with a thank-you note when the coffee was honored as payment.

According to Spadea, his Duchess of Windsor patterns, which he launched in 1959, have brought him an enormous clientele. The patterns, selling for double the price of his other designs (two dollars), are simple, elegant and not too-all-fired young. The Duchess designs them all herself, twenty a year, and Spadea has exclusive rights to them for ten years. One of his current best sellers is a Duchess of Windsor sleeveless dress and blouson jacket with a sweetheart neckline and molded waistband. Another is what Jim Spadea calls "an all-day dress" with a soft tie collar. The chic of these designs lies in the fact that they are the sort of dress the Duchess herself wears—unpretentious, casual, without doodads of any sort.

Spadea's all-time best seller, however, is not a Duchess of Windsor pattern but a package deal he dreamed up in March of last year—the Dinah Shore Wonder Wardrobe. It is a set of six patterns designed by singer Dinah Shore as an all-purpose travel outfit. It consists of a basic sleeveless sheath to be dressed up or down with a separate collar, a dickey blouse, a jacket, an overskirt and a coat. The set sells for four dollars. Although Spadea and Dinah Shore took months to plan it, the six separate pieces were designed and sketched in one day, with Dinah talking a mile a minute and Spadea's daughter Anne, also an artist, sketching a mile a minute. Since its introduction, the Wonder Wardrobe has been bought by 135,000 women and is still going strong.

One remarkable thing Spadea has discovered in his business is the uniformity of taste and clothes sense in the United States. Certainly, patterns for suits and coats sell better in the North, summer dresses and playclothes better in California and the South. But apart from these differences due to climate, a style that sells well in New York City or Los Angeles sells equally well across the country. Another of his discoveries, quite recent and unexpected, is the importance the home seamstress attaches to the strength and durability of the pattern itself. As a result, he is now experimenting with a new pattern material, a transparent aluminum foil that is tissue-thin but practically indestructible. He expects to have it on the market early this summer for his classic best sellers, charging more for it because the foil is expensive, but at last giving the home seamstress a pattern she cannot tear and so can use over and over again.

Although Spadea Inc. is the smallest of America's six big pattern companies, in style, originality and promotion it is the one the others are trying to keep up with. It is also the fastest growing, its sales increasing in the past few years by 13 percent, then 25 percent, then 37.5 percent, and this year between 75 and 100 percent. From a venture founded on a shoestring and a single stubborn idea in 1950, it is now a million-dollar business. And with an estimated 40,000,000 American women sewing at home, and 5,000,000 girls each year studying sewing, the visibility seems unlimited.

Anyway, Jim Spadea thinks so. With his family of artists around him, he runs his business as if it were an exhilarating co-operative adventure. Incapable of taking anything too seriously, he wanders around his plant sticking his nose into everything, calling his forty-odd employees by their first names, granting bonuses and raises whenever he feels more than usually optimistic. Nonunionized, his employees work a 35-to-37½-hour week, are paid better than the union scale, and are constantly being moved up from a job they've mastered to a job that will challenge their abilities. Eight members of the Spadea family are on the payroll; so is a retired former editor, several former housewives in their fifties, two or three husband-and-wife teams, and several formerly delinquent boys recommended to Spadea by a Brooklyn school.

The day I went through his plant to watch the process whereby a designer's original model becomes a ready-to-mail pattern, Spadea's employees were working on a starkly elegant two-piece white silk coat by Michael Paul of Florence. With infinite care, they had taken the coat apart and from it made a master pattern in stiff paper. From this master pattern they made a muslin, and from the muslin a tissue-paper pattern graded in five precise sizes. After watching the cutters cutting, the graders grading, the notch-makers making notches, Jean and Anne Spadea sketching, and the copywriters writing instructions, I stole a glance at Jim Spadea. He didn't look like the housewife's friend, but he didn't look like a revolutionary either. He looked like a successful businessman who was still, stubbornly, "playing by ear." THE END

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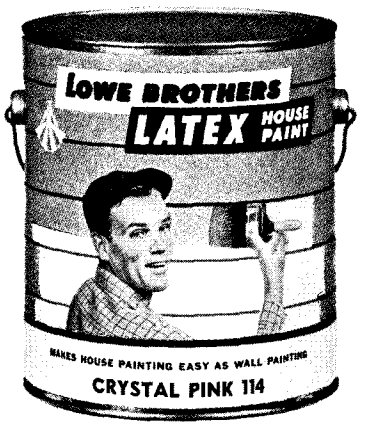

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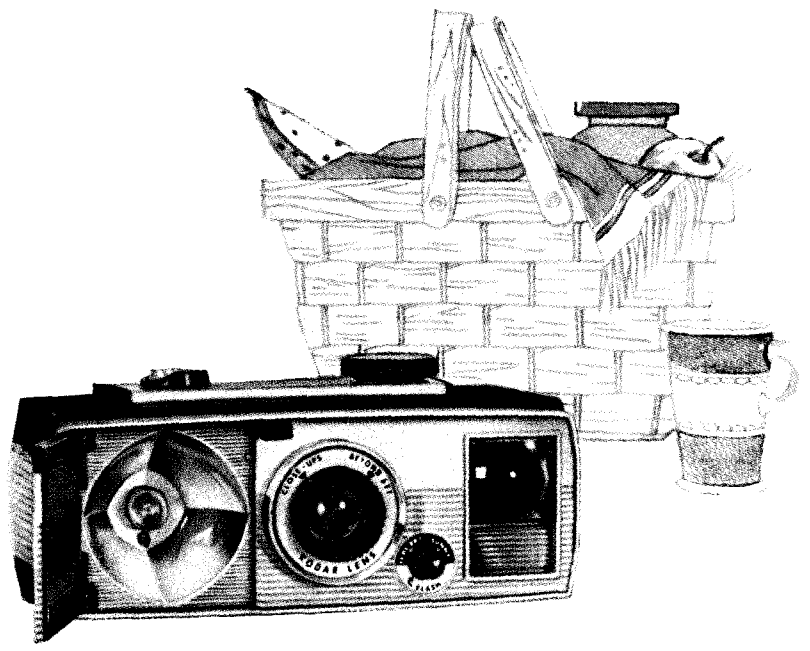

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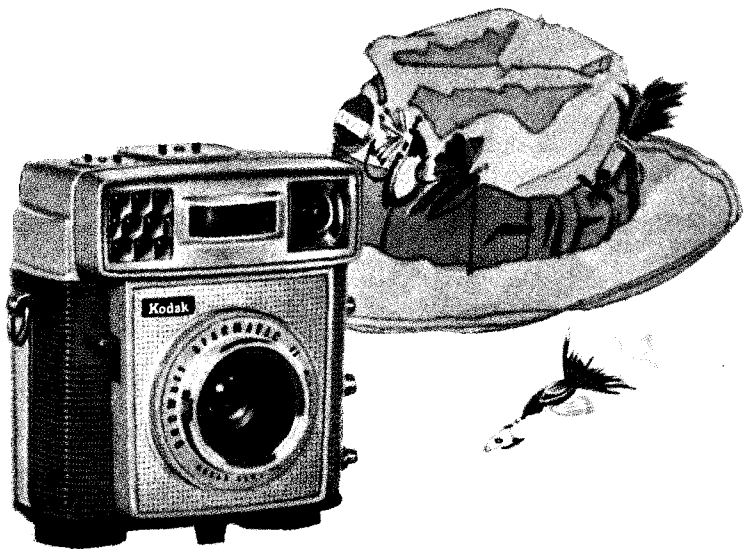

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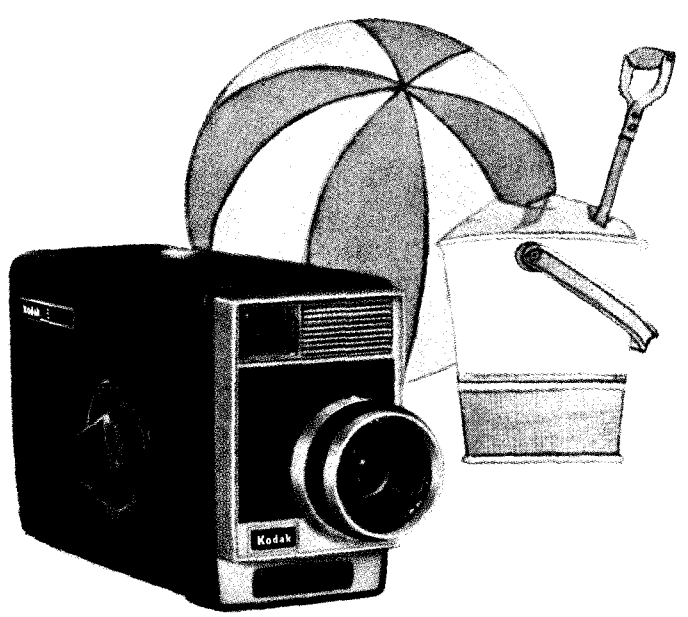

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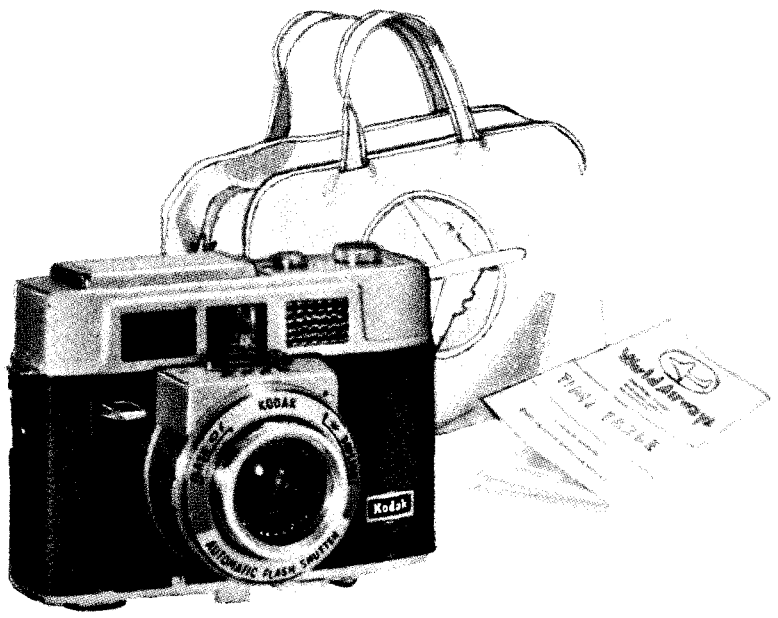

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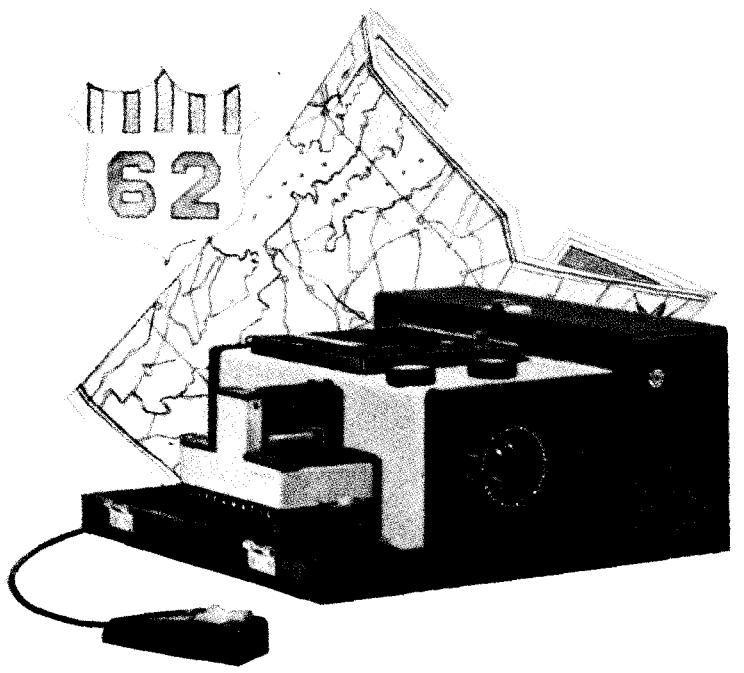

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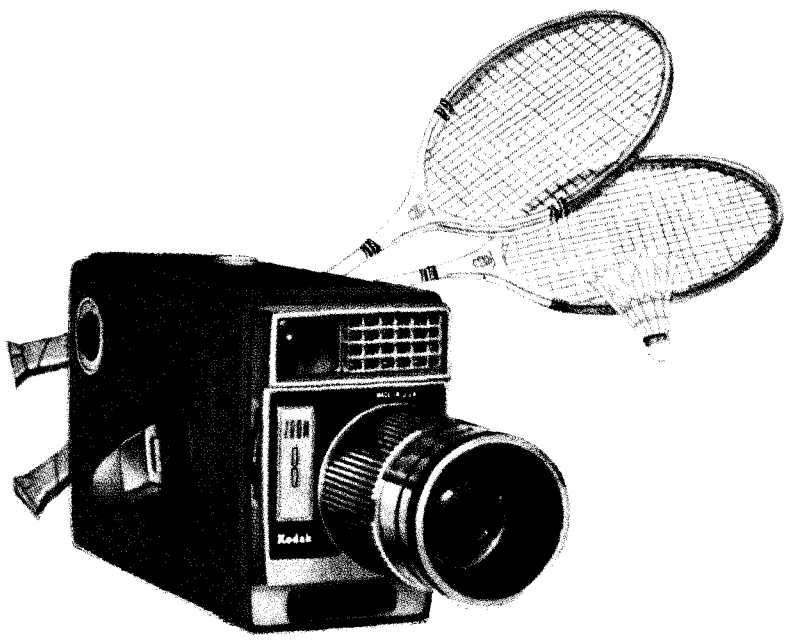

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POVERTY'S CHILD

Was there anyone who could free her from this barren, loveless place?

BY RICHARD TOWNE

After supper Irene fidgeted. This was the evening that she would have gone to see Miss Hurt, but Miss Hurt was spending three weeks in Portland—coming back to life, she called it. Irene tried to imagine what it must be like to go to a big city, see shows, shop, go through the huge libraries and museums. She could not imagine herself in such places. Miss Hurt, yes; herself, no.

Tonight Irene felt lost. She sat in an old rickety rocker with quilting tied to the back. She had moved the chair as far as possible from the stove, still hot from supper, and turned it to get the best light from the single globe wired to the rafter. She was almost oblivious of her mother, sewing at the foot-powered sewing machine in the opposite corner of the large room. She was oblivious of the room itself—the house had been built for four rooms, but had never been divided; an arrangement of curtains formed two bedrooms, another bed stood between them, and beside it a bathroom walled off with cheap wallboard. Half the house, undivided, served as kitchen, dining room and living room. The few windows let in a little light from the sunset, but the overhead light was necessary for reading and sewing.

Irene, rocking slightly, *The Keys of the Kingdom* unheeded in her lap, dreamed her favorite dream—of Miss Hurt. She wanted to grow up pretty like Miss Hurt, wear tailored suits which would make her look tall and slim like the pictures in fashion magazines, take vacations in the summer, or even spend her life away from the valley. She wanted the men—even the ones who had money, the owner of the movie and the optometrist—to stare after her as she walked down the street dressed neatly in uncommon taste for Grainville, like Miss Hurt. She wanted to go to the city to see real plays, restaurants where the waiters were men and dressed in evening clothes, department stores eight stories high and, most of all, she wanted to ride in a taxi.

Her mother's grumbling and hunting in the dim light under the machine for a dropped bobbin brought Irene out of her reverie. If her mother found her looking, the bad temper would be transferred to her, so she quickly looked down. Not reading, she studied her hands, red with prune juice and rough-chapped from sorting fruit all day. This was the third summer she had spent in the produce warehouses to earn money for school. It was her trump card in the arguments with pa when he wanted her to quit school and go to work regularly. Her red, swollen hands—what chance had she ever to be a Miss Hurt, to be tall and slim in tailored suits? She thought of Audrey, who had married a boy from Junction. She had visited Audrey, pregnant in her shack near the railroad workshops, shortly after her marriage. She would not visit her again. She did not think she was better than her friends, but she cried silently at night when she felt she was no different. She grasped at the book with her mind, her thoughts tormenting her as loose sand torments the hurried walker, but she was soon swung blissfully into China and the troubles of the missionary. . . .

Ted Wickard, tall and dark in a white suit, stood at the hotel window looking almost unseeingly into the small-town street or at the flat desert horizon in the far distance beyond the sun-baked town. The heat was almost unbearable, and even when the air caught the dust-smelling curtains and billowed them back in his face, no freshness entered the room. His mind was as clear as the heat waves rising from the pavement outside, but almost as contorted. After ten years he had come back. Why?

A shack, a cowed little girl crying, and a vague feeling. The years before and the years after—and a need for a pattern.

He had not wanted to come back, not to this valley that was hung for him with pain and frustration and the thick smog of hate like the Aleutians in their sub-arctic fogs. He had not loved his home, the geometrical valley of irrigated fields imprisoned in the sterility of the yellow-and-gray desert with Grainville spreading like a ringworm or a fungus in the middle. What joy he had known—and no child will be completely robbed of joy—he had tortured from his early life like a child picking out the meat from a black walnut: lonely fishing in the sewage-filled river, lonely reading when pa was not at home, or reading on the loading platform of the creamery where it was well lighted. There was something here which he must learn, as there had been something beyond the beach at Iwo Jima. But this was more subtle, perhaps not so important, but just as necessary to know. And the circles remained unknowable: a shack, a cowed little girl and a vague feeling—the need for a pattern.

Down in the lobby, he dropped his key on the desk. The clerk—Ted had sold newspapers to him, he calculated three thousand in nine years—didn't recognize him even with his name on the register. "Hot day, sir; unusual weather." And Ted smiled, no weather could be so usual to the desert, nodded, musing on the meekness of the clerk who used to yell at him sometimes, and stepped into the furnace of the street.

He went into the restaurant across the alley from the hotel. He had remembered the restaurant as expensive and alluring; he found it cheap and brassy. But it was almost the same—all the restaurants in between, the St. Francis, Lüchow's, restaurants in Paris, London, San Francisco, had changed the restaurant in his mind, while the restaurant itself had only aged ten years.

He selected a booth in a corner and recognized with some interest that the waitress was a schoolmate. "Aren't you Mary Kreuger?" The first warmth of his return home ran through his body like loose quicksilver.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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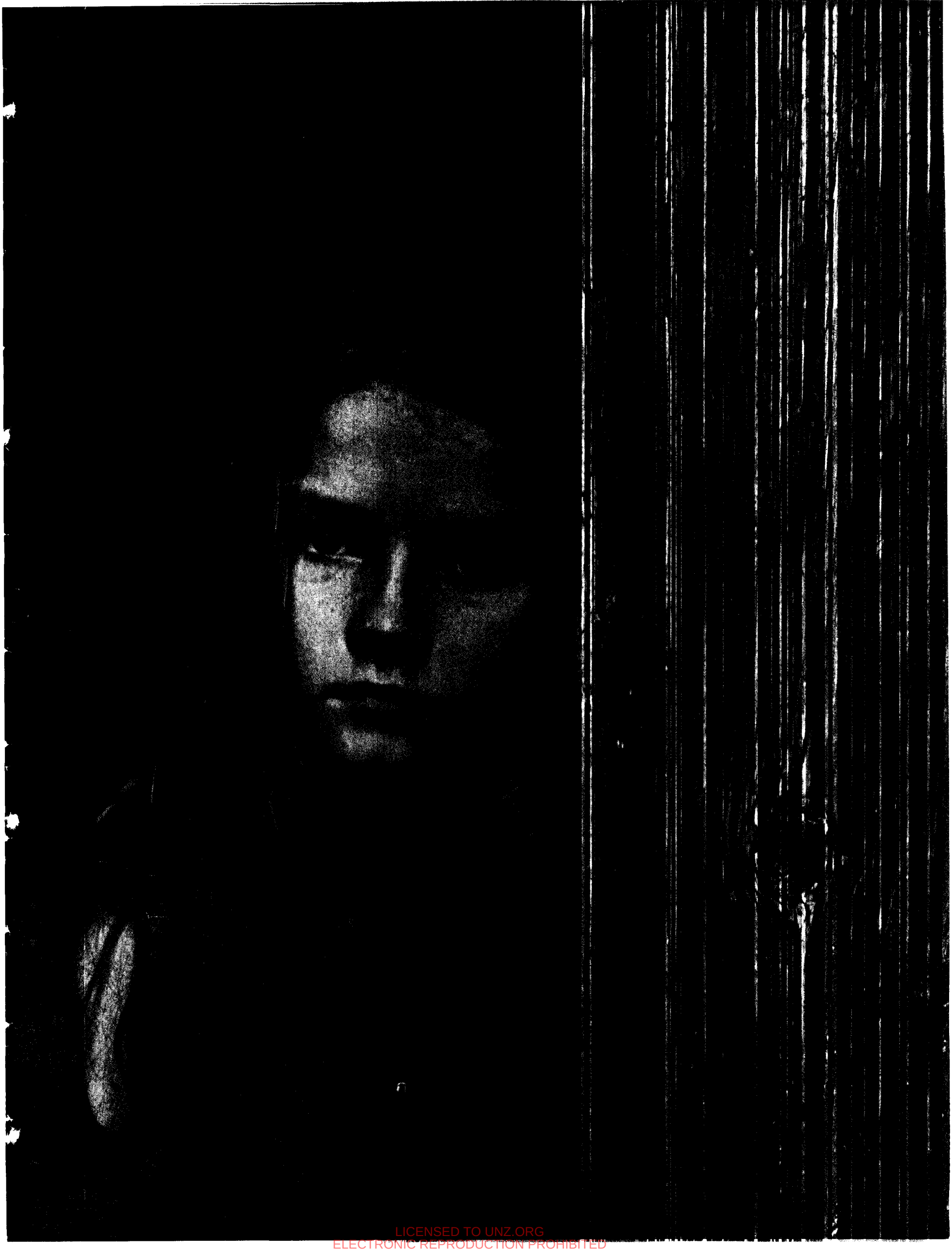

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CHILD "I was. It's Mrs. Paul Simpson now."

Football season; a snowball fight; an intense hatred for certain parts of town known to him as "Snob Hill." Paul Simpson. He lived on this side of the tracks. I used to think he was rich. Dressed well. Had a motorcycle and later a beat-up old Overland. Paul's probably a clerk in some store now, and Mary works here to help the finances.

"I'm afraid I don't remember you."

"Oh." He had rather snubbed her. "I'm sorry. I'm Ted Wickard."

Her face was blank for a moment, and then she became confused. She returned to the kitchen with his soup dish without speaking. Ted interpreted her face: The blank was not remembering; the embarrassment, remembering. And Ted remembered the cloud under which he had left town. The important Mr. King had had his car stolen. Ted had found it on the desert, and told Mr. Garner, who worked at the creamery, saying, "Don't tell anybody I told you." Ted, like everybody else reared in the "Golden Gate," feared the law. But Garner had told, and Ted was picked up, and the police were reluctant to let him go; for Ted's pa and his two younger brothers had small records with the police, who could find no other suspects. Even pa chose to pretend that he didn't believe Ted, and he hinted that if Ted had told him, they could have made money out of it.

The old bitterness returned achingly, and he noticed that another waitress served him his dessert.

Clair and Bud came stomping in, the sun throwing their lengthened shadows across Irene. They scuffed their heavy shoes across the bare boards of the kitchen to get off the packed mud of the prune orchards for, oddly, both brothers were working.

Irene didn't need the sour glance from ma to get her out of her chair and over to the stove. She was afraid of her brothers, especially Clair, who, now that she was almost grown, no longer slugged her, but loved to squeeze her arms till she felt as if the bones were bending, leaving huge greenish-purple marks. Bud, too, was not beyond slapping her if he thought she didn't pay enough respect to his twenty-four years. When they spoke, she must jump. She found it better to be subtle and snipe at them with cutting remarks, always gauging their anger to keep it below fighting pitch. Having dropped her book, she went automatically back to her dreams of long, tailored suits as she filled two plates with stew from the back of the stove and set them on the table. The boys washed at the kitchen sink and wiped on the same towel while they talked to ma.

"How did the work go, boys?" Ma's voice was as soft as it ever got and less nasal. Irene wished ma would talk to her like that; she wanted so much to love her mother; but when she came home, it was: "Naow, don't you set down. We've got supper to get for pa and the boys."

"Gosh, it was hot out there with the old sun burning down on your back." Bud tossed the towel to Clair.

"And old Fenwick," Clair grumbled through the towel. "We started up on the top of the hill by the graveyard, 'n' he made us go down on the north slope where the prunes aren't so thick."

"They're little nubbins too. Takes a million to make a bushel." Bud sat down at the table, and ma half turned in her chair so that she could face them. Irene put a cup in front of Bud and returned to the stove for coffee.

"Where we first started up on the hill, the prunes were big and thick, 'n' then he made us go down with the rest of the pickers." Clair tossed the towel at the rack as if he were throwing it into Fenwick's face.

"What a dirty shame," said Irene. "You mean he wouldn't let you wander around picking out the best trees?"

"You shut up," said Clair as he was sitting down. "Who ast you?"

"Yeah," Bud mumbled through his food. "Fill my coffee and don't talk so much. It ain't healthy."

"Leave the boys alone, Irene," said ma, without looking at her. "They been working hard all day."

"I know. I've been loafing myself." But none of them paid any attention to her.

The boys started talking between themselves. "How about a couple of games at Ike's?" Clair asked Bud, and then a long interchange about Bud's girl, Hilda.

"Why don't you get another girl, Bud?" asked ma. "There's lots prettier girls."

"I'll get my own girls, ma."

Irene was taking dishes to the sink. "Do you think you can find any good enough for you?"

Bud, his face suddenly red with anger, leaned back in his chair and swung at Irene. She had expected it, however, and stepped out of his reach. Before Bud could get up she was well out of his reach.

"Oh, let her go; she ain't worth it," Clair said.

Irene finished the dishes and returned to her chair and her book. The boys, in the curtained room, changed their clothes and came out dressed in slacks and sport coats. In order to leave the house, they had to pass behind Irene's chair, and as she heard them come, she tensed up, prepared for anything. As Bud went by, he stamped on the rocker of her chair, causing it to slap her back, and Clair, following behind him, slapped her on top of the head.

"Good-by, *dear*," said Bud as he went out the door.

"Yes, good-by, *honey*," echoed Clair, and the house was quiet once more.

Now there would be several hours of peace, at least till pa came home, and he might stay uptown till she had found the sweet oblivion of sleep.

The sun had set, leaving the sky at the end of the street red in the frame of black trees; the sultry heat rose from the pavements, and Ted thought of changing into something cooler, but dismissed the thought. He decided also to walk rather than to drive his convertible. A sense of unreality swept through him as he passed familiar things, strange through the wavy glass of time. Lampposts had replaced the corner arc lights, the streets had been widened and there were many new buildings, glossier, but unhandsome. The hitching post where he had banged his head during a fight with another paper boy was gone from in front of the old livery stable, and the stable itself had been remodeled into a furniture store. He passed out of the shopping district past garages and the smell of crankcase oil, past a poultry company and the stench of rotten eggs and burned feathers, past a creamery and the aura of sour milk, turned and crossed the tracks. He came to a lot filled with the hulks and carcasses of wrecked cars—this was his part of town.

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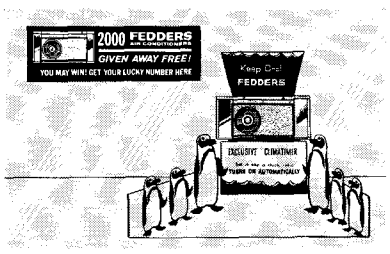

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CHILD Soon he stood before his former home in the deepening dusk, curious, wondering what emotions it would call forth and half ready to refute any tenderness that might grow up within him. He felt, standing there, for the first time free of this shack—it was his *former* home, not his home. For the first time he was separate and distinct from the boy who had left here hurt and terrified and angry ten years before. A brown, weathered shack, rather larger than those around it, but in no way more pretentious, it huddled in a ragged yard filled with sundry junk, some of which had been there while he had lived there. He walked around the house, past the pile of sagebrush used for firewood and the old chopping block where he had nearly cut off his thumb, past the outside water pipe, past the hard-beaten dirt around the back door where the wash water was poured, and up the two steps. He knocked; then panic took him.

It had been a mistake to come. He would have bolted right then, but he heard footsteps coming and a harsh voice say, "Come in." He waited.

In the hour's reading Irene's body had melted into the shape of the chair, so that it was with some effort that she rose to answer the door. Ma was mending a faded flowered apron and, as Irene rose, she called, "Come in."

"Oh, mother," Irene whispered at her. "You don't know who it might be." Ma, feeling the rightness of Irene's comment, only grimaced. Irene liked the opening of the door—like opening Christmas packages—salesmen, visitors, maybe a prize on the other side; and for a moment she thought the man outside was a salesman, but in the same moment, in the dim light from inside, she could see that he was not dressed as a salesman. Nor could he be a guest. Irene thought him handsome and rich and possibly—possibly even foreign. Her experience with white suits was limited. It must be a mistake, someone asking his way.

"Hello?" Irene said.

The panic left Ted as he looked at her—she was pretty, neat and clean, but poorly dressed. Her prettiness was already marred by a sadness about the eyes and a slackness in the way she held her mouth. He was secretly pleased that she didn't recognize him. "I'm your brother Ted, Irene. Is mother home?"

Suddenly she was abashed, her lips forming silent words. Awkwardly she backed up, making motions for him to enter. But even while her conscious mind was shaken, she was thinking what news she was going to have for Miss Hurt: "*There he was, handsome as a prince,*" she would say. "*And then he said so quietly as if it were the most expected thing in the world, 'I'm your brother Ted.'*" And she leaned against the open door as Ted entered, taking off his hat.

He looked at ma in the dim light as she got to her feet, skinny, slatternly, looking much older than the forty-six he knew her to be. He wished he had not come. She saw his fine white clothes first and was several seconds recognizing him, even though she had heard him announce himself to Irene. She didn't seem to care. Apathetically she said, "Well, Ted, so you've come back? Where ya been?" And she sat again in the creaking rocker.

Irene writhed with embarrassment for her mother. She was ready for her mother to be angry, or to rush to embrace Ted, or for almost anything rather than this apathy. He might have been returning from a trip uptown. Ted's eyes took her into the conversation when he spoke and, hating herself for a little fool, in embarrassment she went back to her chair and picked up her book.

"Alaska, Oregon, California," Ted said, looking around for a chair. "I'm living in California now." There seemed no more to say, and Ted decided not to sit down.

Irene rose as if she found her chair suddenly hot. She blushed, and now she was as embarrassed for herself as she had been for her mother. "Take this chair. I don't know what I'm thinking of." And as he started to refuse, she added, "Please, I shall feel awful if you don't." Sensing one of those futile arguments if he held out, Ted took her chair, and Irene moved to a homemade settee. He was pleased at her language, overprecise in her attempt to speak correctly, to speak unlike the rest of the family.

"What did ya come back for?" Ma resumed her sewing on the apron, not looking at Ted when she spoke. "Broke?"

"Do I look it?" he said, perhaps with some pride.

"No. You look rich all right. What ya doin'?"

"I'm an engineer for a contracting company."

She looked up at him quickly. "I'm no fool, Ted. You've got to be smart to be an engineer."

Irene hadn't missed ma's sudden interest, either; and she wondered if the interest was because Ted seemed rich or, as with herself, because this job made Ted seem part of that world unapproachable to "Golden Gaters."

"I *am* smart, as you call it," Ted said with a wry smile. "I have my college degree."

Something leaped in Irene, and afraid that if she looked at Ted he might think she was interested in his money, she tried to look as if she had begun to read her book again.

"Hmph. You always were a liar." Ma dismissed the subject with apparent disbelief, but her body, tensely uncomfortable, said she wanted to believe. Ted felt no necessity to convince her, and in the silence he looked around the room: the broken-down sewing machine, the rebuilt rocking chair in which his mother was sitting, a few new pictures from illustrated magazines and calendars. Still no ceiling, and the space between the rafters and gable was filled with boxes, old trunks and accumulated broken furniture. A sink had been put up and the drain connected, but the water must still be carried from the outside faucet. He looked over at Irene and met her eyes, but she quickly dropped hers.

She was wondering if Ted *was* just a liar, for she had heard no good of him, and her memories of an unbelievably kind brother were so dim and long ago that they must be wishful thinking. She ached for him to prove what he said, and the sudden leap of pride for his worth became instinct with tragedy—if he were lying. She felt that in his worth lay her whole life. If he failed her now. . . .

"Irene's growing up just like you," ma said—an accusation and an indictment. "Always reading books and never goes anywhere—just to the old maid's. I guess she expects us to support her all her life."

Ted caught again the look in Irene's eye, and felt he had found a trapped and

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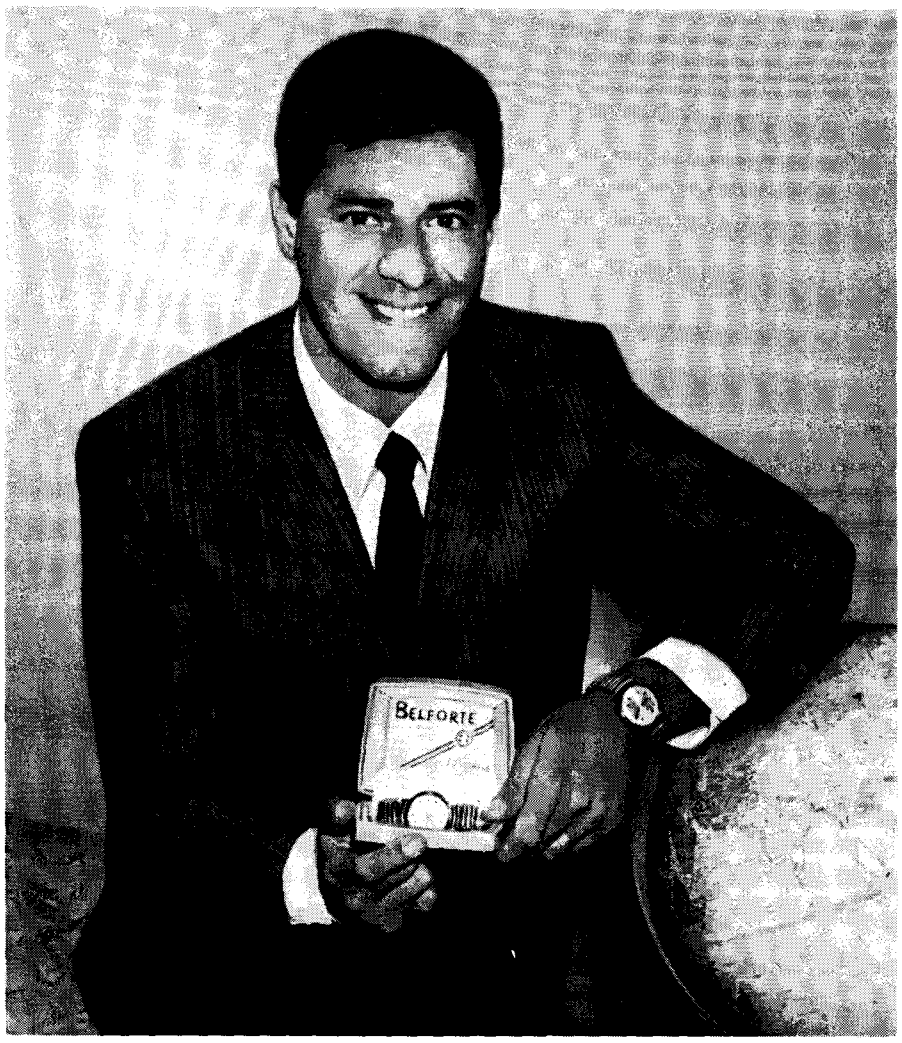

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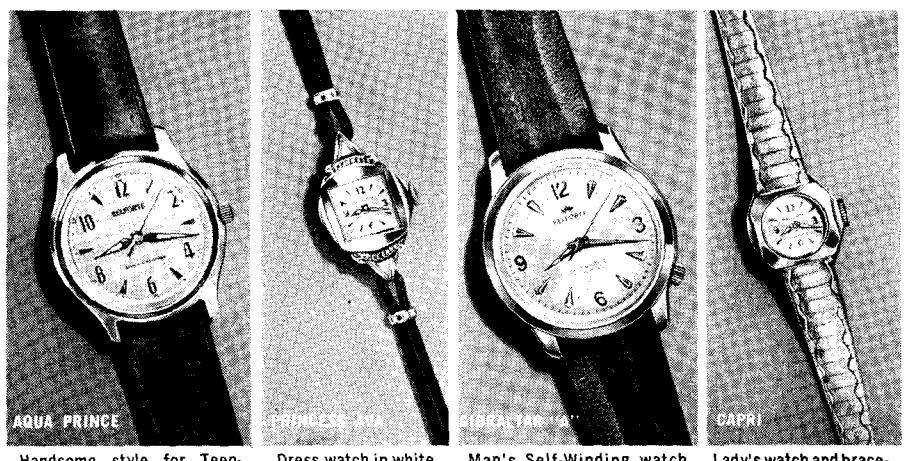

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CHILD wounded animal. Instinctively he felt the bond between them against ma, against the whole family. "It's more likely that she will be supporting you before everything is over." He turned to Irene, and his voice was tender. "What are you reading, Irene?"

"It's just a book." She squirmed a little with embarrassment, but her mind was talking to Miss Hurt again: "*And he asked me about my book, and he even defended me against ma—and all with the softest voice and the best manners. Why, you'd never think he was my brother.*" Yet all the time another part of her mind was asking: *Is he telling the truth?*

He saw through the platitude as one he had used when he thought the asker might be unsympathetic. "What's the name of it?"

"*The Keys of the Kingdom.*"

"Have you got Father Chisholm as far as China?"

She felt the honesty of the interest and smiled. A great love flowed out of her to Ted, and she felt all quaky inside—but she wouldn't show it. She had been hurt again and again by letting her emotions get the best of her, but she knew that now it would be worse if he were lying. They talked of the book.

"It's a fine story," Ted concluded. "Gets a bit brutal later on," and he thought about the clean brutality of death, of murder, of warfare and of the brutality of this home—of this sensitive girl and the brutal poverty, brutal indifference, the hate, selfishness and lack of affection.

They talked excitedly of books, oblivious of ma quietly sewing, of Irene's list of books, of the list that Miss Hurt had made Ted keep, of writing poetry: "Oh, no!" Irene laughed, embarrassed. "I can't write at all."

"Of course you can. It doesn't matter if it's good; it's more fun than reading poetry, even if it isn't good. And once in a while you surprise yourself."

There was a noise at the back door, and from both of them their ecstasy drained away, and both prepared to meet something unpleasant.

Pa came in. It was some seconds before he recognized Ted, who had stood up. It was pa who had caused the bond between Ted and Irene, which they were now renewing.

There had been a fight the last time Ted had seen pa, a good one; even Irene could remember it vaguely. In various petty ways pa had teased Ted about the stolen car, used it to assert his superiority over Ted. He had burned several of his books, called him "our little thief," and when he could no longer hurt him, mistreated Irene in front of him.

Ted was raking the yard one warm spring day, burning the winter's accumulated rubbish. Irene was sitting in the sun reading a kid's book Ted had brought her. Suddenly Ted heard Irene screaming. Pa was taking her book away from her, saying, "One smart kid in the family is enough; I don't want you to be another Ted."

Ted ran over and whirled his pa around and, with all the fury of the past few weeks, hit him full in the face with his fist. Pa went down. He got up cursing, blood trickling from his nose. Repeatedly Ted beat him down till pa did not move from where he lay.

Ted was bloody, hurt and scared, but he had done something which had had to be done. He went into the house, put his few clothes into a sack and left by the front door. He knew his pa was not badly hurt—always before it had been himself who had been left on the ground to get up when he was able—but he could not bring himself to pass the scene with his mother washing off the blood and Irene crying about the brutality that she had seen.

That was how he had left home, with a sack by the front door—leaving by the front door, never used ordinarily, had meant something almost mystical, a finish, a finality.

Now they were face to face again, and pa spoke first, while he waited. "Well, you look like you've sold a lot of stolen cars."

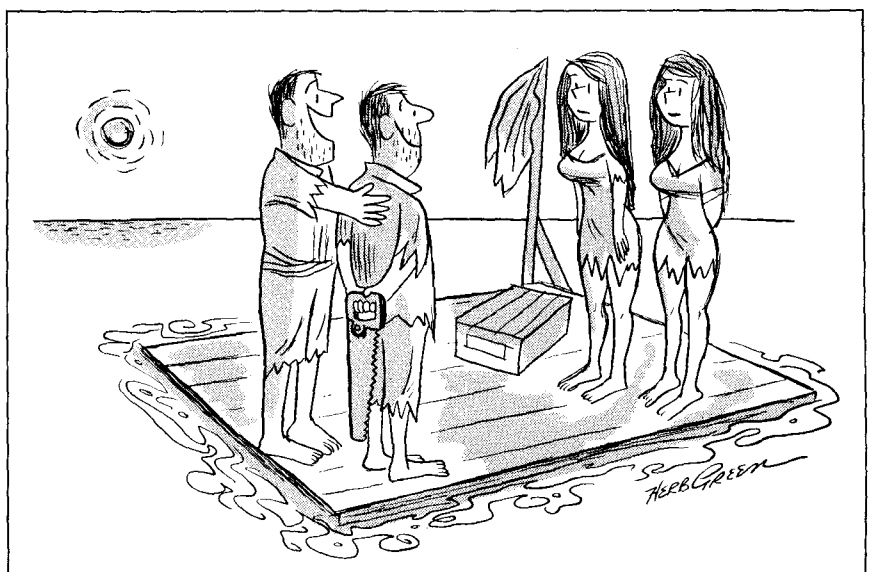
All his old hate burst sickeningly, but as he looked at pa, suddenly grown old and small and ugly, he realized that this man could never be a threat to him again. "We'll ignore that."

"Come home to play the high-and-mighty? Guess my knees are a little too stiff to lick your boots."

Irene was sick with fear, and she looked to ma as the only possible control over these two men. Ma sat tensely, but impassively, like an animal, like a wounded animal which suffers either pain or relief from pain with the same impassivity.

"Let's not quibble, pa. I don't really know why—except curiosity, I guess. I'm sorry now that I did come. I'm leaving tomorrow and won't be back to bother you again."

Something in Irene burst, leaving a great sadness and emptiness so that she didn't see pa coming toward her, for she



"Ole Rudy, here, has what I think is a great idea."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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CHILD studied her broken, unformed hopes on the floor. "Get up and let me have a place to sit. You kids don't have any respect any more." Ted noticed it would have been easier for him to sit on the other end of the settee and realized that this was just another trick of pa's to irritate him. "That's O.K. with me. You can stay away for good this time." He was looking carefully at Ted's clothes. "If you were making so much money, you might have sent some home. We could have used it."

Ted sat down. He saw his father pitiful, ridiculous, brutal to defy a world that held him useless. He wanted to say something tender, but he spoke too soon. "Yes, I might have, if I had owed you anything." And he could feel the tenseness grouping the generations together, see it in Irene's face—hope and fear battling. Hope and fear—and he was both.

"You talk mighty big now that you've got a little money. If you don't like it here, you can go. You'll be putting ideas in Irene's head, and she's got enough already, Lord only knows." He shifted his anger from Ted, where he found it no longer had any power, to Irene. "A big girl like her lying around the house all day," he said unfairly, spitefully, "reading books. She should be getting a steady job—or a husband. Her ma was married when she was her age. I can't support her all her life."

As he talked he worked himself up more and more, while Ted carefully refrained from interrupting.

"Oh, she's mighty refined," pa continued in a mincing falsetto. "She don't care to work for a living, and she don't care for boys. She don't care for anything but her books and school and Miss Hurt."

Pa paused, and Ted drew out his cigarettes and walked over to offer one to pa. He was going to refuse it, but changed his mind. Ted lighted the smokes and sat down again, thinking himself canny—canny like pa—and he was shocked to be like pa. But as pa stopped his tirade, Ted said softly, "Irene is quite a burden on you, isn't she?"

Pa, too, became cagey, noticing the change in the tone of Ted's voice. "Yeah, she is," he said slowly. "What of it?"

"Quite a responsibility, bringing up a girl. Got to watch out who her friends are, what she does at night, where she goes. Lots of worry." Ted was amused at the irony of what he was saying—though he didn't smile—to imagine pa worried by any responsibility.

"Yeah. What's that to you?"

Pa reached for an ash tray, and in the moment he was not looking, Ted winked at Irene. A slight smile flitted across her face, and he was glad she seemed to understand.

"Don't suppose she's much help around the house. Ma can do all the work that's necessary. She's really not much except worry and expense. School—all those books."

"Yeah, those damned books." Pa forgot to be cagey when he was reminded of his favorite gripe. "They'll get her into trouble sometime. Just like you. I got along all right without reading any books. They put fancy ideas in her head, and she's not rich enough to be getting any book ideas. She just sits and ——"

"Then why don't you let her come home with me?"

A great burst of hope bombed up in Irene. She hadn't even thought—she hadn't even dared hope. . . .

Pa came off the settee onto his feet, all animosity again. "I've heard about guys like you, but if you think you're going to make money out of your sister, you're crazy."

The huge rainbow bubble of hope burst, and now Irene was afraid. She still didn't know. Ted could still be lying, but he did not speak like a liar, like a man that would do what pa had suggested.

"I refuse to get mad at you, pa." He had seen the effect of the quarrel on Irene, wondered, hoped that he was doing the right thing. Pa sat down again. "I can support her better than you can. Look." He pulled out his wallet and handed pa his engineering society card. He saw hope again in Irene's face. He added his salary and time card to clinch the effect.

Pa let out a whistle at the salary card. "What's an engineering contractor?"

"We build bridges, docks, and so on."

Pa's canniness returned. "What do you want of her?"

"I want to give her an education. She wants one, and she can't get one as I did."

There was a long pause. The only sound within the room was the ticking of an old alarm clock and the noise pa made snuffing out his cigarette, rattling the tin ash tray on the little table at his side. "What do we get out of it?"

"Nothing. Except you have that much less worry and expense." Ted could not bring himself to offer money—too much like buying. He didn't want to think of Irene in those terms.

Again the silence. Ted, too tense to sit longer, rose and carried a cigarette to pa and lighted it for him. He looked at Irene, who met his eyes, and in that meeting he

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saw everything that he most longed for. She was as tense as he, sitting on the very corner of the settee, too frightened about the outcome of pa's musings to make a move or a sound that might influence him to say the wrong thing. She smiled a tense little smile, and Ted looked at ma. Off guard, he saw a look there that he had never seen before. Was there a warped maternal love that would foil him?

"What do you think, ma?" And his father's tone told Ted he had won him over.

"Well, she won't be underfoot all day." There was tenderness in her voice, and Ted knew suddenly that beneath her apathy, her bad temper and shrewishness, beneath her envy and hurt and the long, slow disintegration of her love, killed by the same brutalities that had formed him and Irene—beneath all this, ma wanted Irene to escape. Maybe ma had had her dreams too; and he understood ma, and in his pity and great humility before the inhumanity of this kind of life, he almost loved her. He could have taken her in his arms at this moment. Ma saw that he saw, and she dived back into the deep cave she had emerged from for a moment. "But she's not going to come back here if you don't do right by her."

"You do want to come, don't you?" He had trusted his intuition and couldn't be sure.

Irene looked directly at him. "Yes."

It seemed all at once too simple, and he was suffused with a great glow of joy. Heavy silence fell on the room. There seemed nothing left to say. Ted took out his cigarettes and threw another to pa before he noticed that pa was still smoking. Pa put it behind his ear.

"How did you ever get a job with an engineering company?"

"I met a man in Oregon. He helped me go to college."

Long pause, with only sounds of Irene's packing.

"What did you do during the war, get exempted?" Pa was still trying to needle him, perhaps to incite another quarrel in which he could reverse his decision.

Ted answered mildly, "No. I spent three years—both theaters."

"You've really been around, haven't you?" In spite of himself the envy and respect showed in his voice.

Ted wished that Irene would hurry before her brothers came home. He was not afraid of them in a fight, but he had had enough contentiousness.

He heard Irene making the last noises of her packing. He got up, took out his wallet and, taking out two twenty-dollar bills, gave one to each of his parents. "This is not for Irene," he said softly, and they thanked him in grudging grunts. He walked over to look unseeing out the window toward the town. And then in a moment he knew—he had given them the money not for Irene but to buy himself free from them.

Irene, lovely in her best dress and flushed with excitement, joined him, a small Gladstone-type bag of cheap oilcloth in her hand. He opened the back door, and his parents stood up. Any form of leave-taking seemed futile, and, calling good-bye, they left together. Ted swung the door shut behind them.

They walked out into the fresh, warm night, hurrying as if something were after them. They did not speak, but after a few minutes he noticed that Irene was trotting to keep up and, with a laugh, he slowed to a walk, took the bag from her and took her hand. With the laugh the tenseness of the last hour passed away. He felt free again. The touch of her hand was mystical for the strength that flowed from her fragility to him who was already strong.

And now the moon shone full upon the dull, dead town, and the swamp mist formed a rainbow ring, and it was transcendant in its beauty.

He looked at Irene and chuckled. "We're both free now."

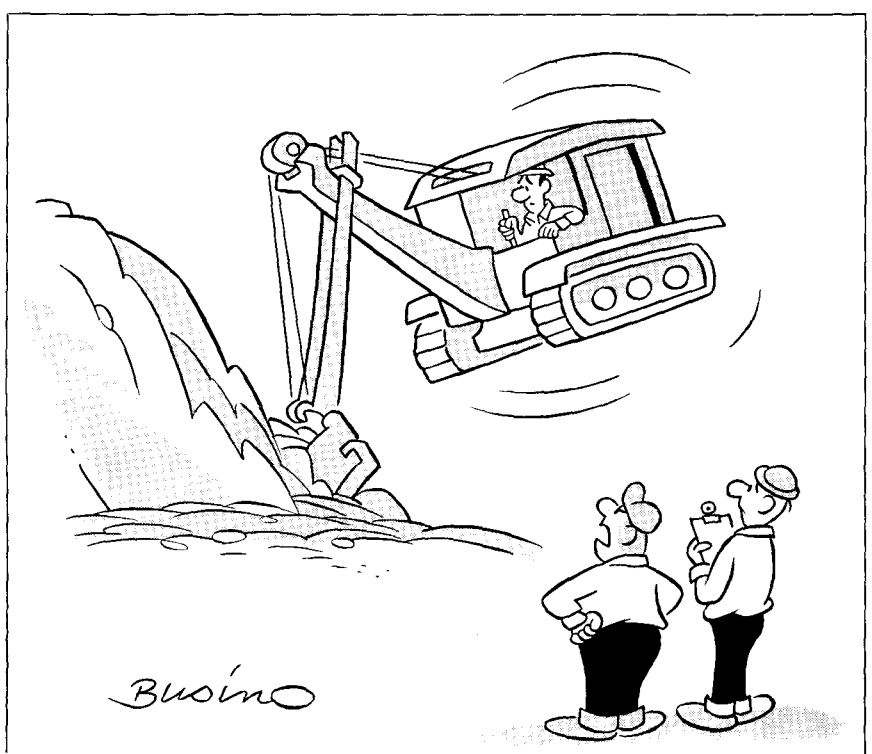
For the first time she smiled a real smile—a real smile, trusting, simple—that entered and spread its roots throughout his being. "Could we start home tonight?" she asked.

"Do you want to?"

"Yes."

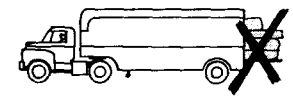
"Then we'll make a start even if it is late." And he thought, "*Home*," *she said.* He squeezed her hand and laughed up at the moon, and he saw them in the convertible with the top down escaping into life across the moonlit desert.

Her echoing laughter made the pattern complete. THE END



"There goes Hodgins again, biting off more than he can chew."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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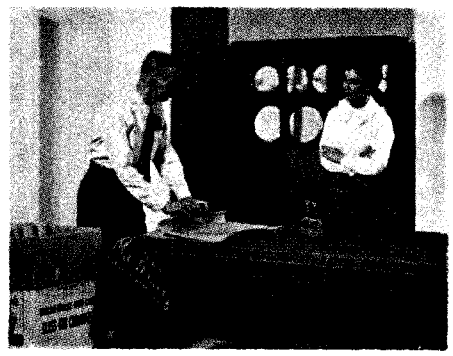

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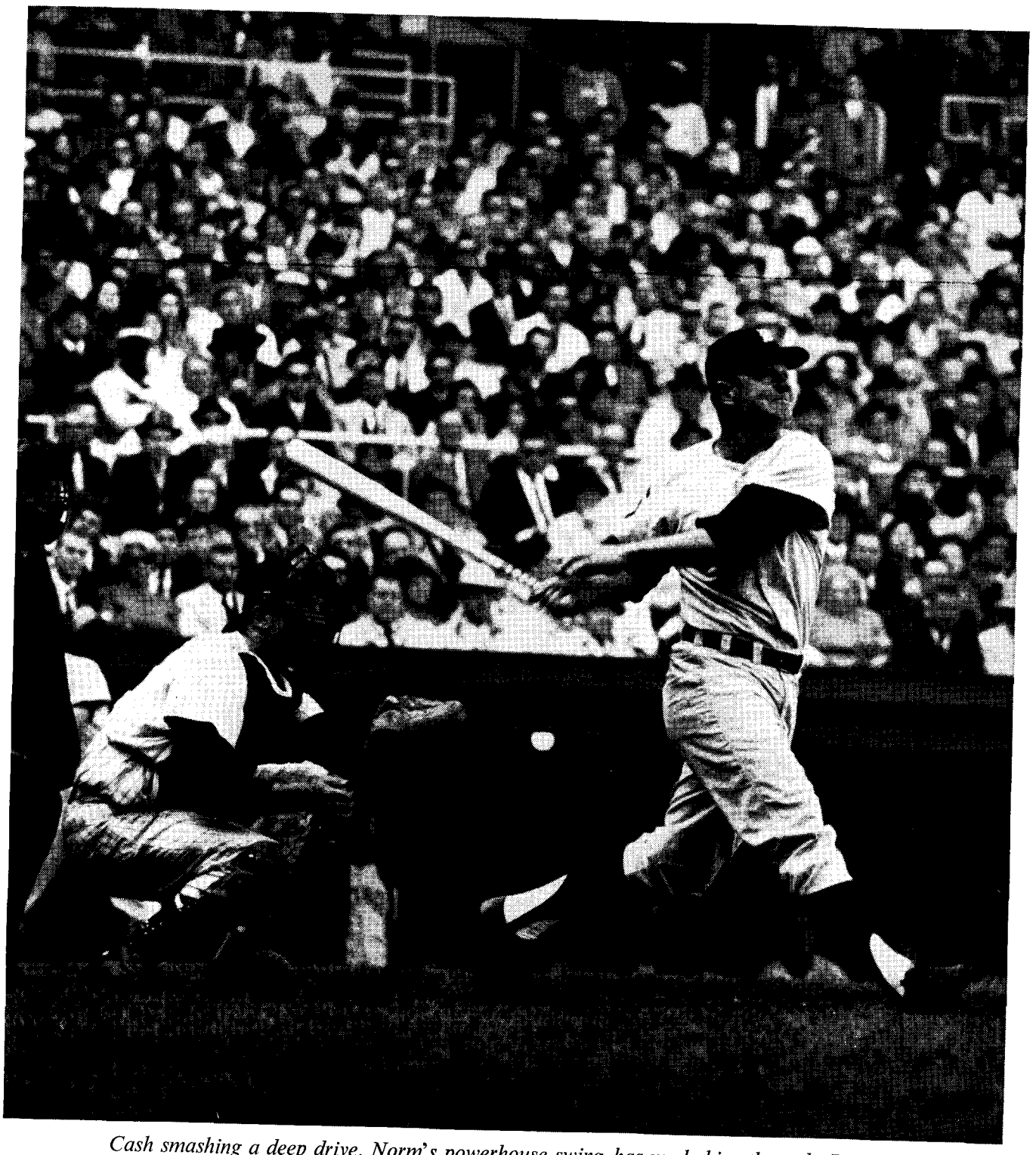
DETROIT'S READY CASH

Crowd-pleasing Norm Cash, 1961's top hitter, is a high-spirited Texan who never played baseball until he reached college.

By JOE FALLS



Cash smashing a deep drive. Norm's powerhouse swing has made him the only Detroit player ever to homer over Tiger Stadium's right-field roof, but his real strength is steady hitting. In posting his .361 average last season Cash never had a hitless slump that lasted longer than three games.

Of all the names that made big headlines in baseball last year, none was more unexpected than that of Norm Cash. There was no ballplayer whose heroics embarrassed more people, either.

When the twenty-six-year-old country boy from Texas suddenly vaulted from the rank and file to the star class, he painfully surprised such seasoned baseball executives as Bill Veeck and Frank Lane, each of whom once held title to him but blithely traded him away. Cash even caught the home baseball public in Detroit off guard, although he had been with the Tigers throughout the previous year.

Take Mrs. Carl Williams, who lives down the street from Billy Hoeft, a former Tiger pitcher now with the Baltimore Orioles. When she heard that Norm Cash and his wife Myrta had rented the Hoeft house for the 1961 season, she smiled innocently and said, "That's nice. Is he a pitcher too?"

It wasn't long before Mrs. Williams and every other Detroiter with the slightest interest in the Tigers was aware that Norman Dalton Cash was not a pitcher, but a devastating left-hand-hitting first baseman in the tradition of the late Lou Gehrig. Cash always did resemble Gehrig a little, with his brawny arms, piano legs and ready smile. Last year he began hitting like Gehrig, with a high average plus power. He did much to change Detroit from a sixth-place club into a pennant contender.

In the batting percentages Cash led the regulars of both major leagues with .361. He finished so far ahead of his closest American League competitor—teammate Al Kaline, who batted .324—that there was no real drama or suspense. For a while Yankee catcher Elston Howard, who ended up at .348, was pressing him. Howard didn't play every day, though, and by the middle of the season it became clear that he wouldn't have enough plate appearances to qualify for the batting title in any event.

Cash did not threaten Babe Ruth's home-run record. However, he not only outhit Roger Maris by ninety-two points and Mickey Mantle by forty-four but also delivered plenty of long balls. He ranked fourth in the league in runs batted in with 132 and sixth in home runs with forty-one.

Norm Cash doesn't try for homers but he hits them anyway. He has a quick, compact swing that generates surprising power. He feels he helped himself by switching in 1960 from a thirty-three-ounce bat to the lightweight model of thirty-one ounces that is so popular among the modern sluggers.

There is no mistaking Cash for a bookkeeper or a banker or even a sports writer. He is a baseball player and he acts like one. He has such standard hobbies as hunting, fishing and golf. On the road he kills time by going to the movies, watching television or just lounging around and talking with his quiet, folksy roommate Frank Lary.

A solidly built six-footer of 190 pounds, he bounces when he walks. It is almost a swagger and gives him an air of self-confidence, which he happens to possess in abundance.

Some of the rival Yankees have gone so far as to term him "cocky"—a strong rap in the trade. However, if this were really true, Norm would not be the well-liked individual that he is in his own clubhouse.

He has great natural ability, of course, and this impresses ballplayers more than anything else. But beyond that, his Tiger

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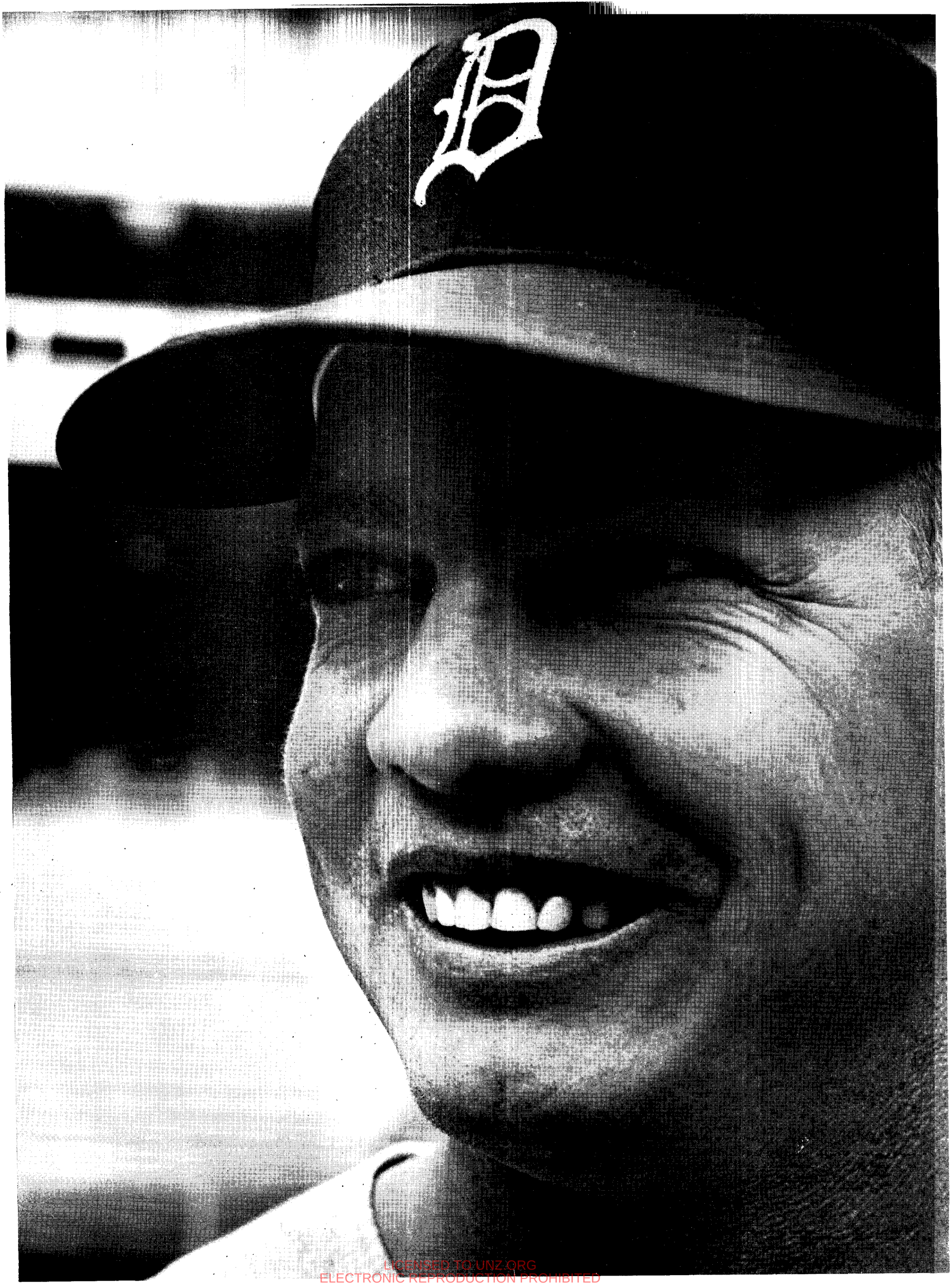

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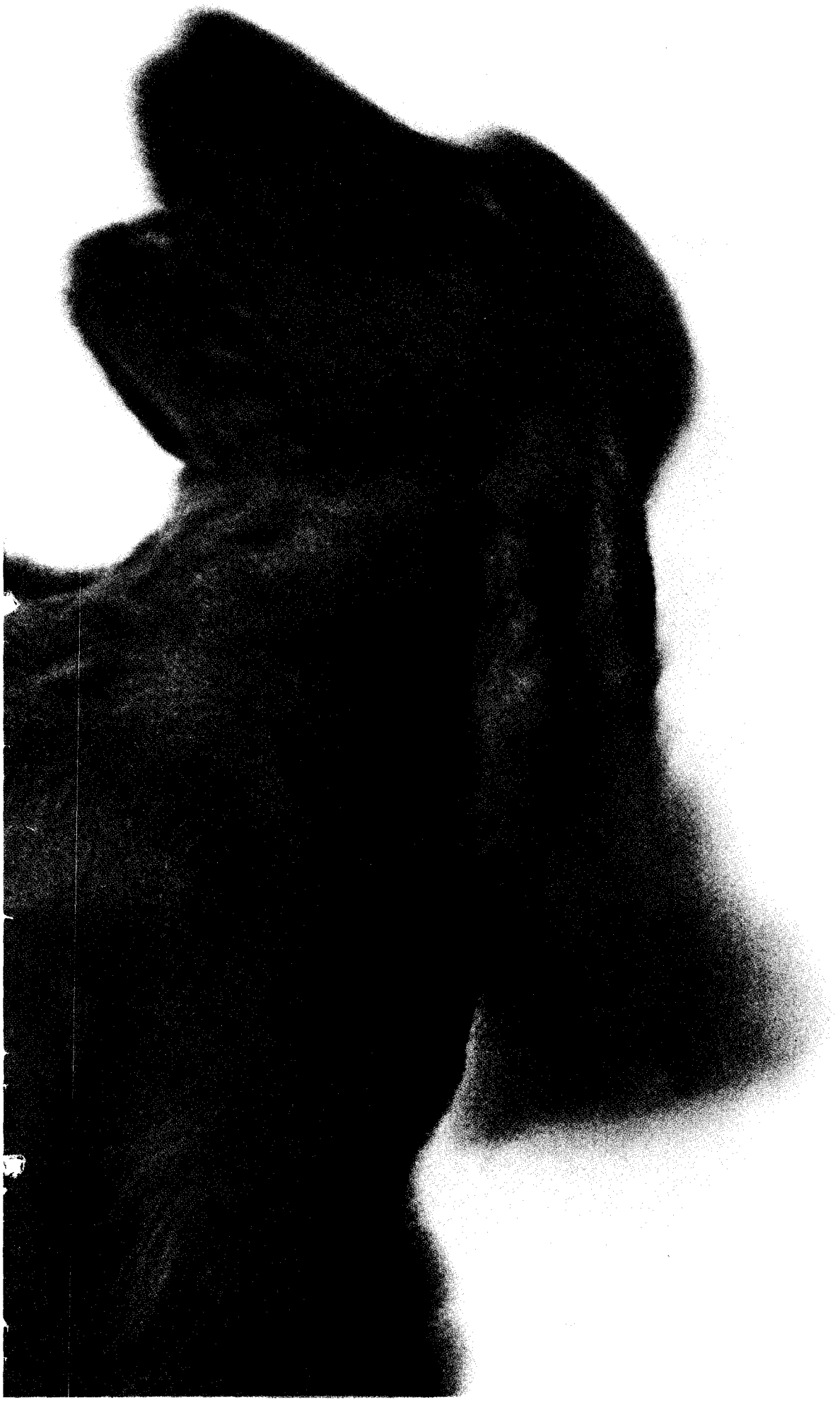
Who's helping to send TB patients back home?



NYDRAZID® IS A SQUIBB TRADEMARK

The tubercular bacillus is a tough bug – and an elusive one. Even streptomycin can't go to work on it until the bacilli have actually broken down the body cells. By then it's often too late to do a real clean-up job. Besides, these bacilli are very tricky types. Hit them again and again with an antibiotic and they'll actually change their structure so the drug can't affect them. (And if even one in a million bacilli resists treatment, the disease may flare up all over again.)

Problem: how to tackle tuberculosis *inside* the cell. The Squibb Division of Olin pioneered in providing the answer: Nydrazid, a powerful antituberculosis drug with molecules so small they can travel anywhere in the body, even into the cell. Used early enough, as part of the drug therapy, Nydrazid has helped keep the disease from spreading and slowed down bacterial resistance. Patients have been able to leave the hospital sooner and continue treatment under their doctors' care at home.

Olin

Partly through the use of Nydrazid, deaths from TB in this country dropped 60% in 8 years. Best news of all, perhaps, is the recent indication that Nydrazid, administered to the exposed families of TB patients, may actually prevent TB.

Another creative solution to a problem...from the Squibb Division of Olin.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 460 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

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"Daddy, you don't make those awful faces since we gave you a Norelco!"

If you love that man around the house... be it Good Old Dad or Bright Young Grad... give him a Norelco–America's No. 1 Shaver! Norelco's rotary blades go round and round ↻↻ to *stroke* off whiskers in one smooth, continuous motion. No pinch, pull or awful faces! Other shavers go back and forth ⇆⇆⇆ and may irritate. The gift of shaving comfort for your favorite men costs less than you think. Ask your dealer for the new Norelco shavers you've seen demonstrated on TV.

Above, Dad holds a new Norelco 'floating head' Speedshaver. Its heads swivel automatically to sweep clean every facial curve and contour. Powerful motor adjusts automatically to beard density. 110/220 volts (AC/DC). Adaptable to world-wide use. Deluxe case. *See column right for other great Dad or Grad gift suggestions, including one for girl graduates, too.*

Norelco®
ROTARY BLADE SHAVERS

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, Inc., 100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-Ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

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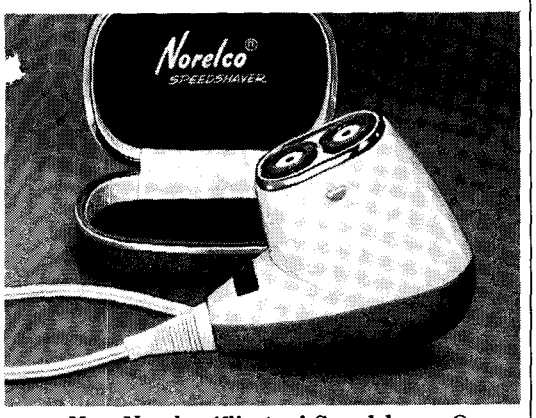
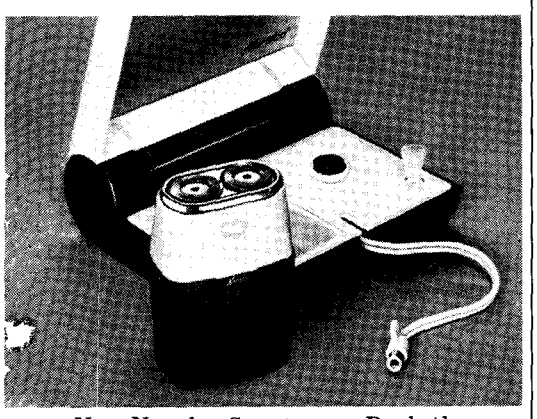
For deserving DADS and bright young GRADS...

other favorites from Norelco



New Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver.® World's largest-selling electric shaver. Exclusive 'flip-top' cleaning. Rotary blades. Popular price. (AC/DC). 110 volts only. Deluxe travel case.



New Norelco Sportsman. Pack the new shaver that packs its own power. Operates on two flashlight batteries tucked into handy travel case. Retractable cord and mirror in case. Attractive price. 'Flip-top' cleaning, too.

And, for the Graduettes:

New Lady Norelco. At last a shaver that brings *close-shaving . . . comfort . . .* and *speed!* Famous rotary blades can't pinch or pull. 'Flip-top' cleaning, too. Lovely white and orchid tones setting off a gleaming, jewel-like sapphire. (AC/DC). Exquisitely gift-cased.

With Tiger manager Bob Scheffing, who says, "You can bet he'll be above the .300 mark for a lot of years to come."

CASH teammates like Cash because he is a friendly fellow who takes his work seriously but not himself.

Fair-skinned and boyish-looking, he kids about his appearance. His lips frequently crack and blister from the sun, and glancing in the mirror, Cash will say something like, "And now we would like you to meet Norm Cash, the new president of the Ugly Club."

After he has butchered a play in the field—which doesn't happen very often—he is likely to come back to the dugout muttering, "Butcher, get yourself a cleaver."

With the Detroit fans, Cash probably rated as the No. 2 glamour boy last year, behind handsome, blue-jowled slugger Rocky Colavito. Still, this was a lofty standing for a man who had been only a part-time player the year before. In just one season as a regular, Cash leaped past such long-time Tiger favorites as Al Kaline, Frank Lary and Jim Bunning. There was hardly a day at Tiger Stadium when a group of fans with a sign labeled STORMIN' NORMAN did not turn up in some sector of the stands.

In addition to having become a sensational hitter, Norm Cash is a crowd-pleasing type of ballplayer. He performs with the pride of a professional, the determination of a collegian and the exuberance of a small boy. When he gets an important hit, he claps his hands in elation; when he makes an important play, he jumps for joy.

Before stepping into the batter's box, Cash twirls two bats above his head as though they were broomsticks. This show of strength has come to be his trademark. Norm admits that he does it mainly for its possible psychological effect on the pitcher.

When Cash got off to his great spring start last year, pitchers began testing him with their own psychological weapon, the "brush-back" pitch. Norm was hit on the arms, the back and the legs, and narrowly missed being hit on the head.

A climax was reached in late June in a big series at Cleveland, which was then in contention for the pennant. In the opening game Friday night, during which Cash contributed a couple of base hits to a Detroit batting show, Barry Latman of the Indians hit him with a pitch. Umpire John Stevens ruled that Latman had deliberately thrown at Cash and fined the pitcher $50.

Detroit manager Bob Scheffing rested Norm for the remainder of that game, but on Saturday afternoon Cash was back to hit a homer that helped the Tigers win a close one, 5–4.

The series concluded with a Sunday doubleheader. In the first game Cleveland pitcher Bob Allen threw a ball behind Cash, and drew a $50 fine from umpire Larry Napp. But Cash kept right on swinging. By the end of the afternoon he had collected three home runs and a single.

Another Indian pitcher, Gary Bell, told Norm after the season, "We had to find out if you were 'for real.'" The answer obviously was yes.

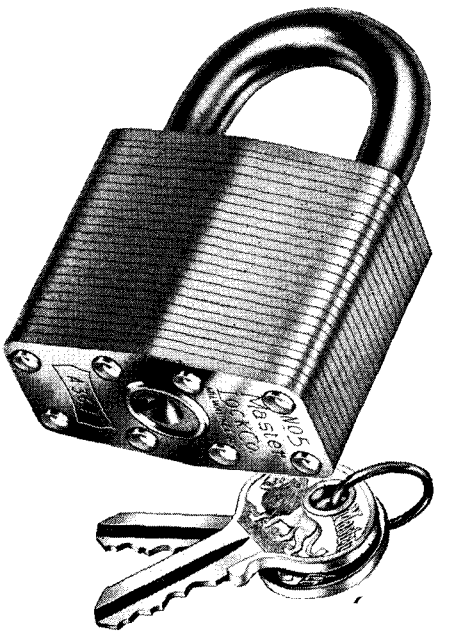
Before the 1961 season about the only person who seemed to sense that Norm was capable of becoming such a menace was the new Detroit manager, Bob Scheffing. In 1960, first under Jimmy Dykes and then under Joe Gordon, Cash had alternated at first base with Steve Bilko. All together, he got into 121 boxscores and wound up with the journeyman batting figure of .286.

In view of this, the prediction Scheffing made for Cash during 1961 spring training at Lakeland, Florida, sounded like sheer fantasy. It came on the day annually set aside for the special benefit of cameramen. A crew of newsreel photographers took shots of Kaline, Colavito and some of the other Tigers. Scheffing watched in silence.

As the camera crews were packing to leave, he said, "You know, you forgot one guy—maybe the best hitter of them all."

"Who's that?" asked one of the photographers.

Uneasy about protection?



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$1.25 to $4.00 in a variety of sizes. Also available in sets KEYED-ALIKE (with interchangeable keys) or MASTER-KEYED. Ask your hardware dealer or locksmith.

Master Lock Company
MILWAUKEE 45, WISCONSIN
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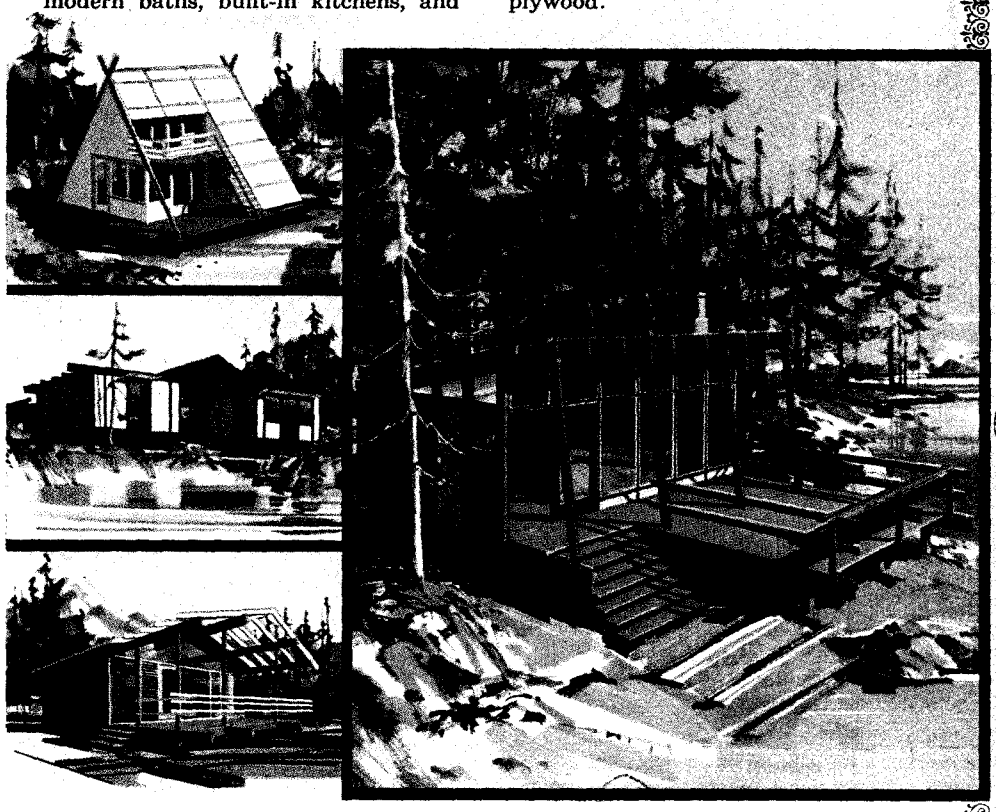
Nothing to buy! Nothing to write! Easy to enter!

FREE—4 LEISURE-TIME SECOND HOMES

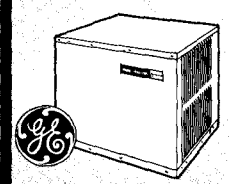
● **Imagine winning** your *own* family hideaway—for vacations and weekends! You can choose from four exciting styles, all with log-burning fireplaces, modern baths, built-in kitchens, and spacious sun decks! Developed by the Douglas Fir Plywood Assn., homes will be built on winners' lots of sturdy, weatherproof DFPA quality-tested plywood.



FREE—5 RAMBLER American "400" Convertibles

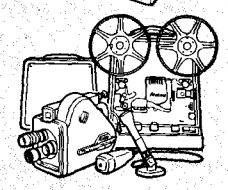
● **The brilliant new** 1962 Rambler American "400" brings you exclusive new E-Stick automatic clutch transmission, famous Weather Eye heater, ceramic armored muffler-tail pipe system and new self-adjusting *double* safety brake system . . . *plus* quality proved by 12 years' compact-car experience!

FREE—Over 1000 Prizes!



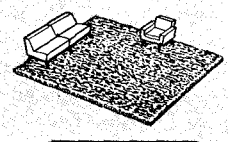
4 G-E WHOLE-HOUSE AIR CONDITIONERS!

● **Cools an entire house!** Finest General Electric quality—quiet, powerful, efficient. Includes normal installation in your home—up to $2,000 total value.



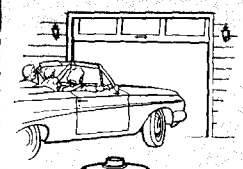
20 FAIRCHILD SOUND MOVIE OUTFITS!

● **Win the world's only sound home movie camera** and "wide screen" projector. Precision-made, 3-turret camera lets you make "talkies" just like Hollywood—at the mere press of a finger! Film included.



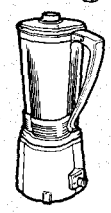
40 MASLAND ALL-WOOL CARPETS!

● **Choose wall-to-wall carpeting** or room-size rugs! Smart new "Riverview" weave. Excellent quality. Choice of 13 decorator colors. 25 square yards can be yours FREE—cut to your specifications!



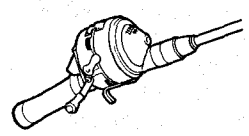
40 GENIE GARAGE DOOR OPENERS!

● **Radio controlled**—from inside your car! Automatically turns on garage light, unlocks door and raises it! Press button again and door is lowered, locked and light goes out! Installation included.



450 IONABLEND BLENDERS!

● **First blender with a handle!** Easier to use. Exclusive two-piece top permits adding ingredients while blender is operating. Two speeds. Guaranteed by *Good Housekeeping*, UL approved.



440 ZEBCO SPIN REEL-N-RODS!

● **Complete de luxe outfit!** Six-foot, two-piece, tubular glass rod, plus Zebco's famous feather-touch reel and 475 feet of line! Perfectly balanced, light, strong, and durable. Regular $27.95 value.

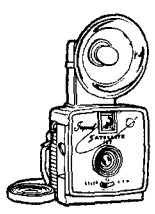
Keep your home looking "just painted" years longer with PPG house paints

SUN-PROOF®

● **Superior oil-base finish** for wood siding and trim. Just a single coat is normally required for repaint work. The only house paint containing special fume-resistant pigments to prevent discoloration plus Vitolized® Oil, which keeps paint film elastic for longer-lasting beauty. Hundreds of colors.

PPG LATEX

● **Makes outside painting as easy as inside!** Made with new miracle resins that give amazing durability. Ends "rained-out" week ends, because it can be applied over damp surfaces. Dries bug- and dust-free in 20 minutes. Helps prevent *blistering*, too! (*Just follow easy directions.*) Clean brush or roller in plain soapy water! Hundreds of colors.



SAVE $1.98 on this de luxe flash COLOR CAMERA—$3.98 value . . . only $2.00 when you buy SUN-PROOF or PPG LATEX House Paints

● **Takes clear, sharp pictures** indoors or out—color or black-and-white prints or slides! Handsome two-tone styling. Lifetime offer of free film included! In attractive gift box. Sturdy American quality. Get order form from your nearby Pittsburgh Paint dealer.

Here's all you do to win! Just ask your nearby Pittsburgh Paint dealer (*see following page*) for entry form with complete rules and write in your name and address, request dealer to countersign it, and deposit entry in box at dealer's store. It's *that* easy—and no purchase required! Entries close July 31, 1962. Winners will be selected by an impartial, independent organization.

This sweepstakes void in Neb., Wis., and any other state or locality where prohibited. Sweepstakes open to all other persons in U.S.A., except employees of PPG, its advertising agencies, sweepstakes judges or their families.

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PAINTS • GLASS • CHEMICALS • BRUSHES • PLASTICS • FIBER GLASS

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

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Berners Hardware Store
Caribous Dept. Store
Henry Woolf Lumber Co.
2606 Seward Highway

JUNEAU
Vic Power Paint Store

CALIFORNIA

ALHAMBRA
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
45 South Garfield Avenue

ALTAVILLE
Altaville Hardware
Post Office Bldg.

ANAHEIM
J & L Paint and W. P.
2233 Ball Road
Neff's Paint and Wallpaper
200 North Los Angeles St.

ANTIOCH
Robins Hardware
2008 A Street

APPLE VALLEY
Apple Valley Floors and Paint
21915 Highway 18

ARLINGTON
Lane's Western Auto
9471 Magnolia Avenue
Thriftimart Inc.
6350 Van Buren

AVENAL
Palmer Plumbing, Inc.
829 Sky Line Boulevard

BAKERSFIELD
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2022 L Street

BALDWIN PARK
Baldwin Park Lumber Co.
14514 East Romona Blvd.

BERKELEY
Alcatel Variety Store
6416 Telegraph Avenue
Bartlett Hardware Co.
2488 Telegraph Avenue
Hiscox Lumber Co.
2927 Shattuck Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2135 University Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
742 Grayson Street

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Tahoe Supply

BISHOP
Pioneer Hardware
233 No. Main Street

BLYTHE
Claypool's Market
131 No. Main

BREA
Canning's Brea Hardware
100 South Brea Blvd.

CAMPBELL
Winchester Hardware
127 South Winchester Road

CAPISTRANO BEACH
Frank Curran Lumber Co.
34162 Doheny Park Road

CARLSBAD
Tinchere's Interiors
562 Elm Avenue

CARMEL
Village Hardware
Box LL

CARMICHAEL
B & Z Paint Supply
5949 Fairoaks Blvd.

CARPINTERIA
Dmweg's Hardware
700 Linden Avenue

CHESTER
Builders Supply

CHICO
Chico Hardware
176 E. 3rd. Avenue

CHULA VISTA
Getzwiller's Hdwe.
457 Broadway

COLUSA
Colusa Paint Store
631 Market Street

COMPTON
Phil's Lumber Co.
500 Pine Avenue

COSTA MESA
Kirby's Hardware
2300 Harbor Blvd.

COVINA
Viney-Milliken Lumber Co.
554 North Citrus Avenue

DINUBA
Vetters Cabinet Shop
232 South M Street

DOWNEY
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
9117 Stonewood Blvd.

DUNSMUIR
L & L Hardware & Plumbing
759 Florence Avenue

EL CENTRO
Valley Paint Center
602 So. 4th Street

EL SOBRANTE
Ivenart's Paint Store
3817 Dam Road
Valley View Paint & Garden Supply
4209 Valley View Road

ESCONDIDO
Turner's Furniture
216 W. Ohio Street

FAIRFIELD
Fairfield Glass & Paint
1123 Texas Street

FELTON
Felton Paint Center
450 South Highway 9

FONTANA
Hansen Lumber Co.
16929 Arrow

FREMONT Centerville
Beach Drapery & Paint Co.
111 Center Square

FRESNO
Georges Color Center
1220 West Shields
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1251 Van Ness Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
520 North Blackstone Avenue

FULLERTON
Cook's Trading Post
502 South Harbor Blvd.

GARDEN GROVE
Garden Grove Lumber and Cement Co.
10922 E. Garden Grove Blvd.

GILROY
Chappell Steel Company
101 Old Gilroy Road

GLENDALE
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
111 E. Wilson Avenue

GLENDORA
Wells Bros.
348 W. Foothill Blvd.

GRIDLEY
Builders Supply

HANFORD
Hanford Planning Mill
183 South 10th Street

HEMET
Almac Paint & Wallpaper
1523 E. Florida Avenue

HERMOSA BEACH
Hermosa Lumber Co.
1101 Pier Avenue

HOLLYWOOD
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
755 North Highland Avenue

HUNTINGTON BEACH
Frank Curran Lumber Co.
Lake and Acacia Avenue

IMPERIAL BEACH
Bush & Perry Hdwe.
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Jennings Hardware
45-185 Smurr

INGLEWOOD
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221 S. Locust
Vantine's Hardware
936 W. Manchester

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Kingsburg Lumber Company
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LAGUNA BEACH
Laguna Beach Hardware
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Hammerhead Hdwe.
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Diamond K Supply
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LATON
Laton Lumber Company

LAWNDALE
Harvey's Paint & W. P.
15170 So. Prairie Avenue
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Harold's Paint Store
823 Vulcan Street

LIVERMORE
Valley Paint & Wallpaper
1571-1st Street

LODI
Reo's Appliance Center
7 W. Oak Street

LONG BEACH
Batson Hardware
1400 W. Willow Street
Johnston Paint & Wallpaper
2192 Lakewood Boulevard
Parke Sporting Goods & Hardware
6731 Orange Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1157 Long Beach Boulevard
Wanack Building & Home Center
3255 South Street

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Par Paint Co.
1801 Sunset Blvd.
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
3301 South Maple Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
5318 So. Vermont
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2128 Colorado Boulevard (Eagle Rock)
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1067 Broxton Ave., (Westwood)
Jack Smith Paints
12406 Santa Monica Blvd.
(West Los Angeles)

LOS GATOS
Blossom Hill Paint & Wallpaper
15724 San Jose—Los Gatos Road

LOS PALOS
Builders Lumber Company
2109 Blossom Street

MODESTO
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
No. 6—1700 McHenry Boulevard

MORGAN HILL
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580 South Depot Street

MOUNTAIN VIEW
Hubbard & Jonnson
1737 El Camino Real
Hulbert Lumber Co.
294 San Antonio Road

NEEDLES
Claypool & Co.
725 Broadway

NEWPORT BEACH
Bayview Hardware
2630 W. Coast Highway

OAKHURST
Sierra Builders Supply

OAKLAND
The Glass House
10823 MacArthur Blvd.
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
3241 Foothill Blvd.
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
550 W. Grand Avenue

ORANGE
Frank Curran Lumber Co.
168 N. Cypress Avenue

ORANGE COVE
Orange Cove Lumber Company

ORANGEVALE
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Palisades Hardware
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PALO ALTO
Merner Lumber Co.
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PALOS VERDES ESTATES
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2211 Via Anacapa

PARADISE
Builders Supply

PARLIER
Parlier Lumber Company

PASADENA
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2084 E. Foothill Boulevard
Washington Hdwe.
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PITTSBURG
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POMONA
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PORTERVILLE
Rowland Lumber Company
7277 Aster Street

RANCHO CORDOVA
Rainbow Paint Center
10855 Folsom Blvd.

REDONDO BEACH
Wellens Paint & W. P.
1767 So. Elena Avenue

REDWOOD CITY
Progress Lumber Co.
2425 El Camino Real

REEDLEY
Reedley Lumber Company

RIALTO
Rialto Pittsburgh Paints
134 So. Riverside Avenue

RIVERSIDE
G & H Hardware
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Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
3550 Eighth Street
Wills' House of Color
3923 Chicago

SACRAMENTO
D D & W Hardware
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Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
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SALINAS
Johnson's Market Variety & Hdwe.
1090 W. Laurel
Messick & Son Hdwe.
El Camino Real North
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
831 So. Main Street

SAN BERNARDINO
Home Lumber Co.
25430 Baseline
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
863 "E" Street

SAN CLEMENTE
El Camino Hardware
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Euclid Plaza Hdwe.
5079 Logan Avenue
J. J. Newberry Co.
Mission Valley Center
Ortwine Hdwe.
4715 Federal Blvd.
Phairs Sporting Goods
1344 South 43rd Street
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2469 Broadway
Walker Scott Co.
College Grove Store

SAN FRANCISCO
Ocean Paint Store
1901 Ocean Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1929 Market Street
Valencia Paint Store
1199 Valencia Street

SAN JOSE
Brinton Hardware
990 Coe Avenue
J. J. Newberry's
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Pink Elephant Hardware
428 South King Road
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376 Race Street
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15420 Hesperian Blvd.

SAN LUIS OBISPO
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424 Santa Barbara Street

SAN MATEO
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
116 South El Camino Real

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SAN PEDRO
Century Signs
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Sanger Building Supply
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SANTA ANA
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SANTA CLARA
Gil Bettencourt Superette
4798 Fremont Road

SANTA CRUZ
San Lorenzo Lumber Co.
41st Avenue & Watsonville Freeway

SANTA MARIA
Santa Maria Lumber Co.
300 East Jones St.

SANTA MONICA
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
531 Santa Monica Blvd.

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Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1720-4th Street

SARATOGA
Saratoga Paint & Wallpaper
14462 Big Basin Way

SHERMAN OAKS
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
15230 Ventura Boulevard

SIERRA MADRE
Arnold's Hardware
297 W. Sierra Madre Blvd.

SPRING VALLEY
Streamline Plumb. & Hdwe.
2913 Sweetwater Rd.

STOCKTON
Country Club Hardware
1925 Country Club Blvd.
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1859 Pacific Avenue

SUNNYVALE
J. J. Newberry's
272 South Taffee Street

SUTTER CREEK
Heizer Bros. Paint & Supply
Main Street

TAFT
La Brut Paint Store
515 Harrison Street

TORRANCE
J. J. Newberry Co.
2545 Pacific Coast Hwy.
Paramount Builders Supply
3437 Torrance Blvd.
Paterson Hardware
3007 W. 174th Street
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1413 Cravens Avenue

TWAINHARTE
Twainharte Plumbing & Heating, Inc.
Highway 108 West

UPLAND
Upland Lumber & Milling Co.
198 No. Euclid

VACAVILLE
Vacaville Glass & Paint
907 Merchant Street

VALLEJO
Vallejo Glass Co.
332 Tennessee Street

VENTURA
Carey's Wheel of Color
2831 E. Main Street
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1540 East Main Street

VISTA
Palomar Glass & Paint Co.
202 Broadway

WALNUT CREEK
Fred Kelleway Hdwe.
2721 North Main Street

WILLOWS
Steiner Lumber Co.

WOODLAND
Trinco Paint & Glass
617 Main Street

YREKA
Yreka Lumber Company
South Pacific Hwy.

HAWAII

HILO Hawaii
Hawaii Planing Mill, Ltd.
380 Kanoelehua Avenue
Lewers & Cooke, Ltd.
21 Kalanianaole Avenue

HONOLULU
Ackerman Bros.
512 Piikoi Street
Ben Franklin Store
3632 Waialae Avenue
Craft Center, Ltd.
702 Kapahulu Avenue
Dicksons' Variety Store No. 1
2611 S. King Street
Dicksons' Variety Store No. 2
1620 N. School St., Kam Shopping Ctr.
Honolulu Junk Company
836 S. King Street
Horita Building Supply
1814 Kanakanui Street
Kaimuki Hardware
1403 Tenth Avenue
Lewers & Cooke, Ltd.
404 Piikoi Parkway
McCully Sales
1785 S. King Street
Muraoka Department Store
1895 N. King Street

KAILUA Oahu
Hardware Hawaii
Kailua Shopping Center

KANEOHE Oahu
Kaneohe Building Supply
46-125 Kam Highway

LIHUE Kauai
Hale Kauai, Ltd.

NANAKULI Oahu
Nakatani Super Market

PUNALUU Oahu
Kaya General Merchandise

WAHIAWA Oahu
Wahiawa Electric Appliances
55 S. Kam Highway
Wahiawa Paint Supply
97 S. Kam Highway

WAIANAE Oahu
Waianae Store
85-863 Farrington Highway

WAILUKU Maui
MDG Supply Inc.
1980 Main Street

IDAHO

BOISE
Intermountain Glass Company
1417 Main Street
Westland Building Supply
4710 Overland Rd.

CALDWELL
Bales Lumber Company
210 South Fourth Avenue

COEUR D'ALENE
Stockwell's Paint Store
820 N. Fourth

GOODING
Thompson Furniture Company
318 Main Street

IDAHO FALLS
Idaho Lumber Company
1498 Curtis Avenue

LEWISTON
Tri State Mercantile Co.
North and South Hiway

MERIDIAN
Meridian Coal & Lumber Company
632 East First

MOSCOW
Lovel Lumber Co.
705 Main

OROFINO
Orofino Builders Supply

POST FALLS
Curries Building Supply

POTLATCH
Ross Plummer Co.

TWIN FALLS
Magic Glass & Paint Company
130 Elm Street

WALLACE
Building Maintenance & Supply
9th and Bank

WEISER
H-J-H Company
East First and Commercial St.

MONTANA

BILLINGS
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
105 North 25th Street

BOZEMAN
Bozeman Glass & Paint
23 N. 7th Avenue

BUTTE
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
840 Utah Avenue

GLASGOW
Pioneer Lumber Co.
239 Fourth Street South

HAVRE
Olson Paint & Glass
418 3rd Street

LIVINGSTON
Livingston Glass and Paint
202 South H Street

MISSOULA
Acme Aluminum Center
2102 Brook Street
Wright Lumber Company
West of Missoula

PLENTYWOOD
F. R. Corner Lumber Sales

POLSON
Rolfson Company
Hiway 93 E.

SHERIDAN
Birrer Lumber Company

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS
K & D Paint Store
Decateur and Sawyer
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1019 South Main Street

NORTH DAKOTA

CARRINGTON
Berglund Farm Supply

DEVILS LAKE
Devils Lake Glass & Paint

DICKINSON
Frontier Paint & Glass

ELLENDALE
Dickey County Lumber

FARGO
Simonson Cash Supply

GRAFTON
Simonson Cash Supply

GRAND FORKS
Simonson Cash Supply

HETTINGER
Clement Lumber Co.

LANGDON
Hart's

LARIMORE
Orbit Furniture Co.

MINOT
Minot Glass Co.

SCRANTON
Scranton Equity Lumber Co.

WILLISTON
Williston Lumber, Inc.

OREGON

ALBANY
Tannich Appliance & Radio
Dickson's Corral
Triangle Hardware
870 S. Burkhart

ASTORIA
Hallaux Paint Store
229 14th

BEND
Sexton Supply & Saw Service
1195 Wall Street

BROOKINGS
Curry County Lumber Co.

THE DALLES
Adams Paint Store

DALLAS
Povey Bldrs. Supply
501 Miller Avenue

EUGENE
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1330 Willamette Street

GRANTS PASS
Caveman Building Supplies
924 S. W. 6th Street

HERMISTON
Valley Building Supply
1525 North First Place

HOOD RIVER
Paddock Builders
1414 12th Street

LA GRANDE
Miller's Cabinet Shop
217 Greenwood Street

LAKEVIEW
Arrow Plumbing & Heating
126 North "E" Street

McMINNVILLE
Gunness—Peterson
U. S. National Bank Bldg.

MADRAS
North Unit Hardware
4th and D Street

MEDFORD
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1 West Sixth Street

OREGON CITY
Friedrich's
602-7th

PORTLAND
Alberta Linoleum Company
2540 N. E. Alberta
Brown Lumber Service
4000 S. E. Powell Blvd.
Holgate Paint & Wallpaper
10318 S. E. Holgate
Litscher's
7226 N. E. Sandy Blvd.
Mt. Tabor Hardware
4735 S. E. Hawthorne
Pete's Paint & Wallpaper
2824 N. Lombard
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1338 Lloyd Center
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
938 S. W. 2nd
Rhodes
921 S. W. Morrison
Rhodes
Gateway
West Hardware
4300 N. E. Sandy Blvd.
Woodlawn Hardware & Variety
626 N. E. Dekum
F. W. Woolworth Co.
1265 Lloyd Center

REDMOND
Central Oregon Fir

ROGUE RIVER
Main Building Supply

SALEM
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
254 Commercial Street, NE

SEASIDE
Griffith's Paint Pot
920 Broadway

SHERIDAN
Fanchers Paint & Hardware
219 Bridge Street

WASHINGTON

ABERDEEN
Stouffer Bowman Co.
Foot of "H" Street
Swanson's Super Market

ANACORTES
Marine Supply and Hardware
202 Commercial Avenue

AUBURN
Elder Paint Store
29 D Street S. E.

BELLEVUE
Reinhard's Hardware

BELLINGHAM
The Paint Center
1249 State Street
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
111 East Magnolia Street

BOTHELL
Bothell Feed & Seed

BREMERTON
Modern Paint & Wallpaper
629 No. Callow

BURLINGTON
Grover's Paint Shop
1180 Old 99 South

CASHMERE
Kuelbs Supply

CENTRALIA
Lincoln Creek Lumber Co.
2322 Harrison Avenue
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
111 North Tower Avenue

CHEHALIS
Palmer Lumber Co., Inc.
952 Prindle Street

DAYTON
Criss Furniture Company
166 East Main Street

EVERETT
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2822 Hoyt Avenue

GRANDVIEW
Grandview Lumber
Box 766

HELTON
Morgan and Eachrett

HOQUIAM
Swanson's Super Market

LEAVENWORTH
Marson & Marson

LONGVIEW
Sheldon Moe Hardware
1429 Commerce

LYNDEN
Van's Hardware & Sheet Metal
515 Front Street

MARYSVILLE
Staats Wallpaper Company
1518 Grove Street

MILTON-FREEWATER
Walker's Paint Store
510 North Main Street

MOSSYROCK
M & M Materials

OAK HARBOR
Island Paint & Glass

OKANOGAN
Claud Gann

OLYMPIA
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
218-24 Fifth Avenue

POMEROY
Meyer's Hardware

PULLMAN
Rima Hughes Lumber Co.
1415 Grand

PUYALLUP
Puyallup Valley Hardware
702 East Main Street

QUINCY
Underwood Painters

RAYMOND
Pacific County Lumber Co.

RENTON
Carrick Lumber Co.
97 Airport Way

ST. JOHN
Ray's Appliance

SEATTLE
All Marketime Stores
Bailey's City Hardware
4232 University Way
Ben Beam Hardware
430 15th East
Kehrer Hardware
6429 Empire Way
Gilmore Hardware
2315 California Avenue
Lake City Paint Store
3000 East 125th
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
228 Dexter Avenue, North
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
5605 24th Avenue, N. W.
Vaughn's Home Decorating
10032 16th S. W.

SELAH
Macs Buildn' Fixit
619 1st Street

SEQUIM
Sprague & Jarmuth

SHELTON
Morgan and Eacrett
1332 Olympic Hwy.

SPOKANE
Ray Beil Lumber Co.
N. 3607 Market
Warren Boyer Lumber Co.
E. 7413 Trent Avenue
Charter & Haggard
N. 6313 Division
Garland Lumber Company
W. 1104 Garland
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
1030 North Division Street

TACOMA
Chambers Creek Lumber Co.
6402 So. Tacoma Way
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
2108 Tacoma Ave., South
Warters Hardware
3907 6th Avenue

TOPPENISH
Giffords Hardware
109 S. Toppenish Avenue

VANCOUVER
Vancouver Hardware
1915 Main

WAITSBURG
Touchet Valley Hardware

WALLA WALLA
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
111 S. Second Avenue

WEST RICHLAND
Chambliss United Paints
4001 Van Giesen Street

WINSLOW
Bainbridge Floor Covering

YAKIMA
Helliesen Lumber Co.
1st Ave. & B. St.
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
7 South 5th Avenue
Williams Paint & Glass
312 W. Yakima Avenue

PUERTO RICO

CAGUAS
Cipriano Manrique, Inc.
Jimenez Dicardo No. 34

CAPARRA TERRACE
Ferreteria Comercial Nevarez
Avenida Central 1528

HUMACAO
Mendez Lumber & Trading Company
Georgetti and Vidal

MANATI
M. Otero & Company
McKinley No. 6

MAYAGUEZ
Frontera Hardware Company
11 De Agosto Y Degetau

PONCE
"El Cometa"
Sucs. Trujillo & Subina, Inc.
Marina No. 1

SAN JUAN
Caribe Lumber & Trading Corp.
Cerretera No. 2, KM 3

VIRGIN ISLANDS

ST. CROIX Christiansted
Caribe Lumber & Trading Corp.
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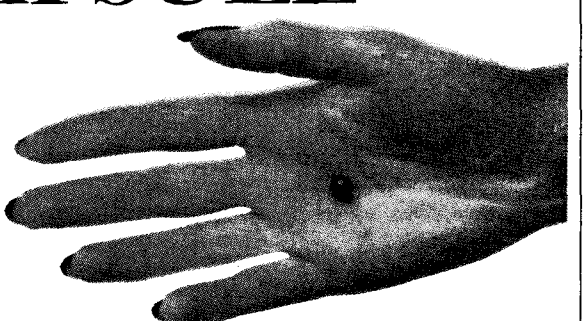

"Empty calories" are the starches and sweets too many of us can't resist. They taste so good, but are empty, or nearly so, of certain vitamins we normally must have to help maintain good health. Vigran can supply the vitamins to fill up this "empty calorie" hole in your diet. A single capsule supplies 125% or more of these essential vitamins: A, B_1, B_2, C, D, Niacinamide—*all* the vitamins for which Minimum Daily Requirements have been established. Vigran is the full potency, prescription quality multi-vitamin made by Squibb.

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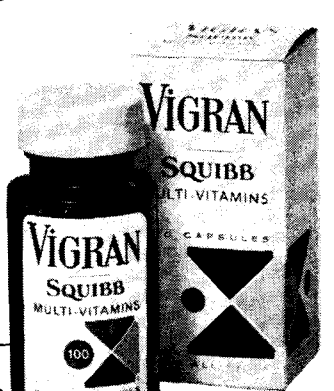

SQUIBB
LABORATORIES

SQUIBB DIVISION Olin

"Cash knows the pitchers

CASH "Number 25 over there," Scheffing replied, nodding toward Cash.

"Who's he?"

"Oh," said Scheffing, "he just might be the next American League batting champion."

The Detroit manager, who is one of the most modest men in the Western Hemisphere, says now, "Putting Norm in the lineup every day was no stroke of genius on my part. I just looked up his record in 1960 and saw that he hit eighteen homers in 353 times at bat. I figured he could hit twice that many if he played all the time."

Although Scheffing was confident that all Cash needed as a hitter was the chance to play regularly, he wasn't satisfied with Norm's defensive work at first base. So Cash daily took ninety minutes of extra practice with coach Phil Cavarretta, an outstanding first baseman in his own day.

The improvement in Norm's fielding was noticeable, but hardly as spectacular as his upsurge at the plate. For a time it appeared that Cash might lead the league in all three major hitting departments—batting average, home runs and runs batted in.

During the month of June, for example, he cracked fifteen homers. One of them, hit at Tiger Stadium on June eleventh, off Washington pitcher Joe McClain, cleared the ninety-four-foot-high roof of the right-field pavilion, which is 325 feet down the line from home plate. Only two other hitters ever did this—Ted Williams once and Mickey Mantle three times.

In the last half of the season Cash's power-hitting leveled off, but he maintained his high average to the end, never having a "slump" of more than brief duration.

The worst letdown for Cash, and for the Tigers as a whole, came during the first weekend in September. Detroit invaded Yankee Stadium only a game and a half behind the New York club, with a chance to move into first place by sweeping a three-game series. Instead, the Yankees took all three to knock the Tigers out of the race.

Cash produced only a meaningless single in the first game—he could have won it with a single at another stage. In the second game he was hitless. He finally came through with a home run and double in the finale, but this wasn't nearly enough to keep the Yanks from winning again, 8–5.

Norm Cash last year had to adjust to the new experience of being a marked man on the ball field. He also found himself under unaccustomed pressure away from the park. At home in Detroit, his new prominence brought kids trooping to his house on foot, on bicycle and in cars with their parents. Cash, who has no children of his own, obligingly answered all their questions and requests for autographs, although they literally rang his doorbell from dawn until dusk.

Similarly he was swamped with invitations to make personal appearances. Fearful of giving offense, he accepted as many as he possibly could, whether for fees or gratis.

One night in August when Cash was taking infield practice before a home game his vision suddenly became blurred.

"I can't see. I can't see," he said, as he stumbled to the dugout. He was led to the Tiger training room, where the club physician, Dr. Russell Wright, took over.

Cash was as white as the towel he was holding. "What is it, doc?" he kept asking as the physician examined him.

The diagnosis was an unusual one: Cash had a virus which had invaded his fatigued body and settled behind his eyes.

Norm that afternoon had made appearances at opposite ends of Detroit. First he appeared at a bowling alley to sign autographs, then rushed to a pizza restaurant to preside at a drawing for a color TV set. After that he hustled home, hurried through dinner and reached the ball park just as practice was starting.

Fortunately, the virus attack caused him to miss only one game. "All that running just caught up with me," Norm says now. "I'll never do it again."

Manager Scheffing declares, "He didn't know how to say 'no.' That's why he didn't hit as well at home as he did on the road"—the figures were .331 and .388 respectively. "He didn't get enough rest."

Although Norm has found it necessary to hold down his extracurricular activities, he remains as amiable as ever when he does come into contact with his public.

During the Christmas-shopping season last year a toy baseball game bearing his name went on the market in Detroit. Cash flew in from Texas to help promote sales. He appeared in the toy departments of six large stores, and ran a strong second to Santa Claus as a drawing card.

At one store a pair of teen-age girls approached him cautiously. One looked about fifteen and the other about thirteen.

"Do you know Vic Wertz?" the older girl asked hesitantly.

"Yes, I do," replied Cash.

"We have the same name as him. Wertz. My name is Mary and this is my sister Nancy."

"It's nice to meet you," said Cash.

The older girl held a pad and pencil in her hand. Her cheeks reddened as she said, "Mr. Cash, I'm a journalism student at our high school, and Mr. Cummins—he's our journalism teacher—he wants us to interview somebody important this weekend, and I can't think of anybody more important than you."

"I'll be glad to help any way I can," said Cash.

"Gee, that's swell. But . . . I don't know what to do."

The younger girl poked her sister in the side and said, "You're supposed to ask him questions, silly."

"I tell you what," said Cash. "Why don't you stand over there and listen to what the people ask me? They ask some pretty good questions."

"That's a good idea," the older girl said eagerly. She and her sister moved to one side and a small, somber-looking boy of about ten stepped up to the counter. He placed a piece of paper in front of Cash.

Norm signed his name, then playfully pulled the boy's hat down over his eyes.

The youngster broke into a wide grin. "Golly, thanks a lot," he said. He hurried off calling to one of his friends, "Hey, did you see that? Did you see what Norm did?"

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·better than any other Tiger hitter."

Among ballplayers Cash has the same lighthearted, easy manner. He is probably the No. 1 singer on the Tigers in the sense that he does the most singing—although not necessarily the best. Cash will burst into song anywhere—on planes, on buses, on the bench and even on the field during practice. It never matters to him whether anybody joins in; he's just as happy singing alone as with a group.

To remain a Detroit hero, Norm Cash must prove this year that he belongs permanently up there with the top hitters. Manager Scheffing, who called the turn on Cash in 1961, is more cautious now.

"Nobody expects Norm to hit .361 again," said Scheffing not long ago. "He had a fabulous year, the kind you seldom see twice in a row. But he's a good hitter, a solid hitter, and it was no fluke that he won the batting title.

"He's the most intelligent hitter on our team. He knows more about the other pitchers than any of our players. He's capable of hitting between .325 and .340 this year, and you can bet he'll be above the .300 mark for a lot of years to come."

Cash himself says with typical candor, "I've never had much trouble hitting. I'm lucky. I swing down on the ball. They say that's the best way to do it. It takes some guys years to learn it. With me it comes natural.

"I try to hit off the fast ball, the way Ted Williams used to do. Let's say a pitcher has four kinds of pitches. Most of them do. You can't get set for all of them. So I get ready for the fast ball. Then if he throws a breaking ball—a curve or a slider—there's a chance to get your bat around and hit it some place. But if he throws a fast ball and you're looking for a curve, you're dead. You can't hit what's already in the catcher's glove."

This is a mature philosophy of hitting for a young man who came into professional ball with comparatively little experience. In fact, until he got to junior college, Cash had never played a regulation game of baseball—only softball.

Norm Cash was born on November 10, 1934, in the little Texas village of Justiceburg. He was the older of two sons of Bandy Cash, who owned a farm outside the town.

"My dad's life was hard work and my job was to help him," Norm says. "We had 250 acres of good, fertile land, and we grew cotton on 200 acres of it. I can remember driving a tractor from the time I was ten. Some days I'd drive it ten or twelve hours."

Cash went to high school in Post, Texas. There was no baseball team, but he played well enough on the football team to win a scholarship to San Angelo Junior College. Here he met his wife, Myrta Bob Harper, an attractive, likeable girl from Eldorado, Texas.

The junior college didn't have a baseball team either, but Norm and some of the other students formed an independent team in a local league. Meanwhile his football carried him on to Sul Ross State College, where, as a junior in 1954, he gained more than 1500 yards rushing. The Chicago Bears laid claim to him a whole season in advance, picking him on the thirteenth round of that year's player draft.

The Bears never got a chance to negotiate with him, because Cash decided to be a baseball player instead. In 1955 he signed with the Chicago White Sox, who gave him no bonus but did offer a major-league contract, meaning that he was guaranteed minimum big-league wages to start.

Norm broke in as an outfielder with Waterloo, Iowa, in the Three Eye League in 1955, hitting .290 in ninety-two games. He played at Waterloo again in 1956 and boosted his average to .334.

Throughout 1957 and part of the 1958 season Cash was in the Army, where he played service ball at Fort Bliss. He accumulated enough leave time to take twenty-six days of spring training with the White Sox in 1958.

Cash says that he literally was a guy named Joe to Chicago manager Al Lopez in those days. "When I had to go back, I went up to Lopez at the batting cage and thanked him for the opportunity to train with the White Sox. He just glanced at me and said, 'Good to have you down here, Joe.'"

However, when Cash got out of the Army during the summer, the White Sox promoted him to Indianapolis and then brought him up to Chicago in September. After the season ended, Lopez called Norm into his office and suggested that he play winter ball in Venezuela and try first base, because his arm wasn't good enough for the outfield.

Cash stayed with the White Sox during their pennant-winning season of 1959, but was on the bench most of the time, hitting .240 in fifty-eight games. In December club president Bill Veeck, who didn't like Cash's "wooden swing," sent him to the Cleveland Indians as part of a seven-player trade.

In 1960 spring training Cash didn't impress Frank Lane, then general manager of the Indians. A week before the season opened Lane traded him to Detroit for Steve Demeter, a third baseman who was to last only briefly in Cleveland.

Lane dealt with Rick Ferrell, assistant to Detroit president Bill DeWitt—now at Cincinnati. "I'll give you Cash for Demeter," Lane said.

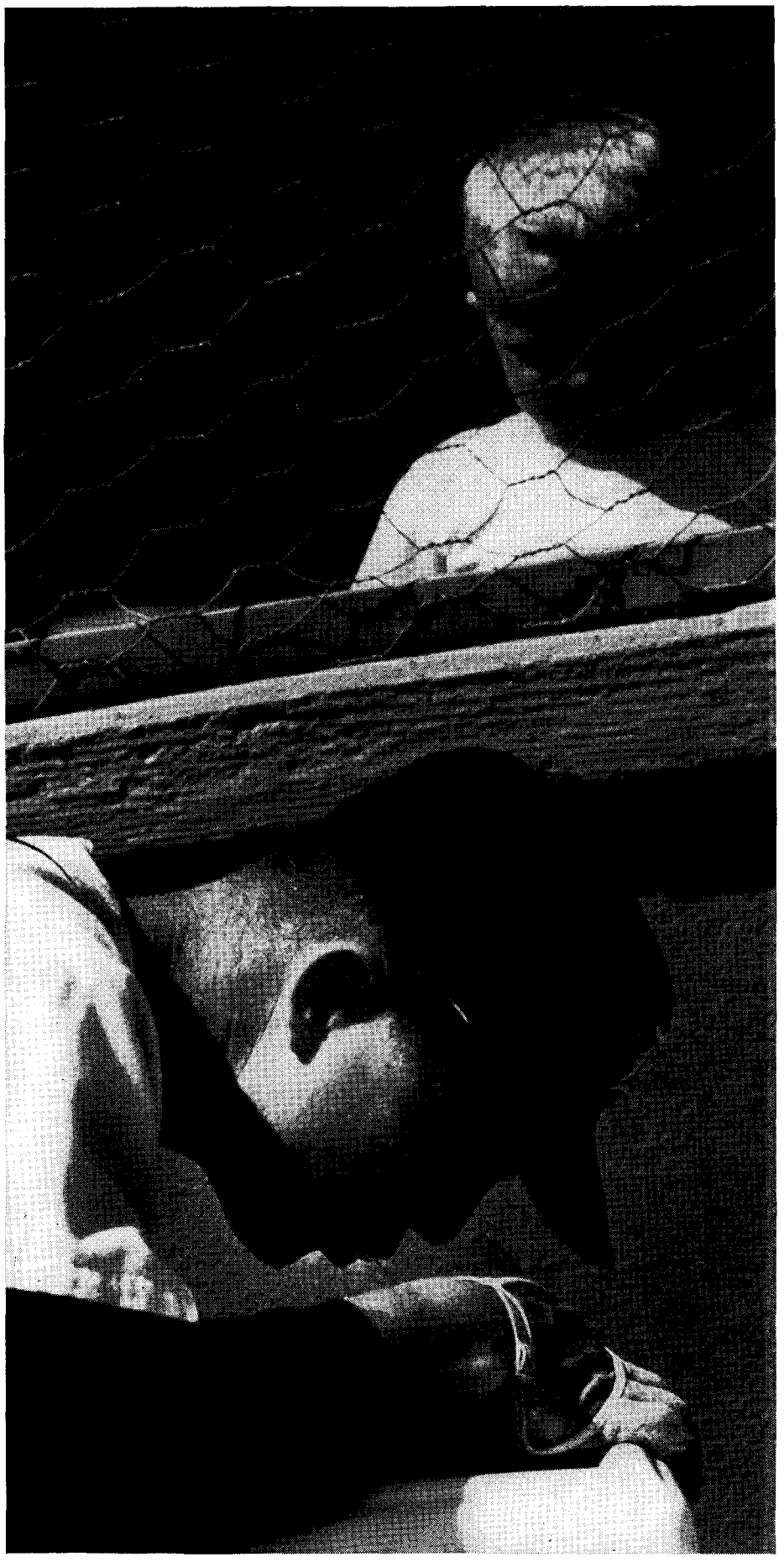
"Norman Cash or cold cash?" asked Ferrell.

"Norman."

"All right. If Bill gives his OK, it's a deal."

Norm has been better than money in the bank to the Tigers, and he is beginning to cash in himself. His 1961 pay was only $13,000, but he added about $5000 in outside earnings. This year his playing salary has more than doubled—he signed for an estimated $29,000. After a hot-and-cold spring exhibition performance, he gave early evidence that he hadn't lost his touch by hitting two home runs against the Yankees in the third game of the regular season.

Back home in Texas, where Norm and his wife live during the off-season on the ranch of her father, S. D. Harper, Cash maintains a herd of cattle in partnership with his father-in-law. Norm aims eventually to have his own ranch. If he can keep on hitting those little round white balls the way he has been doing, eventually will be very soon. THE END



Cash, a virtual unknown until last year, is now a hero to his fans. Kids troop to his house in Detroit and besiege him wherever he plays.

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THE MAN WHO SAW THROUGH TIME

In 1620 the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock. Fifteen years before, just prior to the time the Jamestown colonizers boarded ship, there was published in England a book whose author had been powerfully influenced by those western waters over which a few voyagers were beginning to find their way by primitive compass into a new and hidden world. An early edition of that book—*Advancement of Learning*—lies before me as I write. Sir Francis Bacon, its author, was an Elizabethan stay-at-home destined all his life to hear the rumble of breakers upon unknown coasts.

The book from my shelves is the edition of 1640, published just fourteen years after Bacon's death. It is crinkled with age and touched by water, and its pages are marked by the rose of a creeping fungus. It has passed through the English civil wars, and Cromwell's cavalry has ridden hard in the night by its resting place. It has been read and dismissed and pondered again by candle, by wood fire, by gaslight. Somewhere in the more than 300 years of its journey it has crossed the western ocean that moved so powerfully the mind of its creator.

A World of Impossible Shapes

Not all men, like Sir Francis Bacon, are fated to discover an unknown continent, and to find it not in the oceans of this world, but in the vaster seas of time. Few men would seek through thirty years of rebuff and cold indifference a compass to lead men toward a green isle invisible to all other eyes. "How much more," he wrote in wisdom, "are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other. . . . Whosoever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations," he warned, "instead of a laborious and sober inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes." It is ironic that Bacon, a sober propounder of the experimental method in science—Bacon, who sought so eloquently to give man control of his own destiny—should have contributed, nevertheless, to that world of "impossible shapes" which surrounds us today.

Appropriately there lingers about this solitary time voyager a shimmering mirage of fable, an atmosphere of mystery, which frequently closes over and obscures the great geniuses of lost or poorly documented centuries. Bacon, who opened for us the doorway of the modern world, is an incomparable inspiration for such mythmaking proclivities. Rumor persists that he did not die in the year 1626 but escaped to Holland, that he was the real author of Shakespeare's plays, that he was the unacknowledged son of Queen Elizabeth. Rumor can go no further; it is a measure of this great discoverer's power to captivate the curiosity of men—a power that has grown century by century since his birth in 1561. In spite of certain mystifying aspects of his life, there is no satisfactory evidence sufficient to justify these speculations, though a vast literature betokens their fascination and appeal.

What Is a True Scientist?

Perhaps we do not really wish to acknowledge that time and misfortune can fall upon men who, to our more humble minds, seem veritable gods. Perhaps mankind has staked in such geniuses its spiritual effort to evade extinction. This year of 1962, with all its threatened and actual violence, this year of rockets and thinking machines, marks the 401st anniversary of the seer who first formulated the vision of our time and who, perhaps more than any other man, set us consciously upon the road of modern science. "This is the foundation of all," he wrote simply, "for we are not to imagine or suppose, but to discover, what nature does or may be made to do." Bacon defined for us, in addition, the image of what a true scientist should be: a man of both compassion and understanding. He whispered into our careless ears that knowledge without charity could bite with the deadliness of a serpent's venom.

As more and potentially deadlier satellites wing silently overhead, we know at last that Francis Bacon's words were true, though his warning has passed unheeded through three short centuries of unremitting toil which have altered the face of the planet and forced the gateway of space which the average Elizabethan regarded as the empyrean realm of Deity never to be penetrated by man.

"I leave my name," wrote Francis Bacon, lord chancellor of England under James I, "to the next ages, and the charity of foreigners, and to mine own countrymen after some little time be passed." These words were written in the knowledge that his voice had passed largely unheard in his generation and that, in addition, a calculated fall from royal favor which he had been made to suffer had cost him his good name. In the Tudor century of Elizabeth and the Stuart reign which followed it, the absolute right of monarchs brought many an innocent man and woman to the headsman's block, or to forced, Communistlike confessions of guilt, as state expediency demanded.

With this kind of atmosphere Francis Bacon was all too familiar. Condemned to spend his life in a world of sometimes petty, often dangerous court intrigue, he chose to have his actual being in a far different one of his own making. He sought to encourage a world the monarchs he served could not envisage, a world of schools, of research promoted by the state, a world in which more could be done than that which, as he phrased it, could be projected "in the hourglass of one man's life."

It is ironic that this man, who died broken and forlorn in an age he never truly inhabited, was warmly loved by such great literary figures as Ben Jonson, but arrogantly dismissed by William Harvey, the medical experimentalist renowned for his discovery of the circulation of the blood, as writing of science "like a lord chancellor." To that phrase we shall have cause to return later. Sir Edward Coke, the eminent jurist, inscribed in one of Bacon's books the contemptuous comment:

> It deserves not to be read in Schooles
> But to be freighted in the Ship of Fooles.

James I, the monarch he served, remarked cynically that Bacon's work was like the peace of God that passes all understanding.

King, jurist, scientific experimenter alike saw nothing where Francis Bacon saw a world, a newfound land greater than that reported by the homing voyagers, the Drakes, the Raleighs of the Elizabethan seas. We of the western continent that stirred his restless imagination should particularly honor him because we are also a part, a hopeful foreshore, of the world he glimpsed in time. His great book, the *Advancement of Learning*, belongs more truly to us today than it ever belonged to that powerful but disappointingly imperceptive monarch to whom it was originally addressed. It is our opportunity now to share the ideas and visions of a statesman-philosopher whose influence transcends his own century.

Man, Bacon insisted, must examine nature, not the superstitious cobwebs spun in his own brain. He must ascertain the facts about his universe; he must maintain the great continuity and transmission of learning through universities dedicated, not to the dry husks of ancient learning alone, but to research upon the natural world of the present. Then and only then would this second world, this invisible world drawn from man's mind, become a genuine reality, erasing narrow dogmatism and prejudice with a true picture of the universe. Though he sought to combine the discoveries of the practical craftsmen with the insights of the philosopher, Bacon saw more clearly than any of the other Renaissance writers that the development of the experimental method itself, the means by which "all things else might be discovered" was of far more significance than any single act of invention.

It was Bacon's whole purpose, set against the scholastic thinking of medieval times, to overcome—as he remarks in another of his works, the *Novum Organum*—"not an adversary in argument, but nature in action." Truth, to the medieval schoolmen of the theologically oriented universities, rested upon the belief that reality lay in the world of ideas largely independent of our sense perceptions. In this domain the use of a clever and sophisticated logic for argument, rather than observation of the phenomena of nature, was the road to wisdom.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, the *Novum Organum* and several of his other works, Francis Bacon presented quite another "engine," as he termed it, for the attainment of truth. This engine of inductive logic was opposed to the old way of thinking.

Keeping Close to Reality

Inductive logic—the process of inferring a general law or principle from the observation of particular instances—is, in a sense, diametrically opposed to deduction, in which one reasons from an assumed general principle to the explanation of an individual observation or fact. Both of these principles were known to the ancient world, and in this sense Bacon's logic is not original with him. It is in the use to which he put inductive logic that he strove to break out of the old, unproductive circle of the Aristotelian schoolmen. In essence his argument is as follows: We must refrain from deducing general laws or principles for which we have no real evidence in nature. Instead, because of our human tendency to leap to unwarranted conclusions, we must dismiss much of what we think we know and begin anew patiently to collect facts from nature, never straying far from reality until it is possible through surety of observation to deduce from our observations more general laws.

It can, of course, be argued that without some hint or idea of what we seek, fact-gathering will take us nowhere. Bacon, however, was contending against

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Sir Francis Bacon in a portrait painted by Paul van Somer about 1620.

BY LOREN EISELEY

Francis Bacon, like most prophets, was without honor in his own time. After nearly four centuries his unique vision has profound validity for our era.

a philosophy almost diametrically opposed to the examination of the natural world. He himself was aware of the way the mind runs in ascending and descending order from fact to generalization and back again, "from experiments to the invention of causes, and descending from causes to the invention of new experiments. . . . Knowledge," Bacon insists specifically in the *Advancement of Learning*, "drawn freshly and in our view out of particulars, knoweth the best way to particulars again. We have," he emphasizes, "made too untimely a departure and too remote a recess from particulars"—that is, from the facts of the natural world about us. Indeed, it was just such facts impossible to be subjectively gathered from the mind alone—fossil bones, superimposed strata, animal and plant distributions—which led, more than 200 years after Bacon's death, to perhaps the greatest inductive achievement of science—the creation of the evolutionary hypothesis.

Yet Bacon, for all his emphasis on observation, was ahead of his time and like a modern theoretical physicist when he argues that "many parts of nature can neither be invented—that is, observed—with sufficient subtlety, nor demonstrated with sufficient perspicuity . . . without the aid and intervening of the mathematics."

Culture's Cumulative Basis

Interestingly, Bacon was not unaware of the intuitive insights of genius or the fact that time might yield new ways of discovery. Bacon saw, however—and this has been taken as an affront by the sensitive—that reliance upon the sporadic appearance of genius was no sure road into the future. Long before the rise of sociology and anthropology, he had grasped the concept of the cumulative basis of culture and the fact that inventions multiplied in a favorable social environment.

Bacon's observations were perfectly justified. Our entire school system, however faulty it may remain in particulars, is predicated upon Bacon's faith in the transmission of learning and the continuing expansion of research into that dark realm where man, either for human benefit or terror, can increasingly draw the purely latent, the *possible* out of nature, thus supporting Bacon's conception that the investigation of nature should include a division "of nature altered or wrought." What the philosophers of a later century would call the emergence of novelty in the universe was already clear in his mind.

Experiments of light, Bacon insisted, were more important than experiments of fruit. He sought to restore to man something of his fallen dignity, to erase from his mind the false idols of the marketplace and to regain, by patient labor and research, some remnants of the innocent wisdom of Adam in man's first Paradise. The mind, he contended, had in it imaginative gifts superior to the realities of sixteenth-century life—in fact, to the realities of the world today.

Dreams Superior to the World

Our ethics are diluted by superstition, our lives by self-created anxieties. Our visions have yet to equal some of his nobler glimpses of a future beyond our material world of easy transport, refrigeration and rocketry. The newfound land Bacon sighted was not something to be won in a generation or by machines alone. It would have to be drawn slowly, by infinite and continuing effort, out of minds whose dreams must rise superior to the existing world, and shape that world by understanding of its laws into something more consistent with man's better nature.

The man who opens for the first time a doorway into the future and who hears faint and far off, like surf on unknown reefs, the tumult and magnificence of an age beyond his own is confronted not alone with the scorn of his less perceptive fellows but even with the problem of finding the words to impose his vision upon contemporaries inclined to the belief that the world's time is short and its substance far sunk in decay. To achieve this well-nigh impossible task, Bacon had to take the language of his period and, like the seer he was, give old words new grandeur and significance—blow, in effect, a trumpet against time, darkness and the failure of all things human.

It was his task not to summon the wise men for one day's meeting or contention, not to build a philosophy of permanence under whose shadow small men might sit and argue, but to leave, instead, a philosophy forever and deliberately unfinished—not, as he so ably put it, as a belief to be held but rather as a work to be done. His philosophy, for human good or ill, has brought the foreshore of a great and unknown continent before our gaze. On the beaches of this haunted domain we find the footprints of the greatest Elizabethan voyager of all time—a man who sounded the cavernous surges of the darkest sea against which men will ever contend: the sea of time itself.

It is not possible to realize the full magnitude of Bacon's achievement without

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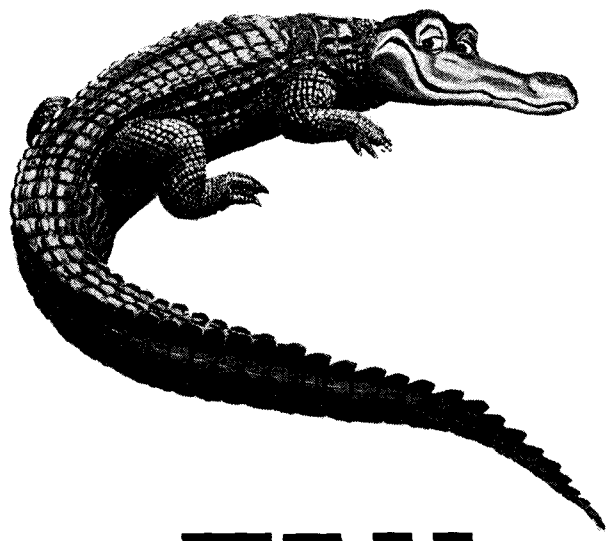

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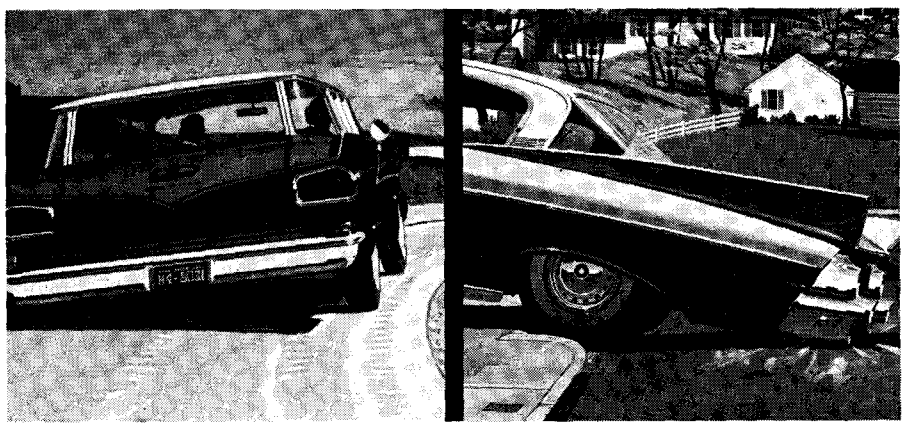

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THROUGH TIME

some knowledge of this age of the scientific twilight—an age when men first fumbled with the instruments of science, yet in the next breath might consider the influence of stars upon their destinies or hearken to the spells of witchcraft. It was generally held that the human world was far gone in decay. Men who had only lately tasted the fruits of the lost classic learning had their gaze cast backward upon a civilization they felt unworthy to equal. The giant intellects of Greece, the vanished splendor of the Roman Empire held the human mind enthralled; the voices of antiquity ruled the present. This spell—for so it seemed to lie upon men's minds—was the result of a belief in a world whose destiny was incredibly short by the scientific standards of today.

Man's fall from the perfect Garden was believed to have infected nature itself. The microcosm, man, had destroyed the macrocosm, nature. The human drama of the Fall and the Redemption was being played out upon the brief stage of a few trifling millennia. Eternity, the timeless eternity of the spiritual world, was near at hand. By contrast the long story of geological change and evolution was unknown. The smell of an autumnal decay pervaded the entire Elizabethan world.

Man was truly caught up in a spell of his own making; the contentions of past philosophers were on his lips; their systems occupied his brain. Bacon, by contrast, saw the widom of the ancients "but as the dawning or break of day." "I cannot," he emphasized in the *Advancement*, "but be raised to this persuasion, that this third period of time will far surpass that of the Grecian and Roman learning: only if men will know their own strength and their own weakness both; and take one from the other light of invention, and not fire of contradiction. . . . Employ wit and magnificence to things of worth," he chided, "not to things vulgar."

Elizabethan craftsmen or lonely seafarers sometimes made discoveries, he noted, but the experiments of callused hands were often scorned by gentlemen. After all, what did newcomers matter in a world of falling leaves, with even the moon grown old and spots upon its face? In a sense these people lived as only we today live under the shadow of atomic disaster, with a foreboding that the human future is running out. We know a universe of greater antiquity, but we, in a different way than the Elizabethans, know our own sinfulness with a dreadful renewed certainty. It is with us as they thought it was with them. Our civilization smells of autumn. "Lest darkness come," St. John records the remarks of Jesus in the New Testament, "believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light."

Concealed: A Demonic Element

Francis Bacon never wavered in the faith that this light was compounded of both knowledge and charity. With the first of these virtues he sought to open up a hidden continent for man's exploitation. Of his second virtue, it is all too evident that it remains today largely disregarded. Yet only by charity and pity did Bacon foresee that man might become fit to rule the kingdom of nature. The technological arts alone had concealed in them, he realized, a demonic element. They could bring men riches, but they could draw out of nature powers which then became nonnatural because they were subject to the human will with all its dangerous implications.

Bacon knew and said repeatedly that the light of truth could pass without harm over corruption and pierce unsullied the darkest and most noisome sewers. Perhaps in this sense he foresaw how far into the depths of ourselves we must descend in order to vanquish that serpent of evil which, projected into Biblical mythology is, in fang, venom and scale, a considerable part of our long evolutionary heritage and, not incredibly perhaps, our Nemesis. Yet if Bacon's contemporaries felt the blast of some final autumn at their backs, Bacon, the midnight reader and stay-at-home, had sensed and transferred to his own peculiar dimension a fresher and more vital wind.

It was something the giants of antiquity had not mastered—the wind of the world—girdling voyagers. "This proficience in navigation and discoveries," he wrote, "may plant also an expectation of the proficience and augmentation of all sciences: because it may seem they are ordained by God to be coequals, that is, to meet in one age."

The voyagers had brought home tales of continents and men undreamed of within the little confines of Christian Europe. Bacon, sensing almost preternaturally the meaning of that oceanic wind, had raised a moistened finger in what, by contrast, seemed the dead calm of a few sparse human generations. Against that finger he had sensed, though faintly, the far-off wind of the future. He had envisioned man's power to change and determine his own destiny. Scientifically, he was one of the first to grasp the latent novelty that could be drawn out of nature. He was beginning to discover history and world time. The hidden world, he argued, could be brought out of nature only by a great act of human imagination.

A Key to Nature

"Reason," he proposes, "beholds a farre off even that which is future." There is possible, he insists, a kind of natural divination, a key to the opening of nature's secrets, rather than the idle acceptance of immobility, of pure dogmatism, of "animal time." The sovereignty of man over nature, Bacon contended, lies in knowledge. "For that which in these perceptions appeareth early, in the great Effects cometh long after."

By now it should be evident what lay hidden in the fallacious contempt of William Harvey when he spoke of Bacon as writing of science like a lord chancellor. This is precisely what Bacon did, but what he lacked as a personal experimenter he made up for in his range and vision of what science in its totality meant for man. Bacon was an experienced planner and adviser upon matters of diplomacy and affairs of the state. He was, in fact, the first scientific scholar to approach the incipient institution of science from the viewpoint of a practical statesman.

The individual discoverers would come later. This, with sure instinct, he knew. The real problem was to break with the dead hand of the traditional past, to free latent intellectual talent, to arrest and touch with hope the popular mind, to carry word of that which lay beyond the scope of the isolated individual thinker; namely, to dramatize what we have previously referred to as the invention of the experimental method itself—the invention of inventions, the door to man's control of his own future. "Every act of

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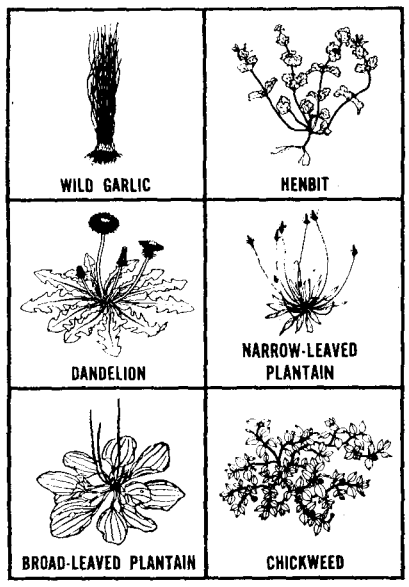

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discovery," Bacon enjoins us, "advances the art of discovery."

"Deeds need time," wrote Friedrich Nietzsche, "even after they are done, to be seen and heard." The mind of Bacon, whose thoughts are still moving toward and beyond us across the dark void of centuries, already shines with the impersonal radiance of a star.

In the *Advancement of Learning* Bacon makes clear his concern, not only with knowledge but its application for human benefit and freedom. He knew that man himself, unless well studied and informed, was part of the darker aspect of that unknown country which "awaited its birth in time. . . . Mere power and mere knowledge exalt human nature but do not bless it," he insisted. "We must gather from the whole store of things such as make most for the uses of life."

For the uses of life! I switch off my reading light for a moment, and a knob manipulated by my hand brings from the ends of the earth threat and counter-threat. The wars of the Cavaliers are ended. Men speak to each other now like the wrathful God of the Old Testament, threatening to make of their enemies' countries dust and a habitation for owls. The threats are real, the power, torn from nature, lies exposed in human hands. The voices pass, faintly contending, on their way to the vast silences of space.

The Burden of Genius

For the uses of life. We who are small, and of those unknown generations for whom Bacon labored and to whom he left his name for judgment, are now ourselves to be judged. Charles Williams, one of Bacon's biographers, has remarked perceptively that Bacon's strange and shadowed life, his proffer of powers from which men shied with reluctance, was the heaviest burden of his genius and his rejected love for mankind. "He brought with him," confessed Williams in the days before the atomic era, "something that might easily become a terror. Men like Bacon are not easily loved or used; something terrific exists in them, however humbly they speak."

Written into the *Advancement of Learning* in words that should be read and reread by every man who calls himself civilized is Bacon's key to the true continent. It has always been known to the great seers, but now, and all too rapidly, it must become the property of mankind in general, or mankind will perish. "The unlearned man," wrote Bacon carefully, "knows not what it is to descend into himself, or call himself to account . . . whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof."

"For the uses of life," we might well reiterate, for so he intended, and this is why his green continent lies beyond us still in time. Five little words have shut us, with all our knowledge, from its shores—five words uttered by a man in the dawn of science, and by us overlooked.

Francis Bacon coughed out his life alone in a cold and borrowed bed, in a century to which he had been a stranger. He had once written to a friend, "I have lost much time with this age; I would be glad to recover it with posterity." Bacon saw, like the statesman he was charged with being, the full implications of science and its hope for man. He left his work unfinished and open to improvement as he knew science itself to be unfinished in the world of time. He warned man of the shadows in his own brain which kept him dancing within the little circle of narrow prejudice and fanatic ideology.

Though Bacon died childless, his intellectual children in a few scant generations were destined to be legion. He would be called by Izaak Walton within a few years of his death "the great Secretary of all Nature." He planned as a man of great affairs, dreamed like a poet and yet sought to rope these dreams to earth as though, in doing so, he might more easily sail earth itself into the full wind of that oncoming and creative age toward which his vision hastened.

Innocence Regained by Wisdom

We of today, cognizant of the earth's long past and our own bestial and half-human origins, grow fainthearted at the road we have still to travel. Bacon saw within our souls the possibility of a return to a Garden, a regaining of innocence through wisdom. We, by contrast, must seek a garden drawn from our own imperfect evolutionary substance. This is why our imaginings must be so carefully scrutinized lest we call the wrong world into being by ill-considered thought.

This is the reason also why Bacon placed such emphasis upon education. The teacher is engaged in the most tremendous task imaginable. He is encouraging Bacon's power to create a choice of worlds in the minds of the young.

Perhaps in the end the Great Bringer of all things out of darkness may smile at our human prejudice, for, fallen angel or risen ape, the end the noblest intellects pursue is still the same: the opening of man's mind to his true dignity. Francis Bacon, the solitary discoverer of a continent in time, has placed his footprint where no man may follow by mechanical invention alone.

For us of this age the shadow of that night of which he spoke has fallen across half the world. Perhaps, however, he saw deeper, farther than ourselves, aware as he was of the "impediments and clouds in the mind of man. . . . I do not think ourselves," he ventured, without the twentieth century's boastful arrogance, "yet learned or wise enough to wish reasonably for man. I wait for harvest time, nor attempt to reap green corn."

For readers who wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Eiseley, Loren
Francis Bacon and the Modern Dilemma
University of Nebraska Press. 1962
$3.00

Bacon, Francis
Advancement of Learning
Oxford University Press
$1.00

Crowther, J. G.
Francis Bacon, The First Statesman of Science
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Farrington, Benjamin
Francis Bacon: Philosopher of Industrial Science
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Williams, Charles
Bacon
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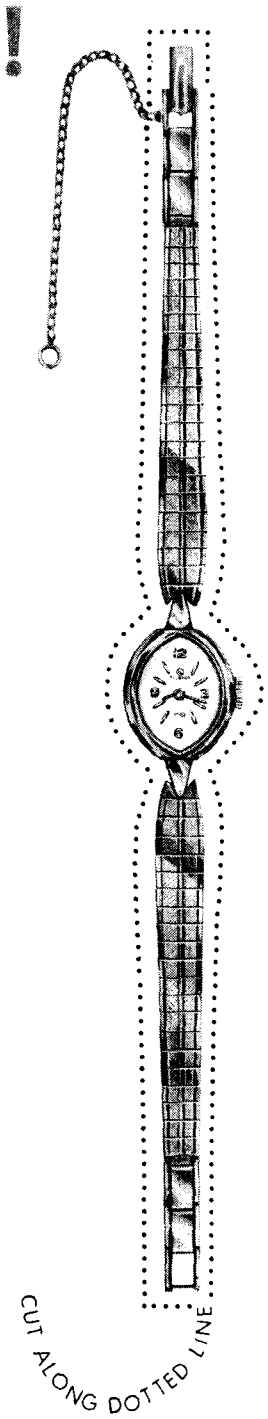

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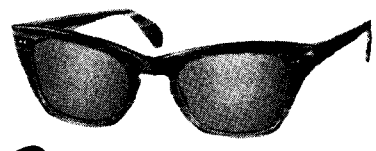

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Weep for a Thief

continued from page 25

"I don't know, Jim. That's what worries me. I never learned anything but weeping. I suppose," she said, wrinkling her beautifully chiseled nose, "I shall have to marry. I get lots of proposals, but never from the only man I want to marry."

"And who's that?"

"Do you of all people have to ask me that, Jim?" she asked, turning on him a bittersweet smile that would have melted a granite statue.

"Don't be like that, Mabel," said Jim uncomfortably. "I'd marry you tomorrow if I could afford to retire."

"But, Jim, those last two jobs have made you rich, haven't they? Why, the Chandernago Emeralds alone were worth $250,000."

"Sure they were, but not to me. What I stole from the Princess Cantarella's safe was a string of green glass beads—five-and-ten stuff. The princess will collect the insurance money, not me."

"But that's dishonest, Jim!" said Mabel in horror. "Make her split with you."

"I am not a blackmailer," Jim retorted haughtily. "I have my standards which, being only a weeper, you can't be expected to understand."

Mabel winced. "But what will you do now?" she asked humbly.

"If necessary, I shall turn honest, although I hope it won't come to that. But I tell you flatly that I won't crack another safe without a written guaranty that the stuff inside is genuine. Even the rich, who can surely afford the luxury, aren't honest these days. No wonder the world's in such a mess. However, and strictly between ourselves, my dear, I'm considering a picture proposition. Here's my man now," he added as a hard-faced, portly man pushed through the swing doors. "Piet Van Lennep, one of the biggest dealers in the world."

When introductions had been performed—Mabel, of course, as the Marchesa di Canneloni—and drinks ordered, Jim remarked lightly to Van Lennep: "You don't need to worry about the Marchesa being here, Mr. Van Lennep. She's as dumb as she is beautiful, but the soul of discretion."

"Charmed to have her company," said the picture dealer with a shrug of indifference. "You'll go to jail if someone chatters, not me! I should deny everything and as, I fancy, my reputation is better than yours, I should be believed. So let the little lady stay."

Mabel was by general consent the top-ranking weeper left in Europe, which means that she had an instinctive understanding of the human male. In the newcomer, she recognized at once a man against whom tears would avail her nothing—hard, shrewd and self-sufficient. Such men interested her, for they presented a challenge.

"Let's make this short and snappy," said Van Lennep briskly. "At the Chateau de la Condamine there is a loan exhibition of seventeen paintings, believed to be the work of Jean-Paul Plassard. I'm prepared to pay $20,000 to the man who will steal them for me. Interested?"

"Interested enough to want to know more," said Jim. "For instance, I'd like to know why you, a man with a big reputation as a picture dealer, want stolen pictures. I like to know what I'm getting into. You hint that they are not genuine, which makes me even more curious."

"Very well, I will try to satisfy your curiosity. Jean-Paul Plassard was a genius. I discovered him. He was a perfectionist, who never permitted any painting to leave his studio unless it was up to the exacting standards he imposed upon himself. He painted in all about 300 pictures. Of these only forty-two survive. He destroyed the others; I saw him do it. Full of brandy, swaying on his feet, he fed the canvases into an iron stove. That was in Paris in 1928. Of the remaining forty-two, I had already bought eighteen from him. His genius had not been recognized then; mine hadn't either. We were both poor. I offered him a price for the remaining twenty-four canvases. It wasn't much, but it was all they were worth then. I gave him my promise that, if the market value of them ever justified my hopes, he should participate in my profits. In return I exacted from him a promise that he would sell any future paintings through me. We both kept our promises. He was in bad trouble and he disappeared. I alone knew where he went."

"Where was that?" asked Jim.

"To Bali, where I continued to send him small sums until just before he died and where he never painted another picture. The seventeen pictures which he didn't paint and which I want you to steal for me were painted in Bali—studies of Balinese dancing girls. Lovely things, too, most of them are, only Jean-Paul Plassard didn't paint them."

"How can you be so sure?" asked Jim bluntly. "Other people seem to think they're genuine. The Mergenthaler Museum of Art in New York, which owns them, hires experts to authenticate pictures before buying them."

"They hired me to authenticate them, Jim, because nobody knows as much about Jean-Paul Plassard's work as I do." Van Lennep's jaw muscles bulged. "Furthermore, I did authenticate them—in good faith too—which you may have a hard time believing. It did not occur to me to doubt their authenticity. I knew, or thought I knew, Jean-Paul's brushwork. That was three years ago. I hadn't heard from Jean-Paul since 1941, shortly before the Japanese occupied Bali. I didn't know then that he was dead, so I supposed that he had broken his word to me. He wouldn't have been the first painter to double-cross me, but I'll admit to you that it was a blow. Jean-Paul and I were friends."

"All right, Van Lennep, I'm with you so far."

"Call me Piet, if you like, or Mister Van Lennep," said the dealer coldly.

"As you like, Piet, but I'd like to know just how you discovered this mistake."

"By going to Bali and making inquiries on the spot. I flew back last week. It was worrying me. I wanted the truth."

"And the truth was?"

"That Jean-Paul, cut off abruptly from the booze that kept him ticking, died in a Japanese concentration camp under an assumed name; that, as he told me in his last letter, he hadn't painted a picture in Bali; that he had taken a pupil, a young half-caste named Willems, a pupil who became as great as the master. Jean-Paul was a twisted genius who had lost all ambition himself but wanted a kind of vicarious immortality by transplanting his own skill into the young half-caste. But in doing this, he had never envisaged the other foisting his work onto the world as that of Jean-Paul Plassard."

"What you say has the ring of truth, Piet," said Jim. "It's too fantastic to be a lie. What I need to know now is why

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it's worth $20,000 to steal those pictures. Why not leave things as they are?"

"Call it vanity, or what you will," said the dealer earnestly. "My most priceless possession is my reputation as an expert and as a man of integrity ——"

Jim laughed out loud, but the look in the other's eye cut him off short.

"And I cannot afford to have it known that I authenticated fakes. If I did it honestly, I'm a fool. If I did it dishonestly, I'm a crook, and I don't know which I like the less. There is a further factor. I still own the last twenty-four canvases I bought from Jean-Paul. Until these seventeen fakes appeared, my Jean-Paul Plassards were worth almost anything I cared to ask for them. Their value, much of which was based on scarcity, has diminished."

"You have only yourself to blame for that," said Jim, looking puzzled. "You authenticated them."

"My friend," said the dealer witheringly, "it is not to be expected that such considerations would be apparent to you. I may be prepared to become the instigator and accomplice of a thief, but I have never given a dishonest opinion of a painting. Are you, or are you not, prepared to steal the pictures for $20,000?"

"I'll think about it and let you know. Let's meet here forty-eight hours hence."

"Very well. And while you are applying your corkscrew mind to the problem, take these photographs with you to the Chateau de la Condamine—I presume you will want to 'case the joint,' if that is the correct expression—and if any lingering doubts remain as to the genuineness of the paintings, these will dispel them." Rising with a curious dignity, Piet van Lennep handed the other a sheaf of color prints. "I took these photos myself two weeks ago," he said, bowing to Mabel and leaving the café.

On the following morning, when the Chateau de la Condamine was opened to the public, Mabel and Jim went there to "case the joint." The latter was more concerned with the technical aspects of burglarious entry than with the color photos, which, having observed that they were of the girl models used by the painter, he dismissed from his mind because he preferred not to clutter it with extraneous matters. Van Lennep had already convinced him that the paintings were fakes.

While Jim's attentions were on locks and barred windows, Mabel's were concentrated on the paintings, which were lovely, and the color prints, whose message had escaped him. Mabel's eyes were sharp, and her "beautiful but dumb" exterior concealed a good mind and razor-sharp perceptions. A good weeper needs brains as well as tears.

"Well, Jim," she asked when the taxi took them back into the town, "are we going to do it?"

"Where do you get that 'we' stuff?" came the quick retort. "I'm going to do it. You stick to weeping. Go and have a good cry—on someone else's shoulder."

"Very well, Jim, I'll do just that," replied Mabel, disconcerted by genuine tears which welled into her eyes. It was her Achilles' heel that she loved this jewel thief to distraction.

That same afternoon there was a cocktail party in honor of Mr. George Morrison, curator of the Mergenthaler Museum of Art, who had arranged the loan exhibition of the alleged Jean-Paul Plassard paintings. It was being held in the gallery of the Chateau de la Condamine. Mabel, as the Marchesa di Canneloni, had no trouble getting a ticket.

At seven o'clock, when the chattering throng had left the gallery and the servants were removing ash trays and empty glasses, Mr. Morrison, a tubby little man of about fifty, peered through his rimless glasses at the tragic figure of a woman who stood in front of his own favorite of the collection and wept softly. The great tears which rolled unchecked down those lovely cheeks had touched harder hearts than that of George Augustus Morrison. Deeply distressed, he overcame his natural timidity. "Forgive me, madame, for intruding on your grief," he said. "Can I be of any service to you?"

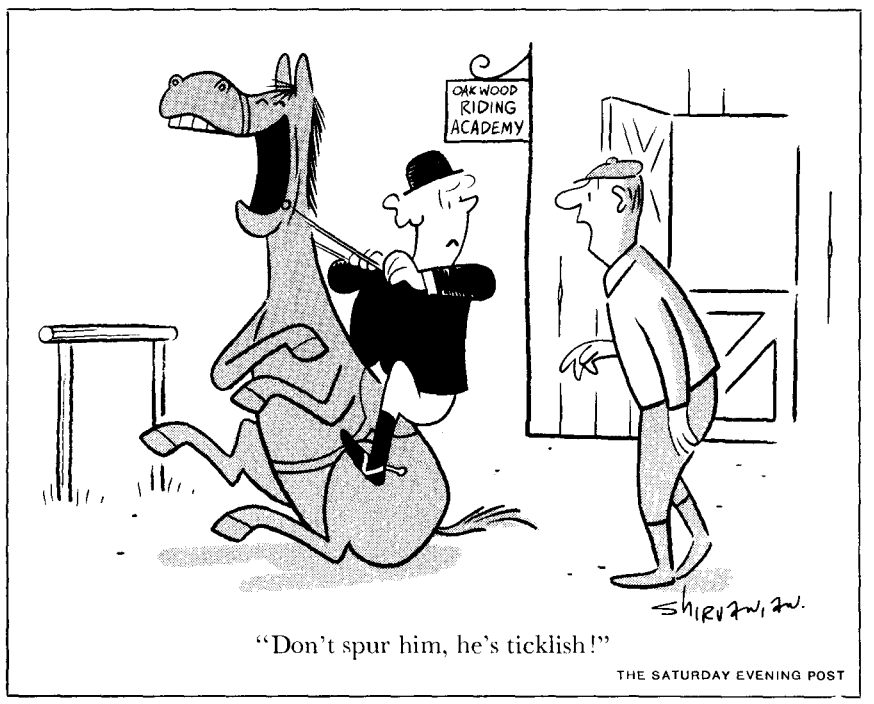
"Grief, monsieur?" she said wonderingly, turning on him her lustrous tear-filled eyes. "I weep for the sheer beauty of it, not from grief."

"I beg your pardon, madame."

"You are Mr. Morrison, are you not?" she said. "Then let me thank you from the bottom of my heart for the privilege of seeing these beautiful paintings. Good night, monsieur."

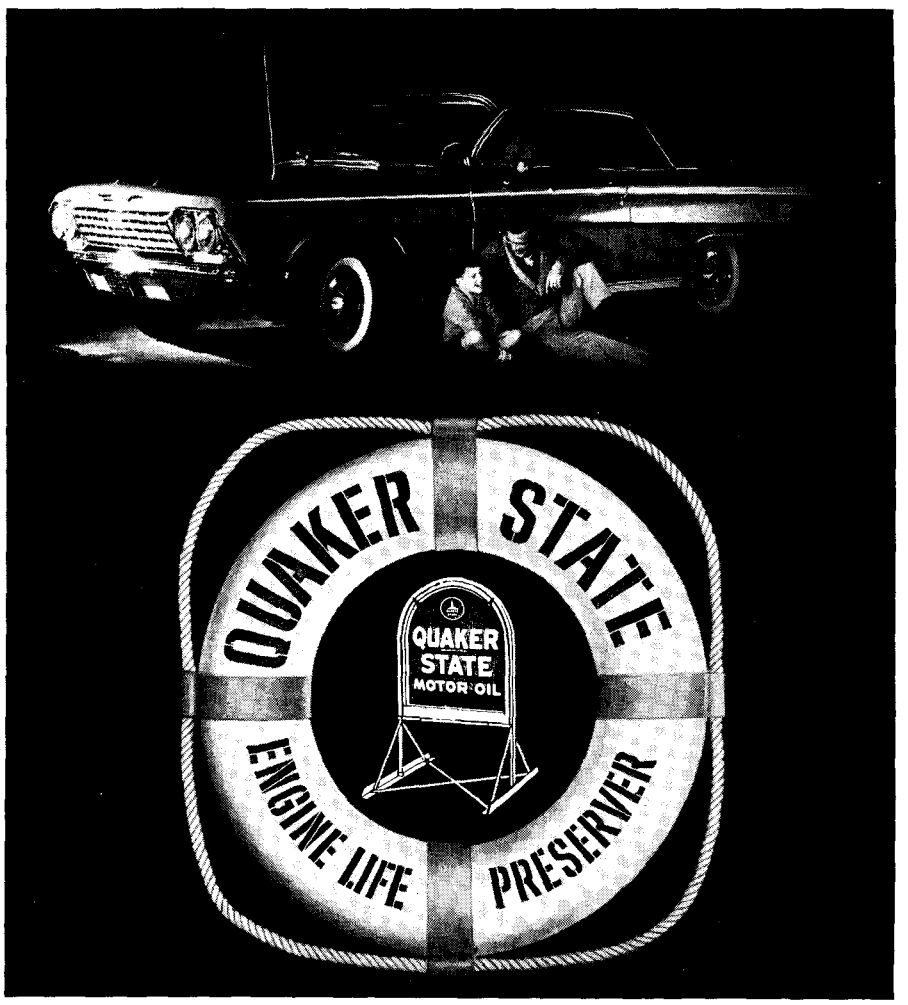
Morrison was hooked, just awaiting the gaff. But it would be painless, for Mabel was a true artist, whose victims—such was the magic quality of her tears—never knew that they were victims.

The last taxi had gone. Morrison with shy diffidence offered to take her anywhere in his hired car. Mabel accepted



"Don't spur him, he's ticklish!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Weep for a Thief

graciously and so hesitantly that he knew that never before had she accepted a lift from a strange man. "I am the Marchesa di Canneloni," she said softly.

Morrison heard himself say, "I am a lonely man, madame. I beg you not to be offended if I ask you to take pity on me and dine with me this evening."

He watched anxiously as the haughty anger faded from her lovely face. "Very well, monsieur," she said after seconds which seemed like minutes to him, "it will enable me to discharge a small part of my debt of gratitude to you."

For three hours that evening Mabel listened while Morrison talked on that most fascinating of all subjects, himself. By nature he was neither egocentric nor garrulous, but he was a man, and he had for his audience a woman who was young, lovely, gracious and seemingly entranced by what he told her, proving herself to be highly intelligent.

There followed for Morrison a delirious week. His conduct throughout was gallant and correct, bordering on reverence. He canceled two flights back to New York, where his presence was urgently needed, for he was unable to drag himself away from those great golden eyes, so tragic and wonderfully appealing.

On the morning of the ninth day since meeting Morrison, Mabel's phone rang. It was Jim. "I need an alibi tonight," he said, "from midnight until two. O.K.?"

This was the night then; all that Mabel had been waiting for. "How about the watchman, Jim? Do be careful."

"I'm always careful. He's taken care of. When he's had his dinner, he'll sleep for twelve hours. I was with you, playing gin rummy. O.K.?"

"O.K., Jim! I'll show you who's a dumb weeper," she added viciously after hanging up.

Then Mabel put in a call to Morrison at his hotel. "George," she said in a dull voice, "I have a worrisome day ahead of me. I can't see you until the evening. Would you mind very much if we had something simple here at my little villa?"

George did not mind. Indeed it was more than he had dared to hope for in his wildest dreams, some of which had been very wild. At 6:30 he arrived at the villa to find Mabel looking like every man's dream of lovely domesticity—in an apparently artless cotton dress protected by a crisp nylon apron. She was hashing parsley for an omelet.

On his third glass of champagne George noted with alarm that she seemed sad and worried. She was silent as they ate the omelet, followed by a peach Melba. The coffee was ambrosial; the brandy, older than George. After the second of these he was ready to slay dragons or tilt at windmills; but he was not drunk. "Something is worrying you, my dear," he said. "I do not wish to intrude, but if I can help ——"

"It is you who need help, George, but I feel so trapped and helpless. I have been dreading this evening," she said brokenly, "but you are entitled to know the truth, however horrible."

It was George's turn to listen now. Mabel, it seemed, had become infatuated with a blackguard a year previously. In some vague, unspecified manner, she was in the man's power. Being a marchesa and moving in exalted circles, despite her poverty, she was vulnerable to scandal. The brute threatened to ruin her if she would not become his accomplice.

"Accomplice to what?" asked George.

"To a plot to blackmail you, George. No, hear me out, my dear. Supposing, George, this man could prove that the seventeen Jean-Paul Plassard paintings were forgeries, how would it affect you?"

"Assuming for purposes of this discussion that such an absurdity were true, my dear, I should be ruined. Worse, I should become a laughingstock. It would be the end. But why do you ask?"

"Because, my very dear George," she replied, releasing two decorative tears, "the sad truth is that they *are* forgeries. I can prove it to you."

"Prove it? How?" George's voice took on the shrillness of anxiety.

Mabel drove him to the gallery, where with a bottle of doctored wine under his belt the watchman snored peacefully. To say that Morrison was as clay in the hands of a potter was figuratively and literally true—Mabel Potter.

"George," she said briskly, "here is your proof that the paintings are forgeries. Study them carefully." She handed him the sheaf of color photos which Piet Van Lennep had taken.

After ten minutes of careful comparison between the painter's original models and the photos, Morrison said, "The photos are of the girls used as models. What of it?"

"Look at the dates on the paintings, George. When were they done?"

"Between 1933 and 1938. I knew that already, naturally ——"

"In other words, between twenty-two and twenty-seven years ago, George.

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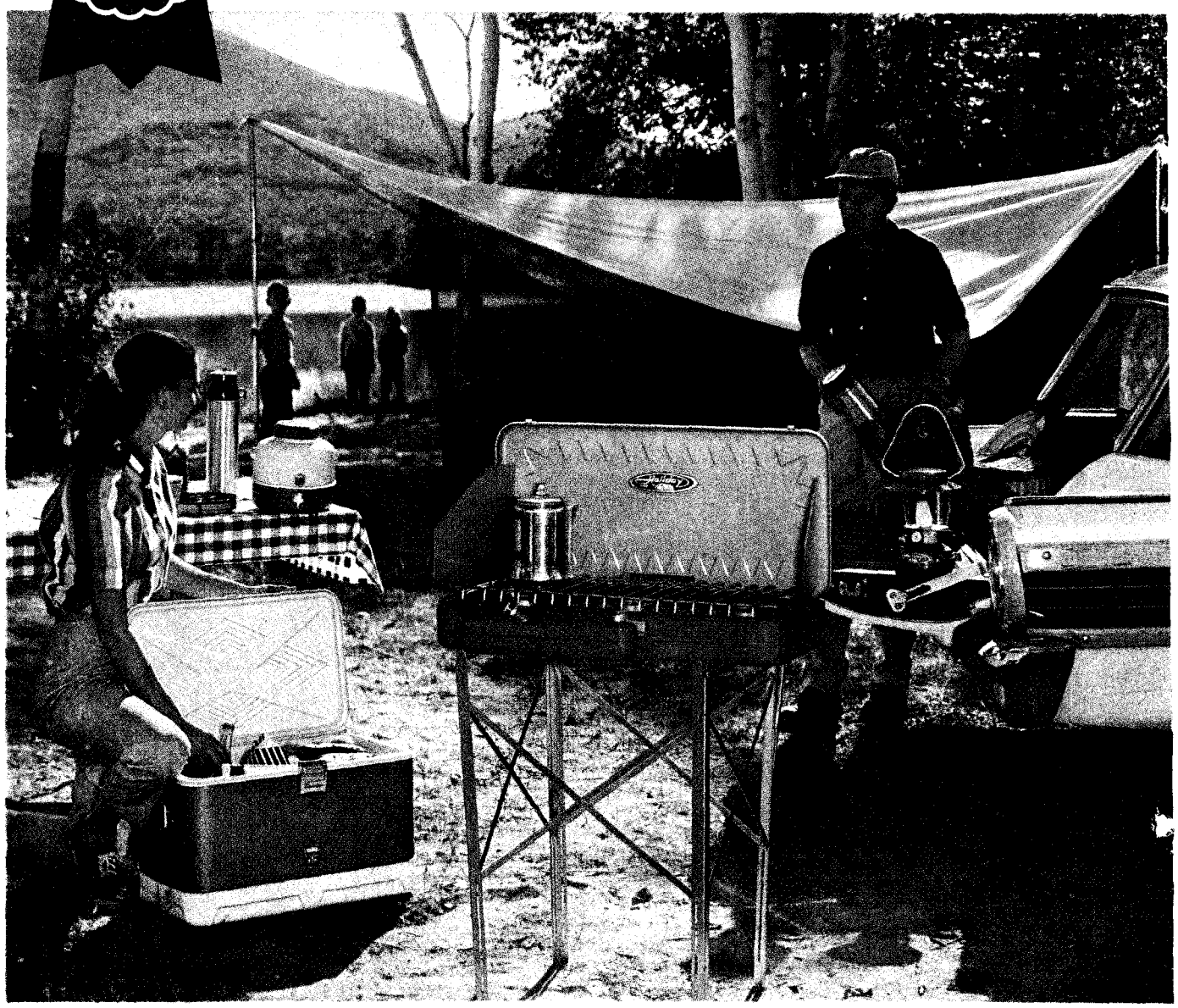

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Right? Now tell me how old you would say the girls are—just approximately."

"The girls are in their early teens, my dear. They mature young in hot places like Bali, but what has ——"

"Dear, dear George," said Mabel, her eyes limpid pools of sympathy, "I wish I could spare you this, but I can't. The color process used for those prints in your hand wasn't even invented in the 1930's. The photos were taken just over two weeks ago. Add an average of twenty-five years to the ages of those models and ask yourself whether they would still look as they do."

"They would be in their forties now," said George in a dazed voice. "They'd be sagging in all the wrong places—old women. But these"—he fanned the photos—"are still girls."

Hope drained out of his eyes. Then without conviction he said, "Jean-Paul Plassard might have painted these three years ago, my dear, and, for reasons which are not apparent to us, dated them between 1933 and 1938."

"George," said Mabel in the kind of tone a sympathetic hangman might use to dash all hope, "Jean-Paul Plassard died in 1942."

George Morrison digested these thoughts in bitter silence. "Well, my dear," he said at length, "that is the end of my career. There can be no doubt that the paintings are forgeries. But I will not pay a cent of blackmail."

"I'm proud—yes, proud—to hear you say that, George, but don't give up the fight. It isn't the end of your career. You and I have a wonderful future ahead of us. You are not ruined ——"

George had forgotten his career. He could not see beyond this wonderful woman smiling at him shyly with tear-filled eyes. Her subtle perfume was in his nostrils, promising unutterable things. "No, George, not now," she said, eluding him. "This is the time for action, not love. Forget me and think of your career. You can have both if you do as I say."

"For you, my love, I would dare anything."

"I hoped that, George. Tonight—now—all these paintings must disappear. Then you will be safe, but only then. Nobody can prove that nonexistent paintings are forgeries. I myself will burn them."

The light of hope returned to his eyes as he removed the paintings from their frames. When these were safely in the trunk of her car, Mabel drove down into Cannes. "And now, George, good-by!" she said outside his hotel.

"When shall I see you again?"

"Go back to New York at once. Fly to Paris tonight. I will join you there when it is safe."

"Yes," he agreed reluctantly, "I see that I must do that. I will see my lawyers and start divorce proceedings at once."

"Oh, George!" she said in sad reproach. "How could you make me love you without telling me you were married? I cannot break up your home."

As tears started from her glorious eyes, Mabel let in the clutch.

The excitement over the theft of the Jean-Paul Plassard paintings had died away when Mabel found Jim at the *Chien Perdu*. Piet Van Lennep was there too. "You say you burned those pictures," the latter was saying. "I say that you're a liar. You wouldn't burn them until you had my $20,000 in your pocket. You think you're a smart crook, fixing things to make me pay twice, eh?"

"Piet, I swear ——" Then Jim saw Mabel. "Go away," he said brusquely. "This is business and you wouldn't understand ——"

"Mr. Van Lennep," said Mabel briskly, slipping into a vacant chair, "you are quite right. Jim didn't burn them; he thought I did. I have them safely."

"Then I'll deal with you," said Van Lennep. "It's all one to me."

Jim seemed deflated.

Mabel's eyes were hard and bright—no tears now. "Those paintings were insured for $500,000, Van Lennep," she said icily. "The insurance underwriters have offered me $125,000 for them, no questions asked. What are they worth to you?"

Jim glanced at this new Mabel, the one he had never seen before.

"I'm licked," said the dealer. "I need until tomorrow to get the money."

"The price is $125,001," said Mabel.

Van Lennep nodded. "It's a deal," he said, walking out of the café.

"How did you do it?" asked the bewildered jewel thief.

"Like you said, Jim, I'm only a dumb weeper. I found a shoulder and I wept on it. That's all I'm good for—and now, Jim, how about that partnership?"

"Mabel, you're wonderful," said Jim. "We're partners, only from now on you're the senior partner. How did you do it?"

"Like you told me, Jim, I'm just a dumb weeper," she said as the hardness left her eyes. "The trick is to find the right shoulder to weep on, and now"—she snuggled closer—"I've found it, you conceited heel!"

THE END

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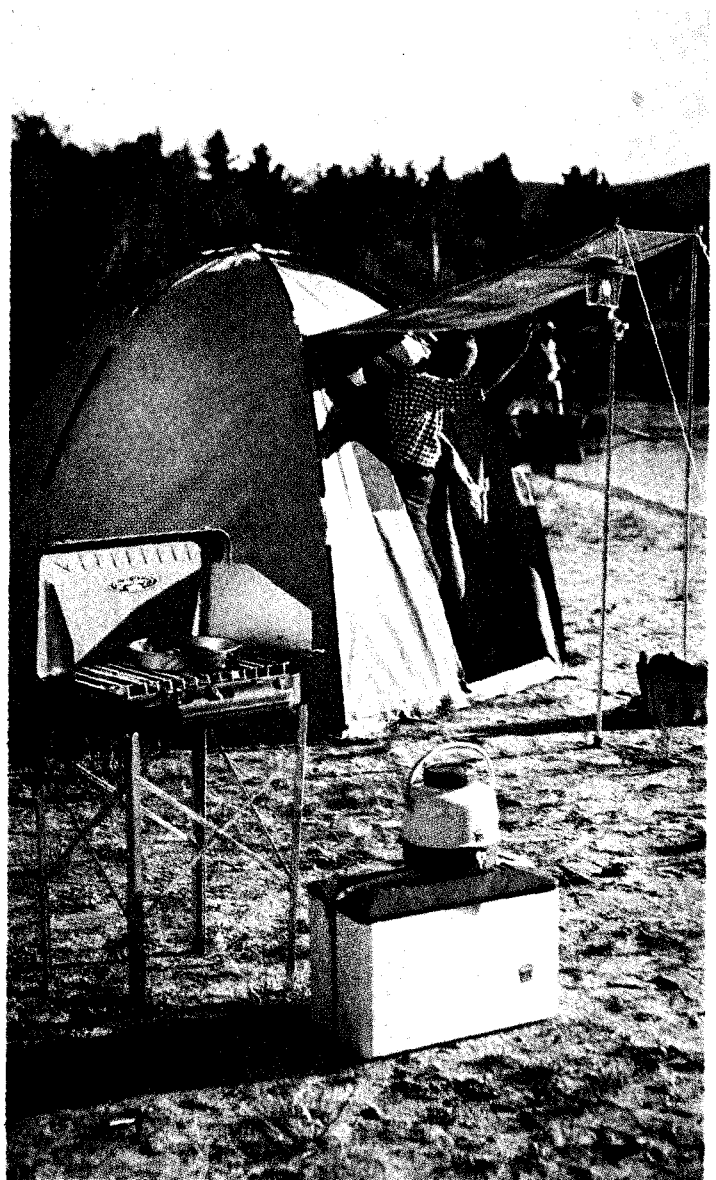

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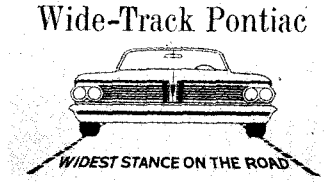

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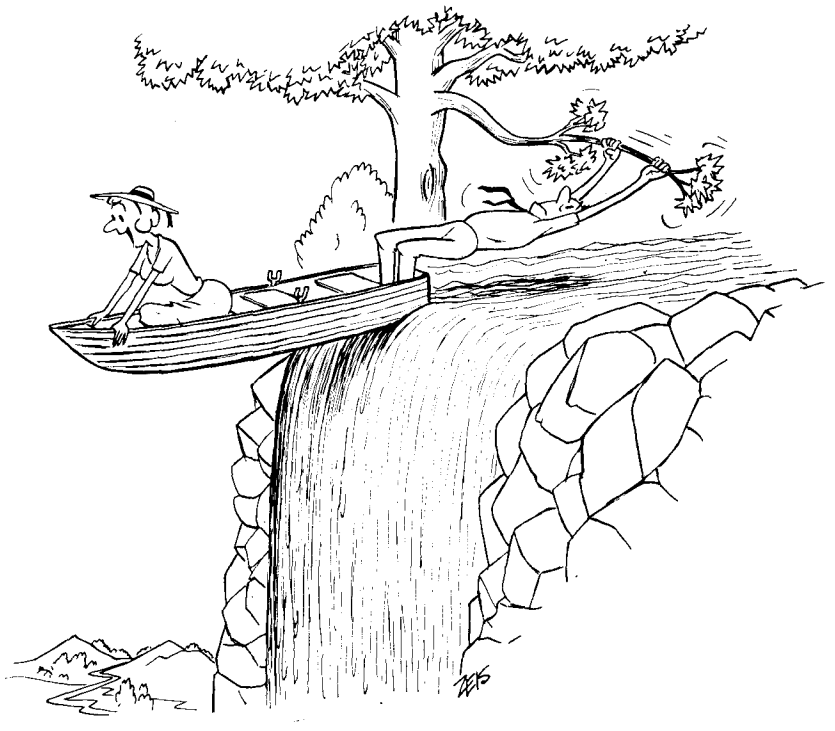
post scripts

"I suppose the least we can do is order something."

"That was the mating call of an African lion. And now for some train whistles!"



"Darling—come up here and enjoy this perfectly marvelous view!"

MOTHERS WILL ALWAYS BE MOTHERS, I SUPPOSE

"I realize that, son, but I'd feel a lot better about it if, when you go over to the arena to wrestle Strangler Gurko, you'd wear your scarf and galoshes."

"And this is my youngest—my baby—John, who's serving his fourth term in the United States Senate."

"And don't forget, son, to try to keep your feet dry. But if they do get wet, be sure to change your shoes and socks. And if you get the sniffles or anything, don't forget that jar of chest rub. And one other thing: as you're climbing Mt. Everest, be sure to ——"

"I'll never forget the morning Little Cinnamon Bun here was born. I was rushed to the hospital two days before Thanksgiving, 1911, and the ——"

"I—I—can't help—crying. My—my little boy being made a three-star general!"

"Son, would there be any way you could phone me from inside the rocket before blast-off, just to let me know if you're comfortable and all, and if you're ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

go this way

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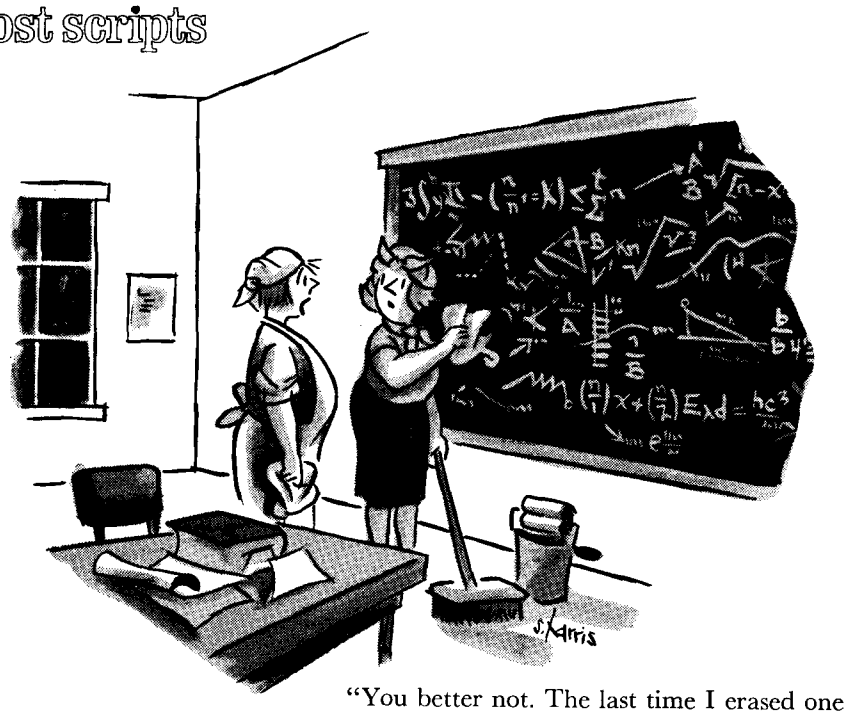


"You better not. The last time I erased one of them, we fell six weeks behind Russia."

DRIP-TRIED

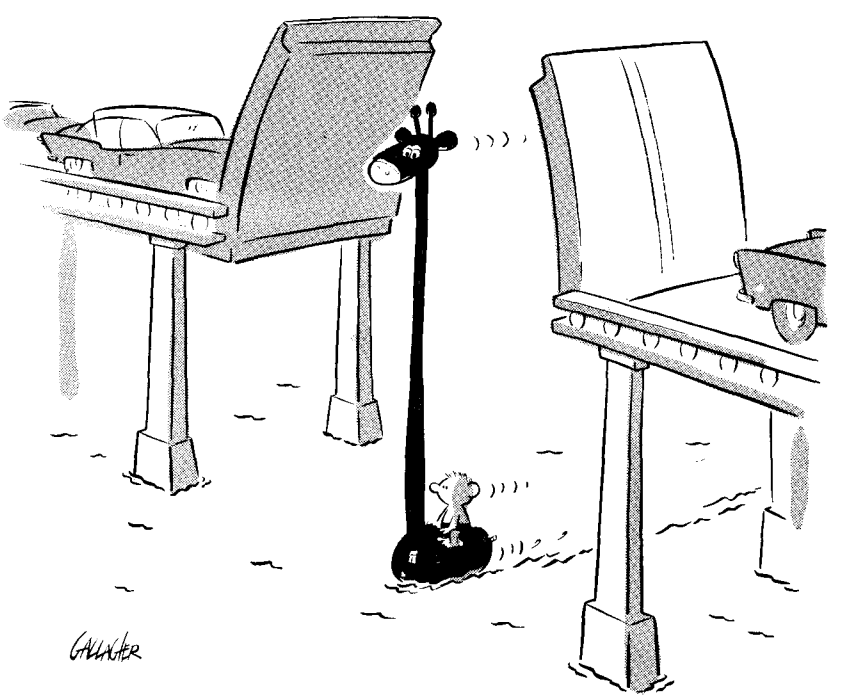
Drippity-SLAP! Drippity-SLAP!
Goes the tap.
He'll have to fix it; he gets his tools.
He turns off the main and chuckles at fools
Who fumble these little household tricks.
He tries one wrench, then five or six.
He uses muscles and Anglo-Saxon
And most of an hour without relaxin'.
He loses a washer down the drain,
But at last he's finished. He turns on the main,
Remarking a job like this is a snap.
And drippity-SLAP! Drippity-SLAP!
Goes the tap!

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

"Oh, dear, you're the one that becomes enraged after the fifth pair, aren't you?"

"When I told you to tape her, Snerdly, I meant her voice!"

"Flight 202 wants permission to circle the area till their feature film is over."



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ROUGH DAY

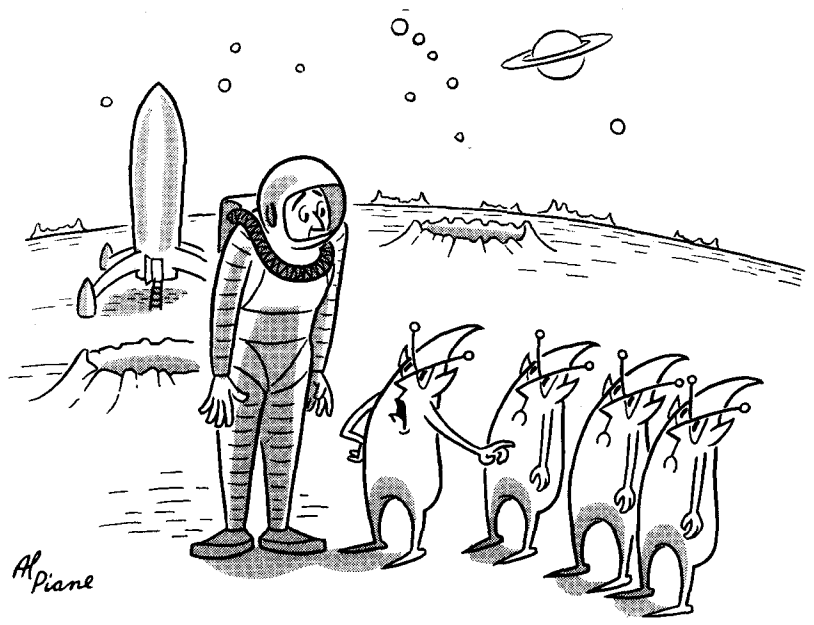
"Been busy today, honey?"

"*Busy?* Wait till I tell you! First, I cleaned the kitchen (*loaded the dishwasher*) and straightened up the living room (*emptied the ashtrays*). Then I made all the beds (*both of them*) and did some mending (*sewed on one button before package-delivery man rang doorbell*) and some ironing (*pressed new dress*). Then I cleaned out my closet (*took everything out of closet. Two hours later, after trying on eleven different combinations of accessories with new dress, decided to buy new hat, shoes, handbag, gloves and belt. Put everything back in closet*). By then, it was time to fix lunch (*leftover chicken wing*), and after I ate I was so tired I lay down for a few minutes (*one hundred and ten*). But the phone rang, and I had to talk to Lois (*for forty-five minutes*). After that I wrote some letters ('*Dear Nancy: You wanted the Websters' address. It's 483 Elm. Hastily, Kay*') and rearranged the desk drawers (*came across bundle of old letters in upper left-hand drawer. Finished reading them in just under two hours and put them back in lower right-hand drawer*). I made a quick change out of my pedal pushers (*spent an hour in the tub*), and before I knew it, honey, here you were home!"

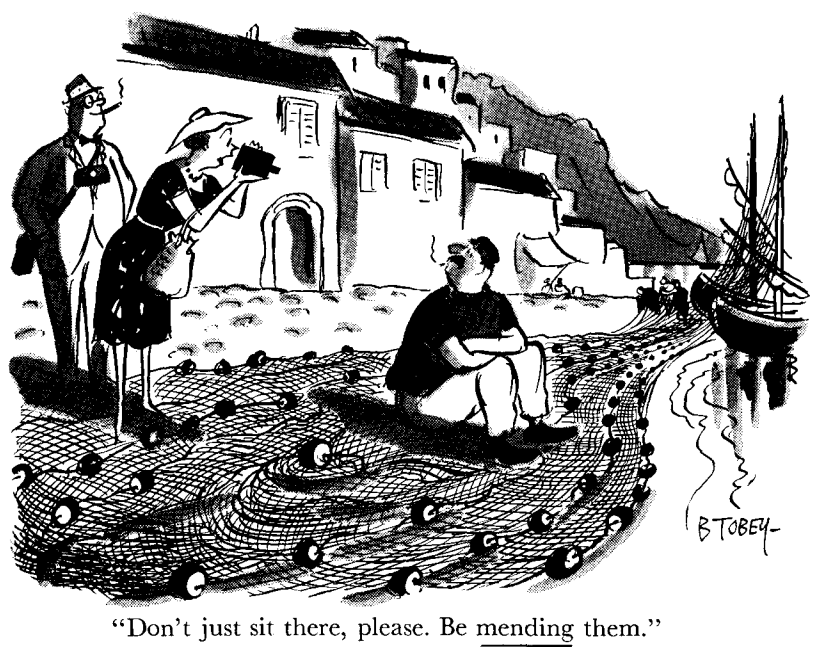
"Well, Kay, you must be tired. I'll take you out to dinner."

"Darling! I was *hoping* you'd say that!"

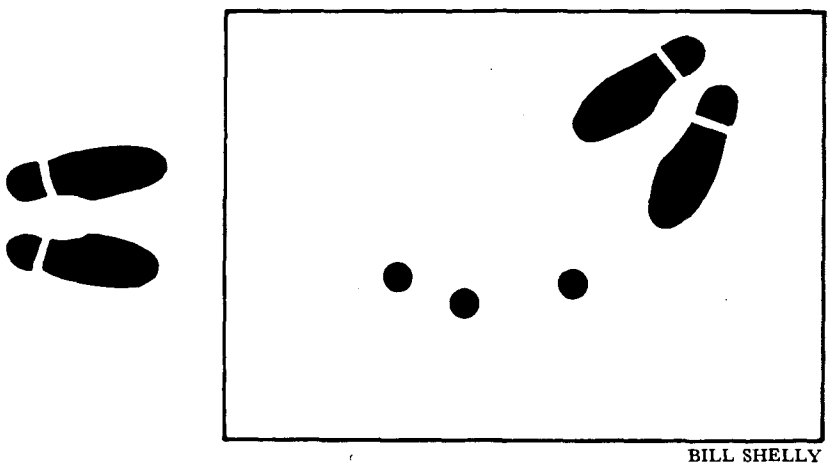
KAY NELSON



"Watch your language. They're girls."



"Don't just sit there, please. Be mending them."



BILL SHELLY

"This your first time at billiards, Finch?"

the end

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Night To Survive

BY WILL F. JENKINS

Unless help came, he would be killed.

An order went out for a squadron of jet fighters to shift its base from Kini to Tupuro, neither island being famed for anything. Both were peacetime airbases in the Pacific. At about the same time a trader on one of the Bismarcks died a natural death—rather surprisingly—and left only a brown-and-white dog to mourn him. Presently a fatigue crack, caused by vibration, developed in a certain metal pipe. The wives and children of fighter pilots arrived at Tupuro by sea. They settled down in assigned quarters to wait for their men. Finally, a minor cyclonic disturbance formed itself in latitude 2° 24′ S. and longitude 148° 30′ E. These things happened. It may be that they occurred by purest random chance. But other things, consequences of these events, happened by necessity.

For example: At 30,000 feet and in reasonable comfort, breathing oxygen through a demand-valve supply and properly attired for high-level flying, Thornton thought about his wife. He liked to think about her, and he was No. 2 man in the formation of jets changing base to Tupuro, and he'd no need just now to think of anything less personal. The jet formation had been air-borne for two hours, had crossed some of the Solomons and most of the Bismarcks. Presently it would pass over a corner of the Carolines, and later there'd be a long, long concrete runway with waving palms visible at the field's edge, and there would be Thornton's small daughter to hug him enthusiastically and his wife to greet him with more restraint but probably deeper affection. It was pleasant to anticipate this behind the goggles of one's oxygen mask. Thornton flew on, thinking pleasurably, with all the universe seeming to be composed solely of blue sky and curiously mottled sea, with stationary white clouds here and there.

Another example: A brown-and-white dog lay tensely on watch in the brushwood just outside a Bismarck Archipelago village. The houses were built on poles half a tree's height above the ground. There were native dogs in the village, but the watching dog ignored them. He was a white man's dog, though lean to starvation and with a half-healed spear wound on one flank. The wound and his hunger came from the fact that his master was dead, and there was no room for such as he was in the local society. The dogs of this village were not companions to men. They were scavengers; they were not men's friends. On occasion they were food. So the brown-and-white dog was outlawed and hunted for his deviation from the currishness that was expected of dogs in the Bismarcks.

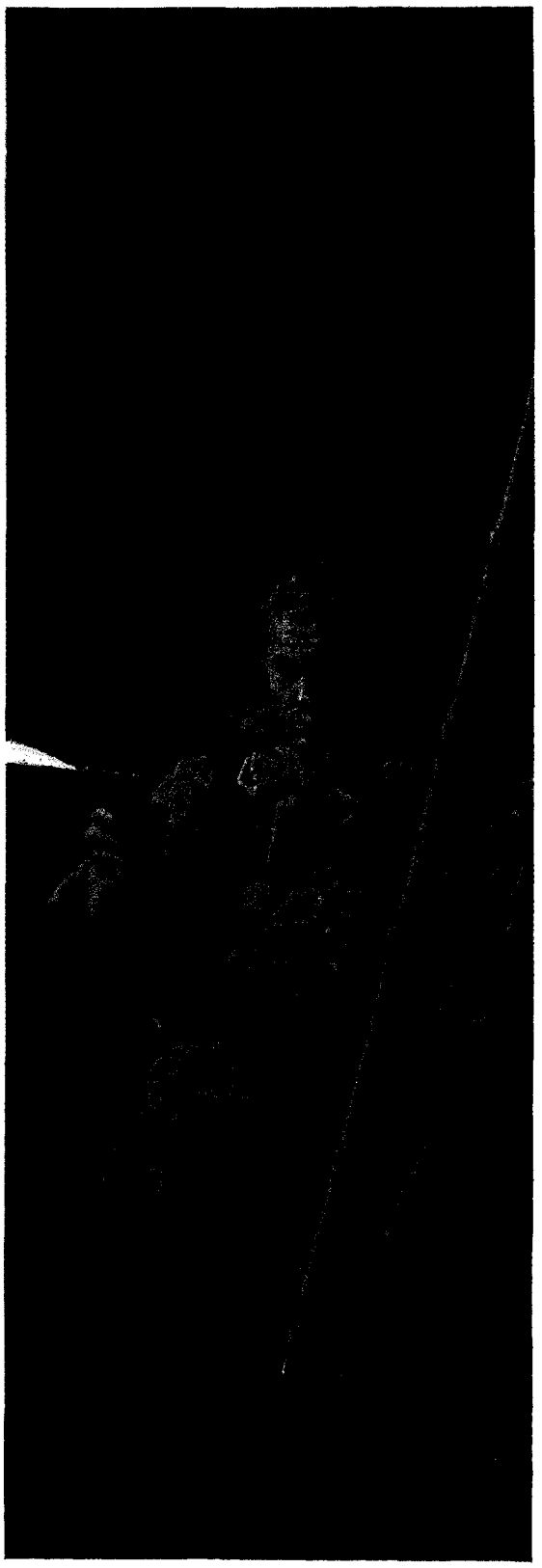
Now he waited tensely for a thing to happen. It did. A frizzy-haired, nearly naked, brown woman dumped offal on the ground. It was mostly fish entrails and the like. Instantly the village curs formed a snarling, gobbling swarm upon and about it.

The brown-and-white dog trotted into the village. Yards from the yapping creatures he growled at them with the mingling of contempt and desperation that had developed since his master's death. The village dogs yelped and fled to form a screaming, falsetto ring about him. Now and again one tried to dash and snap at him. None quite achieved it. The brown-and-white dog ignored them. He wolfed down the food put out for all of them. They screamed and yelped more loudly still.

Stirrings: A man in a tree house threw a spear. The brown-and-white dog dodged it expertly. He wolfed food for one more second and then plunged for the surrounding jungle. He was followed by the hysterically screaming pack he'd disgraced. An arrow barely missed him. He dodged past it, and a second spear passed between his fore and hind legs, almost tripping him. Then he vanished into the underbrush. The village dogs did not dare follow him. . . .

The minor cyclonic disturbance of this same date began as an almost tentative response to purely local conditions. Presently it was kicking up a not-impressive sea, and a little later it felt the influence of a barometric low off to one side and became more ambitious. In another hour it began to move northward. It acquired a conviction of its own importance. By nightfall it would become a nasty bit of weather crossing the jet planes' track in a truculent mood, as if daring them to come back and see what they'd get. In forty hours or so, however, it would run into a much more potent weather system to northward and end as a sodden tropic rainstorm on wholly empty sea.

But the fatigue crack in the metal pipe —— That was in the fuel line to Thornton's port engine. It was under pressure and it vibrated. It shouldn't have, but it did. And at 30,000 feet, with Bougainville and Rabaul left far behind and most of the Bismarcks passed, suddenly it split. Pressure-driven jet fuel sprayed wildly. Instantly the engine caught fire. When Thornton reacted automatically, the extinguisher jammed. Still-spurting fluid spread inside the wing, atomized by the force behind it and in intimate contact with the flames of the engine. It ignited. A fuel tank blew, which should have been impossible. There was a monstrous flare of flame, in which it seemed



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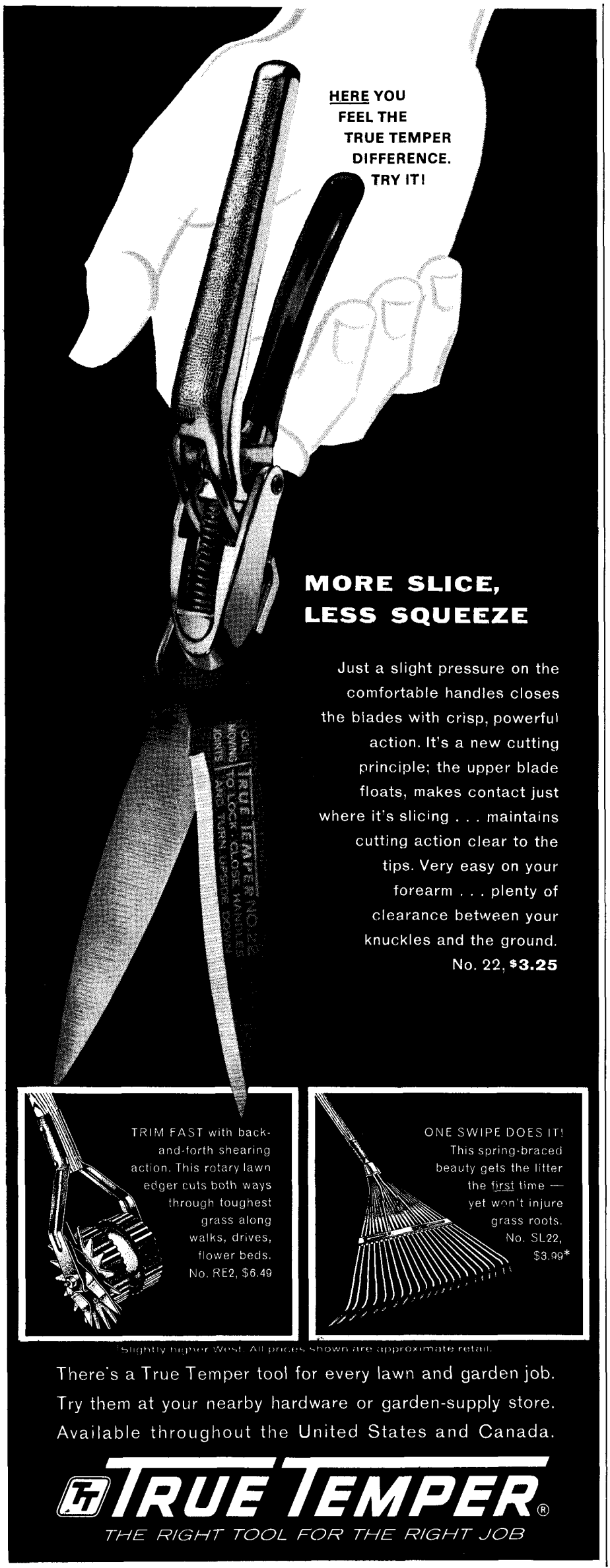
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Night to Survive

that the whole jet must disintegrate. It didn't. It flew gallantly out of a mass of black smoke and yellow fire, but it was through. Finished. Voices babbled in Thornton's helmet headphones. He was trying this and trying that and nothing responded. He said irritably, "Everything's gone to hell. I'm getting out."

Flame spouted madly once more. He painstakingly jerked his helmet cables clear. He switched his oxygen to the survival kit that should go out with him. He yanked at the ejection lever.

Something hit him violently. It tried to snap his head loose and, failing in that enterprise, grabbed his arm and deftly wrung it off. It felt like that, anyhow. Then his helmet almost left his flying suit and settled back, covering one eye. Then, a few seconds later, there was a man-killing jerk, which could only be his parachute and ought to have been reassuring. But there were reasons for feeling something less than complacency.

He found, to be sure, that he dangled beneath a properly opened blossom of white nylon. He saw his plane dive off toward nowhere, with a trail of black smoke behind it. One of the other jets dived past him within hundreds of feet to find out if he was still alive. He moved an arm halfheartedly to say that he was, for what good the information would do. But already his estimate of the situation was little short of morbid.

He dangled midway between the blue sky which was one half of the universe, and the mottled, cloud-dotted sea which was the other. He might land in the ocean. He might get his rubber raft inflated. He might even get into it. But there was bad weather coming. He might land on one of the islands just below. He could also land in impenetrable jungle; the inhabitants of this area were officially termed "untrustworthy," and his prospects would be dim. His only possible hope for assistance was from Tupuro, which was 900 miles away.

Actually, Tupuro was already informed and in action. Before Thornton was down to the level of the separate cumulus clouds, clumsy search-and-rescue planes were already beginning to roll out of their hangars and bellowing as they prepared to take off to his aid. But they were 900 miles downwind. Being slow prop planes, it was not conceivable that they could reach this spot before nightfall. Radio calls went out as he continued to descend. They found a flattop which could travel at top speed and arrive somewhere in this area an hour before daybreak. That was the best it could do. They found a destroyer which could turn and under forced draft get there at dawn, but not before. A plodding tanker was nearer still, and it might turn up with the new day, but no earlier. These ships changed course; they came to try to help. In a surprisingly short time the search-and-rescue planes rolled down their runways and rose heavily from them.

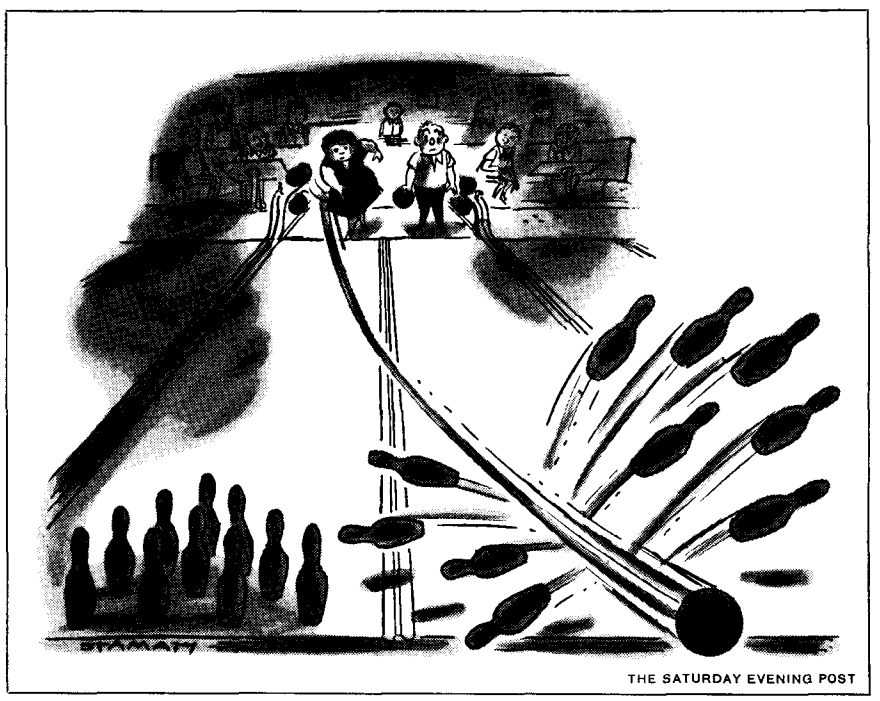
And Thornton went down and down. Soon he went through clammy white obscurity and found that he was above solid ground, but being carried by the wind so that he would pass over the island and would land in the sea beyond it.

The other jets flew anxiously about him as he descended. He spilled air from his chute with his one good arm. There were mountains on this island, and there was impenetrable jungle, and there was a house which had belonged to a white trader now dead and mourned only by a brown-and-white dog. Neither Thornton nor any of the other pilots saw it, nor the three or four native villages inhabited by uncivilized persons whom the briefing sheets called "untrustworthy." But there was a small bay downwind and a patch of coral sand, plainly to be seen.

If Thornton could reach that beach he would not have to try to ride out a night's bad weather in a survival-kit rubber raft. He would be less likely to have trouble with uncharitable local inhabitants. It would be a perfect place from which to be picked up. It was where he should land if possible, but it wasn't possible.

He almost made it, though. Spilling air recklessly and, with his ground speed increasing appallingly as the jungle trees drew near, he simply cut it too fine. His line of motion was excellent, but the topmost branches of a big casuarina tree intercepted him. He crashed into them; sank lower beyond them; banged into other trees still, and ultimately got to ground in the thickest possible jungle 300 yards from the beach. And in his descent he acquired a broken ankle.

With one good arm and one really usable leg, it took him two hours to crawl and butt and squirm his way to the coral beach. He doggedly dragged his survival kit behind him. At first he heard the jets still booming solicitously overhead, hop-



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ing to get some assurance that he'd survived his landing. But their fuel was limited and they had a long way to go. They could stay only so long. When at last Thornton saw blue sky and white sand and the waters of the bay before him, there were only faint and distant drummings in the air. The jets had had to leave while they still had fuel for Tupuro.

It was then four o'clock in the afternoon, local time. The inhabitants of the island would have been roused by the jets circling Thornton's chute. They'd be sophisticated about planes and men who came down from them in parachutes. There'd be no welcome-strange-white-god business here! These savages were practical men, and Thornton represented wealth. They'd probably find him well before sundown.

So he crawled out onto the beach until he was well away from the jungle's edge. He checked over the kit he'd so painfully retained. There were emergency rations and a small pistol and ammunition. There were bandages and antiseptic, and a rubber raft, and flares and such oddments—mostly useless. But he did do what a practically one-armed man could do for his own broken ankle. It was not much. He got the pistol handy.

He was in the act of scooping out a hollow in the sand when he saw the dog. He came trotting down the beach with the remnants of that self-important air a white man's dog always seems to wear. He was big, and brown-and-white, and thin to emaciation. There was a half-healed spear wound in his flank.

Thornton stirred and the dog halted. His hackles rose. He moved sidewise in order to get downwind from Thornton to get his scent. He wore a collar. Thornton said, "Hello, pup!"

The dog backed away, not turning tail, but deeply and terribly suspicious.

"Come and make friends," said Thornton. The dog had plainly been a white man's dog, but it was half starved. Thornton could foresee an extremely unpleasant time ahead of him. His wife was on Tupuro. He did not want to think of how she'd feel when she learned of his situation. He said again, "Come make friends, boy!"

The dog seemed to quiver. He backed away again. Then he turned and trotted to the jungle, watching Thornton the while. It occurred to Thornton that he'd stayed just out of spear-throwing distance. He'd been cautious.

Thornton returned to the scooping out of a hollow in the sand. He tried to think about the dog to keep from thinking about his wife. He failed. But he could think about his little daughter, Elsie. She wouldn't worry much. She was too young to know such fear as his wife would be feeling now. He dug industriously. His ankle hurt a great deal. His wrenched arm was painful.

There was a stirring at the jungle floor not far away. He saw the dog's muzzle between brush branches as it sniffed vainly for the man's scent. Thornton said conversationally, "The wind's wrong, pup. You can't smell me upwind!"

The dog's muzzle vanished. It reappeared at another place. No dog truly trusts his eyesight, as no man is willing to depend on his nose. This dog could not accept Thornton as different from the local citizenry by his appearance alone. He needed in his nostrils that compounded odor of tobacco and linen and soap and leather which means that a man can be a dog's master and friend.

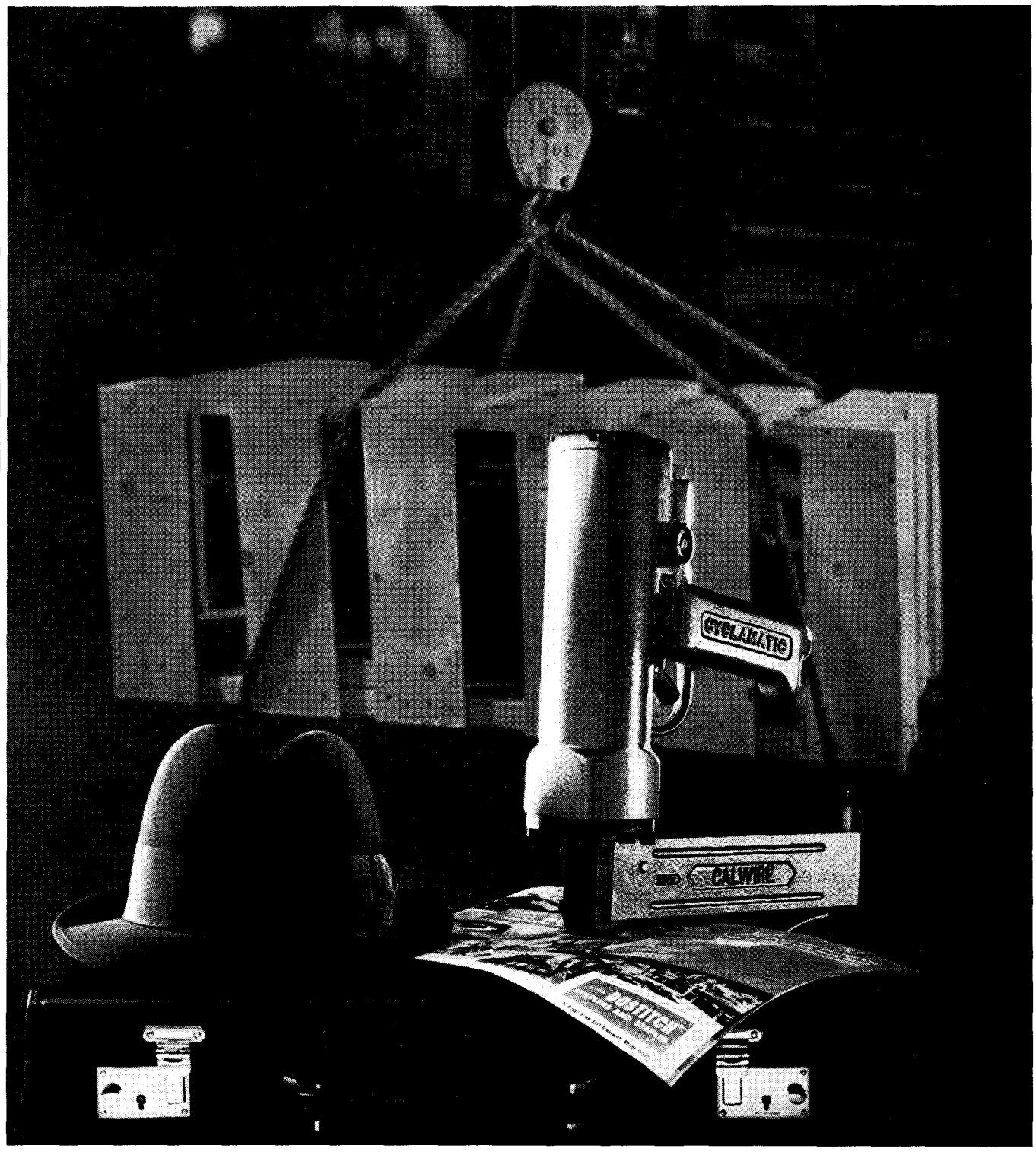
Thornton continued to scoop out sand. It was by no means certain that it would do any good. Night is night and darkness is darkness, and the warriors of this island would have adequate traditions about the use of both in dealing with single strangers. The dog actually suggested ominous possibilities.

"It would be interesting," said Thornton in the same conversational tone, "to know how you came to be lost and half starved. You wouldn't be left by a boat. You could have belonged to a white man, if one lived here. Possible."

Thoughts of his wife returned. He was in a very tight place. Everything might work out all right, or everything could work out all wrong. But he and his wife and small Elsie—that had been entirely right and fitting and satisfying. Thornton clamped his jaws together. His situation was only partly his own. It was a danger to all three of them, to what the three of them together meant. And it was not as an individual but as the head of his own private family that he knew a grimness and a resolution beyond expression.

His ankle hurt very much. His wrenched arm felt no better. He began to extend the mound of sand, not parallel to the jungle, as before, but as a wing which might be some protection from—say—observation from one side.

"You couldn't have been on your own too long," he told the dog presently. He could endure his hurts, but not thoughts of his wife just now. "You know that I'm something you should recognize. You're curious. You wouldn't be curious about a native of this place. You'd know about



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him! But you don't know me and you want to find out. What happened to your master, boy?"

The dog whined softly. Thornton stopped the construction of a mound to his left and began to pile up a mound to the right. From time to time he examined the wall of jungle and the white line of beach. There were clouds at the horizon. The wind changed direction. The sound of surf became louder.

"I am beginning to wonder," said Thornton detachedly a good while later. "There are local citizens. That injury you've got is proof of it. They know I've landed, but they haven't shown themselves. Why? I won't believe they're bashful. Will they try surprise after dark?"

The dog whined again. The sun was low now. The clouds were much more dense. The sound of surf on what was now the island's windward shore was very much louder. The wind had changed a good deal. The dog whined still again.

"What's up? —— Oh? The wind changed and you can scent me? Come along out, boy. Come over here and we'll see what's what. Come along!"

He coaxed. It kept his mind busy. A part of that mind demanded angrily what was the sense of coaxing a dog to friendship, when night was falling, and highly undependable tribesmen were definitely not showing themselves—which was as ominous a sign as if they had. But anything was better than thinking about what he'd lose besides his own life if things went very wrong here. His wife . . . and Elsie.

The dog took a step out of the jungle. He was tense in every muscle. His eyes were luminous and imploring. He whined desperately and took a step forward, and almost ran away, and whined again. It is the nature of honorable dogs that they want to be the servants of men. This dog had lost that high estate. He needed to attain it again, but he was afraid.

Finally the dog crawled toward Thornton, with many pauses and often on the verge of flight. More and more hesitantly, his ears flattened and his belly almost to the ground, the dog moved closer. He whined. Thornton put out his hand where the dog could sniff at it. He held it perfectly still. After an age-long stillness, the dog licked it.

Thornton laughed. He scratched the dog in appropriate places. The dog moaned. Suddenly he dashed madly in small circles, making foolish noises. He came back to the man and buried his head between his arm and body. He made heart-rending sounds, which were little cries of joy.

The sun sank lower and lower, and clouds covered a greater proportion of the sky, and the surf was louder still. Thornton looked more sharply at the jungle's edge now. He broke out his emergency rations and shared them with the dog. The dog ate hungrily, but he had been raised well. With delicate care he took what was offered him and gulped it instantly, his tail wagging. Once he crawled roughly over Thornton's body and thrust his head over the mound he had made. He bristled. He rumbled ferociously. Thornton saw nothing, but he made sure his pistol was handy.

Quite a long time later—the sun had not quite set, but clouds hid it—a man appeared upon the beach. He stepped out of the jungle a long way off—well out of accurate pistol range. He was a nightmare clad in canvas pants. He had frizzy hair, lime-bleached to crimson. An ornament of pearl-shell dangled from a hole in the septum of his nose. His ears were pierced and stretched, and decorated with such oddments as flying-fox claws and empty brass cartridge cases. But he wore canvas trousers, not yet tattered. He carried two slender, barbed, throwing spears in his hand.

He gazed elaborately out to sea. There was the beginning of haze upon the water now. With conspicuous obliviousness to Thornton, he gazed up the beach away from him. Then he turned and started violently in palpably false astonishment at the sight of a white man sitting in a scooped-out hole in the beach, with a large dog growling throatily beside him. He came gaily toward Thornton, pantomiming amazement and joy and the warmest possible affection.

"Hold it!" said Thornton when he was thirty yards away. He showed his pistol while the dog growled. The savage stopped short. "Anybody talk English around here?" Thornton demanded. Then, feeling foolish, he attempted *bêche-de-mer*. "Any one-fella boy talk 'm b'long along white man?"

The savage, wreathed in smiles, replied at length—unintelligibly. His throwing spears were very nasty to look at; they were horribly barbed. The savage orated, beaming and waving his arms. Then the dog whirled beside Thornton and barked furiously toward the rear. He seemed to scream with fury.

Thornton jerked about. There were two other savages on the beach just

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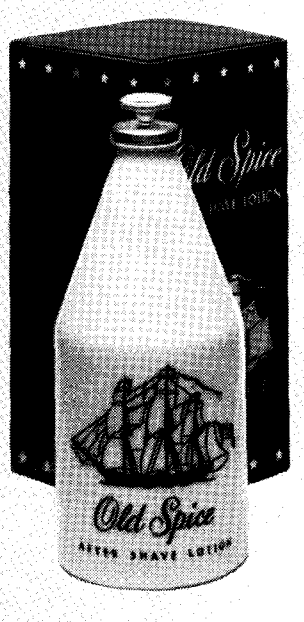

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beyond the jungle's edge. These were within twenty paces. One was in the act of launching a throwing spear. The other was in an early stage of the same action.

Thornton's pistol cracked. The spear thrower flinched but his hideously barbed missile landed within inches. The other fled, dropping his weapon altogether. Both dived for the jungle. Thornton jerked his head back, and the nightmare in canvas pants was also in flight.

Then the daylight died. Toward the last, the sun was hidden by thick clouds which were definitely storm-cloud formations. After nightfall there came wind gusts making truculent noises. The night became blacker than black, and the sound of surf grew loud. And then there came irony.

Thornton heard roarings in the sky. At first they were far away. They came nearer; they boomed overhead. Thornton fired the flare pistol from his survival kit. Apparently the colored speck of light was seen. Whiteness blazed in the sky. A parachute flare burned with intolerable brilliance aloft. The beach was lighted for a long way. It was empty. The boomings circled and circled, but they could not land on water in darkness, with winds of unknown force and direction building up a very considerable sea.

Presently the boomings went away in the darkness. And presently the rain came. He tried to use the rubber raft as a shelter for himself and the dog, but the wind took it away and tried to destroy it. The rain was utter saturation.

But the man stayed there, and therefore so did the dog. They huddled together in the sand hollow the man had dug. And Thornton thought hopefully about his wife and little daughter, Elsie, while a minor cyclonic disturbance raged and roared, and tore leaves and branches from the jungle trees, and threw thunderous waves against the outer shores of this and other islands.

It was not a storm to be put in the public records. It blew and blew, but the coral-sand beach was sheltered. Besides, there was quite unreasonable reassurance in the coming of the search-and-rescue planes, even though they'd dared not land. The presence of the dog helped greatly. Thornton allowed himself to become absorbed in thoughts of his family. He liked having and being part of his family. Waiting in the drowning rain with the hungry dog pressed close, it seemed very definite to Thornton that the three of them made up something so absolutely right that surely no harm could be allowed to come to any of them. What had happened to Thornton's ankle and his arm was trivial, though it hurt.

Thornton thought about his wife and daughter and anticipated arrival via search-and-rescue at Tupuro. It would be very good ——

The dog growled. He'd raised his head some time since to listen, but he'd done that often. This time he growled. His head turned toward the sea. After an instant he was up, turning his head this way and that. Now he faced the jungle and now the water. In the bay there was boiling surf, but the rain beat it down and destroyed its frothing.

Thornton very grimly prepared to do what he could. One arm was nearly useless, but not quite. He assigned it the duty of firing flares. The other hand could take care of the small pistol intended to give him a chance at game.

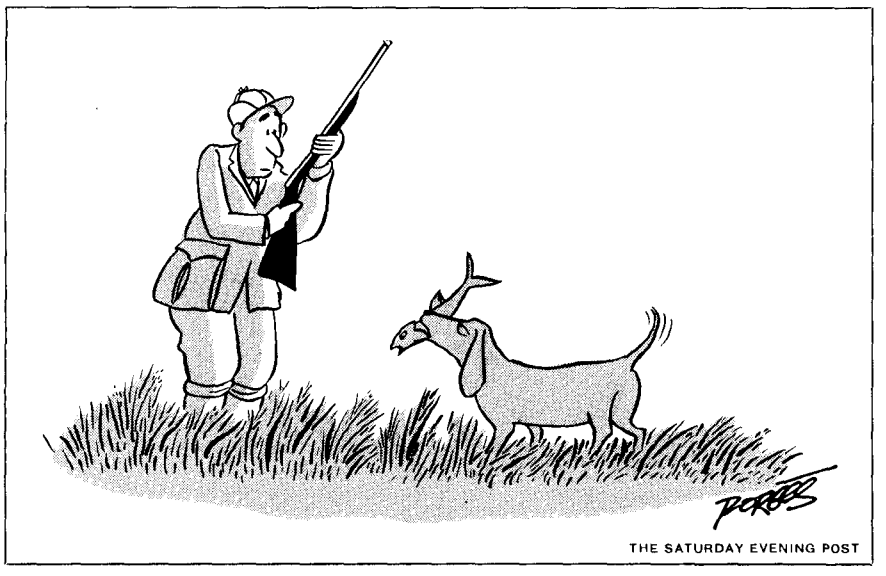
The dog snarled now in a raging indecision. So Thornton set off a flare. It went up, shining feebly in the rain. There was a dark mass deploying itself at the edge of the surf. It could move toward Thornton from that side. There were figures grouped at the jungle edge.

The flare went out. Thornton considered very coldly. This local lynching party would not be a war party. A war party is prepared to fight, expects to fight and has prepared itself psychologically for the taking of risks. The assassination of one man by persons who are faceless, either because they are masked or because they are so many, is another thing entirely. Assassins—unlike warriors—consider that they have made all the plans and scheduled all the events. A surprise move against would-be murderers is almost invariably successful.

Thornton crawled out of his hollow in the darkness. The mound of sand was nearly washed away anyhow. He crawled toward the jungle, toward that smaller, mustering group who prepared for Thornton's murder by the other group—and might very well anticipate the taking of all risks by them. The dog came with him. Singularly, the dog did not snarl or growl now. A dog acting under what he takes for orders doesn't.

He paced beside Thornton in the drowning rain. Thornton moved painfully and with difficulty, because he had only one good arm and one usable leg. He moved, indeed, with something of the absurdity of an inchworm. But he went across the beach toward the jungle and intending murderers so that he wouldn't be where they expected him.

As it happened, he was halfway to them when they advanced. So they walked into him. The dog, with a roar, leaped upon a spear-armed man who'd have stumbled over Thornton in two paces more. Thornton pulled the trigger



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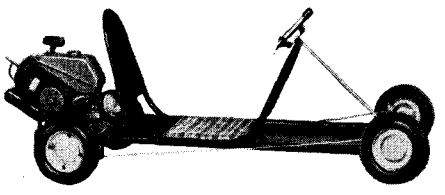

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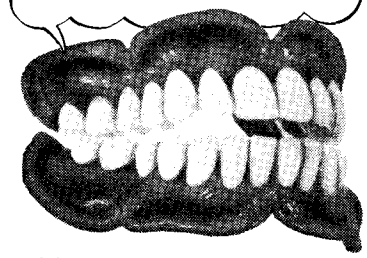

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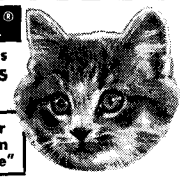

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Night to Survive

of the flare pistol. The flare did not travel far—not in this downpour—but he saw singularly inappropriate harsh reflections from wetted naked bodies and wetted barbed spears.

His little hunting pistol cracked and cracked. It was not important to disable anybody. It was important to hurt as many as possible. The dull and sodden downpour of the rain was louder than the surf or even the wind. But the howlings were louder than either. These murderers were the victims of surprise, and there was a ravening, raging big dog in their midst, tearing at the flesh of those who would murder his master. They ran.

Once more before dawn the dog growled throatily at the then diminishing storm. And Thornton roused himself, but now with confidence, and nothing happened. Nothing. And thereafter the storm blew and the winds roared and changed their direction clockwise, as cyclonic winds should do in the Southern Hemisphere. When gray light came, there were still many high waves and many tumultuous gusts, and the sky was still covered with clouds. But Thornton could see for a long way above the water.

There was a flattop—a carrier—four miles out at sea, with a destroyer plunging violently near it. Hull-down at the horizon an oil tanker came limping valiantly toward this place. And as soon as it was conceivably light enough, low-flying, heavy search-and-rescue planes came winging barely above the waves from the direction of Tupuro. They swept on toward him, and roared above the island and then circled, as if exultant, over the spot where he managed to get himself upright on one leg and wave to them.

The dog stayed desperately close to Thornton in the search-and-rescue plane, when they'd been picked up. He was frightened when the plane lurched and bumped on the seas that impeded the take-off for a time. Later, though, he was friendly to the seaplane's crew. But he would not go far from Thornton. He was Thornton's dog. That matter was settled.

It was settled until they reached Tupuro. But then they lifted Thornton to the ground, and his wife and little Elsie were there to greet him. His wife showed the fear she'd felt during all the night, but her eyes shone when she looked at him.

Thornton forgot the dog. He did not remember him again for almost a minute and a half. Then he heard a faint and somehow desperate whine. The dog looked at Thornton with imploring eyes. He shivered. He ignored small Elsie, who petted him extravagantly. The dog was terrified, and it could only be fear that the master he'd acquired on a coral-sand beach could forget him. He whimpered.

Then Thornton said gravely, "Excuse me, boy. This is my wife." And his wife put out her hand, and the dog sniffed it and licked it dutifully. "And this is my daughter Elsie," said Thornton as gravely as before. "They are the rest of your family now. We belong together. All of us."

Elsie hugged the dog with extravagant affection. She said blissfully, "How did you know exactly what kind of dog I wanted, daddy?"

Later on, Thornton put things together in his mind. An order for a squadron of jet fighters to shift their base, and the death of a trader on one of the Bismarcks, and a fatigue crack in a metal pipe, and a short-lived cyclonic storm—they could all happen by accident. But once they had happened, other happenings must take place by necessity. And these other happenings ——

He heard Elsie giggle on the porch of his quarters on Tupuro. He thought that there could not be any sound quite so happy as the giggle of a six-year-old. He opened his mouth to say something to his wife. They were very glad to be together. But before he could speak he did hear a happier sound. It was a steady thump-thump-thump-thump. The big brown-and-white dog was wagging his tail as Elsie played with him.

THE END

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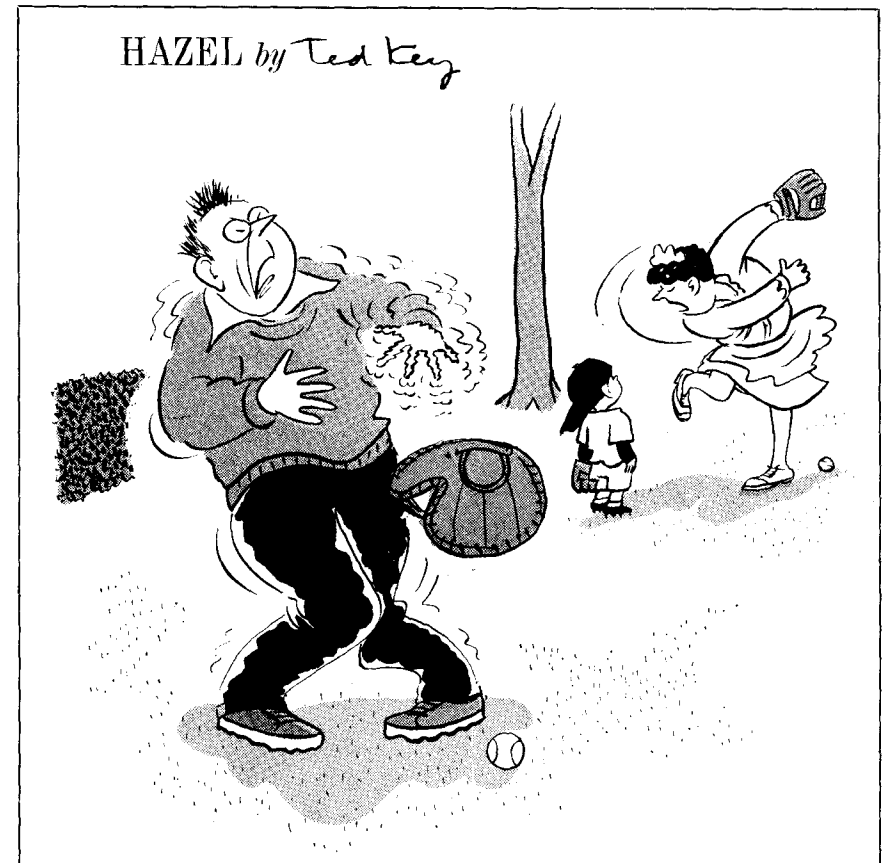

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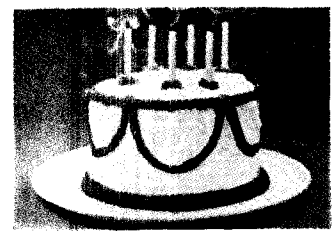

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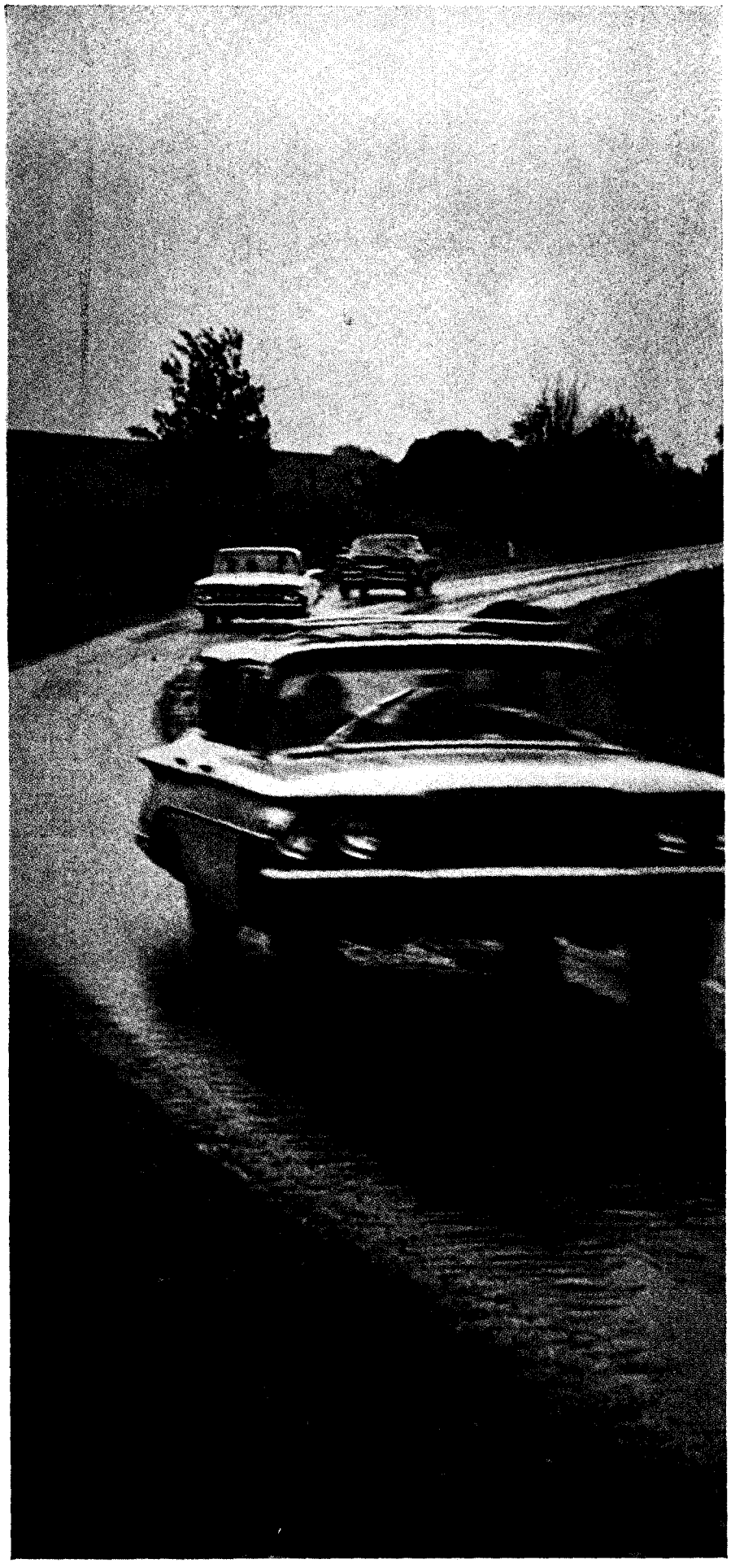

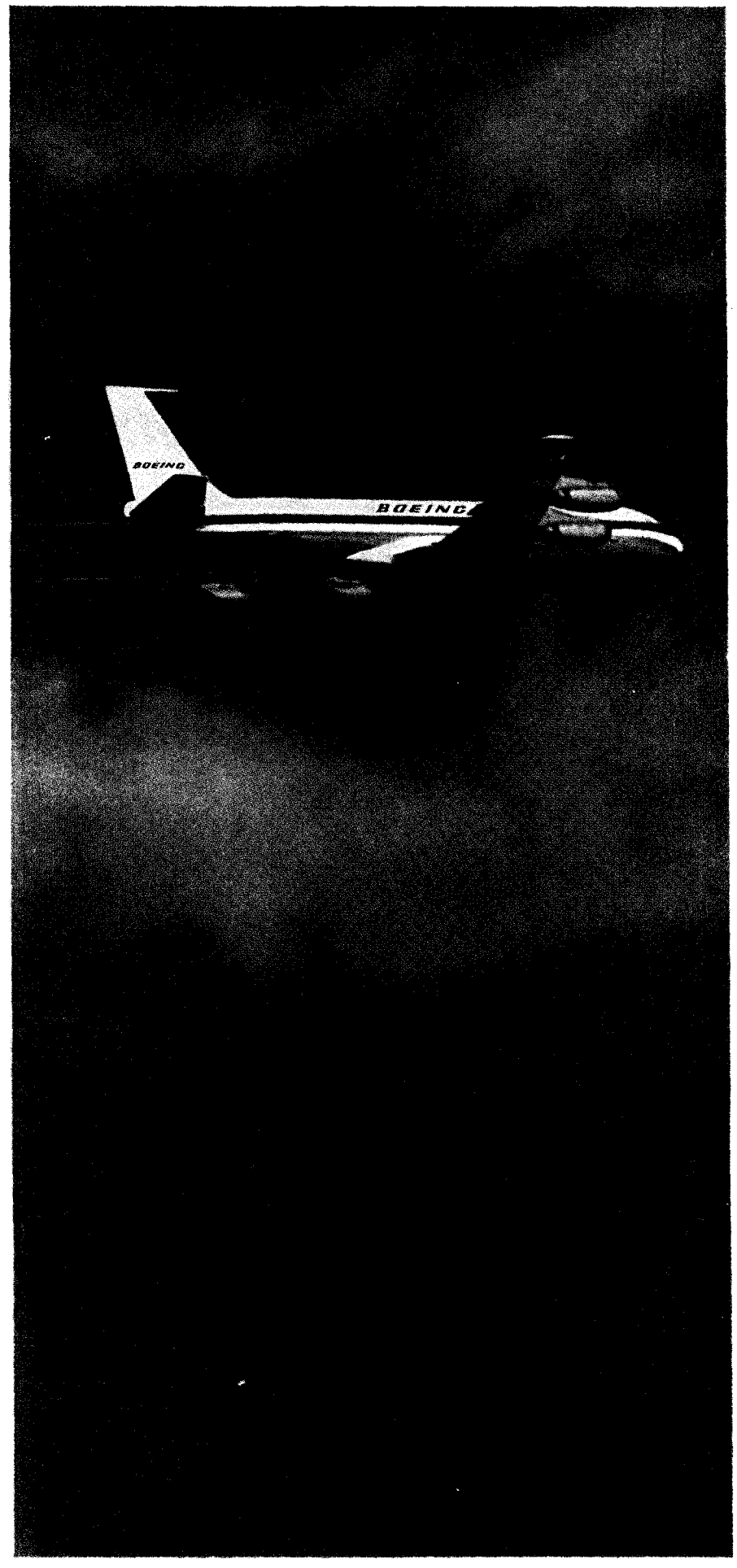

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Stage-Struck High School

New York City's School of Performing Arts is a bold educational experiment which offers talented teen-agers a high-school education along with professional training in dance, music and drama.

By GERALD WALKER

"I have to phone my agent," said the teen-ager to her friends as she rushed off after algebra class. At any other high school the remark would have wowed them. But phone calls to agents are common at New York City's School of Performing Arts, the most unusual public school in the nation. P.A., as it is known, is the country's only tax-supported school for tomorrow's actors, dancers and musicians.

Other New York vocational schools train future garment workers, aviation machinists and electricians—and also give special training in music and art. But P.A. helps youngsters become professional performers.

P.A. is more than a talent factory. Its 612 students take a full college-preparatory program and must maintain an academic average of B or better. But show biz is the heart of the school, and the whole day beats to it.

A girl tripped on the stairs, for example, and as she clutched her shin and moaned, a passing teacher said, "Use nice round tones, dear. Your diction is terrible today."

In an American-history class the teacher asked the students to compare U. S. Steel with the giant talent agency, Music Corporation of America, each of which dominates its field.

"Steel is steel," suggested a boy, "but Mary Martin isn't Ethel Merman."

P.A.'s faculty of thirty-nine includes sixteen working professionals. The school is on West 46th Street, at the hub of Manhattan's theater district. A few doors away are a costume house and the office of *Variety*, the show-business weekly. Up the street a half block is Broadway's neon sprawl. The school building is dilapidated, but the students don't care. At P.A. their ambitions are understood and their talents developed.

Admission by Audition

More than 1000 youngsters apply to enter P.A. each year; about 200 make it. Talent is the crucial quality, and each applicant must demonstrate it at two grueling auditions. The first, before the faculty, weeds out the obviously unsuitable. The second is before the school's Advisory Commission, composed of persons distinguished in the performing arts—such as, in past years, Helen Hayes, Martha Graham, Joshua Logan, Sidney Lumet and Leonard Bernstein.

The youngsters who survive the auditions face a demanding four years. P.A. makes time for its performing-arts training by lengthening the school day—from the conventional five hours to six—and by cutting out all "free" or study periods. Classes start at 8:20 A.M. Attendance runs high, even among students who travel two hours from outlying boroughs.

"I got up at 5:45 for four years," a dance alumna recalls, "because when I got to school

Students in a modern-dance class jump through a warming-up exercise. Below, a well-warmed-up senior music student, Leon Matalon, during an impromptu jam session after band class. Of the school's 612 students 217 study dance, 175 music and 220 drama.

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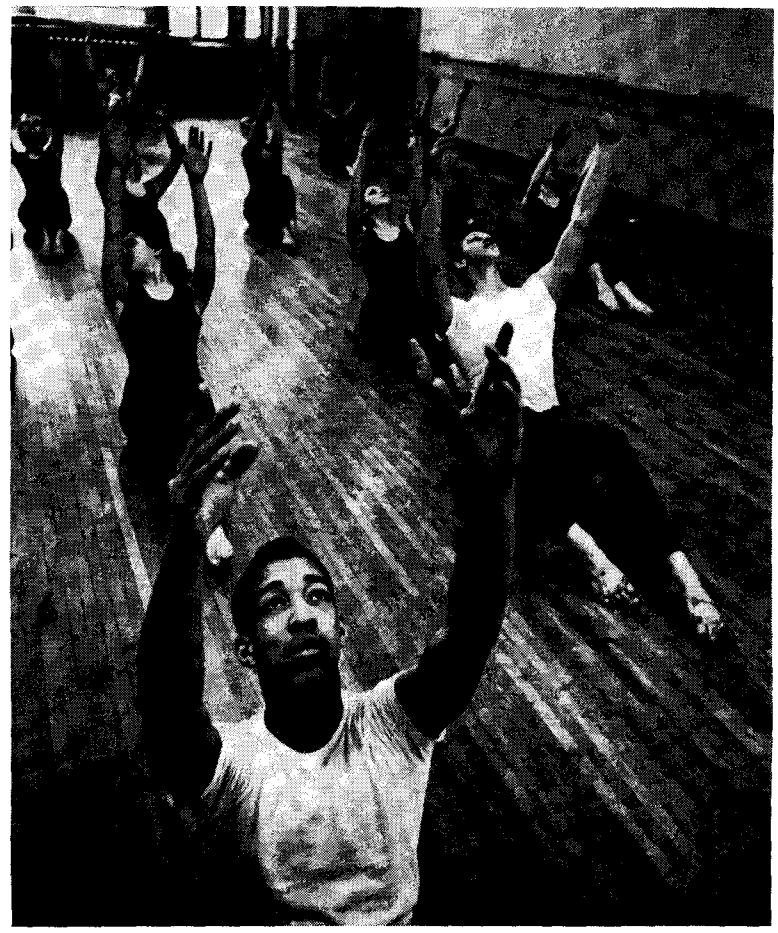
Out of the purposeful hubbub comes many a successful entertainer.

Broadway actor Barry Nelson, star of Mary, Mary, *advises drama students on job opportunities. His advice: Go to college before beginning your career. About four out of five P.A. graduates will. Below: The boom in musicals makes the job outlook brighter for these dancers.*



Photographs by Ted Russell

and put on my tights I felt young and free and beautiful. P.A. was an oasis of life for me."

Student enthusiasm shows up in the statistics. Nearly all the P.A. students who survive the tough screening of their first year are graduated, a record that compares spectacularly with the 40-percent dropout rate in New York City high schools generally. Four out of five graduates of P.A. go on to college. (Average IQ is 118½, fourth highest among the city's high schools.)

Vibrating the Floorboards

"The happiness around the place was incredible," says Sidney Lumet, a Hollywood and Broadway director who has taught at P.A., "and this was the reward for the teacher. The kids' exposure to the arts was such a joy to them we'd have to beat them out of school with a stick. Then we'd all have coffee together and sit and talk theater until five or six. Even those who didn't go on to careers had their lives permanently enriched. It was a great joy to work there."

"Other schools don't have the teacher-student relationship we do," says senior Ellen Unger. "We kid around a lot, but we learn a lot."

On a busy day not long ago, a gum-chewing student dance band on the fifth floor *doo-wapped* and *deedled* through a cool arrangement of *Come Back to Sorrento*. Down a flight, barefoot modern dancers in leotards pranced in time to the instructor's softly urgent: "Feet, feet, feet, feet." Next door, two teachers counted time in Russian accents as a male dancer and two dozen girls in ballerina skirts were up on point in *Les Sylphides*. Down the hall, musicians were practicing a Mozart Rondo for violin and string orchestra. In the second-floor auditorium a cast of thirty was running through songs for a production of *Alice in Wonderland*. And in the basement fledgling actors rehearsed scenes from five plays at once.

Meanwhile, on the third floor, regular classes were in session—English, history, geometry and the like—with dancers' feet thudding above and a brass band vibrating the floorboards.

Out of the purposeful hubbub at P.A. comes many a successful entertainer. Students and faculty take great pride in graduates who make good, and post reviews on a bulletin board, with names of alumni circled in red. Among the red-circled in recent years were Eartha Kitt; Susan Strasberg; Diana Sands (*A Raisin in the Sun*); Suzanne Pleshette (*Rome Adventure*); playwright Herb Gardner (*A Thousand Clowns*); his wife Rita Gardner (*The Fantasticks*); dancer Tony Mordente (*West Side Story*); movie star Pat Crowley; New York City Ballet soloists Edward Villella and Arthur Mitchell; and Sanford Allen, the New York Philharmonic Symphony's first Negro violinist.

The idea for P.A. came to Dr. Franklin J. Keller in 1937 when he was principal of New York's Metropolitan Vocational High School.

"One day," says Doctor Keller, "I heard music coming from the school's boiler room. Investigating, I found four boys with musical instruments, cutting class to practice for weekend dance bookings. I'm a pianist and organist myself, so I was sympathetic. I thought, *If we gave them music, they wouldn't have to sneak it.*"

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One of tomorrow's stars? Third-year drama student Karen Reeves nibbles a prop during classroom rehearsal for Bell, Book and Candle.

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"You don't have to be sick and weird to be a creative artist."

Queen: Off with her head! *A scene from* Alice in Wonderland *(above) in a class taught by actress Vinette Carroll, one of the sixteen instructors who are working professionals. Below: Students practice a dramatic reading from* A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.

In a performance before students and parents, drama student Lois Mintz plays Pierrot in Edna St. Vincent Millay's Aria da Capo.

Doctor Keller mapped out a full vocational course in music and soon added a pilot course in acting. In 1943 he tried to persuade the Board of Estimate to set up a separate school solely for the performing arts. At first the city fathers refused to take the idea seriously; "Keller's Follies," they called it, and "The School for Performing Seals." But Keller finally won them over with the aid of prominent art-minded New Yorkers, and the school opened its doors at its present site in 1948.

"Each year," says Doctor Keller, who retired in 1957, "I began my welcoming speech to the students by saying, 'You're all crazy. You're crazy about the theater, music and dance. We're here to help you be as crazy as you want.'"

The philosophy of helpfulness goes on under Edward T. Koehler, now P.A.'s acting principal.

Sometimes P.A. students find that they don't have what it takes for a career as a performer, or that they don't want one—which, as music chairman Julius Grossman says, "is something they'd never let their parents tell them." More often a student finds a direction for his ability. "Until I came to P.A.," says Roger Peterson, a senior ballet student, "ballet was sort of a hobby with me. Here's where I decided that ballet was what I wanted to do for the rest of my life."

P.A. changes its students in other ways. Most P.A. sophomores go through a pseudobohemian-beatnik phase. "Then," says Dr. Marjorie Dycke, drama chairman, "we hammer them into shape. They say, 'We're artists. Who cares about neatness?' So we tell them that an actor who projects a sloppy self-image says to the world he's not worth his own bother. Few directors or producers will bother with him either."

P.A. prepares its students for the hard economic facts of life they will face. It offers elective courses in stenography and typing, skills to fall back on when bookings are scarce. And it brings in established professionals to speak to seniors at weekly job-opportunities sessions.

The Meaning of Professionalism

The school teaches the meaning of professionalism. When students asked Matteo, the ethnic-dance teacher, to dance for them, he declined. "A professional," he told them, "doesn't perform at the drop of a hat. If I danced for you now, all you'd see is your teacher in eyeglasses. That would be out of context. The right way to see me is on a properly lit stage, in costume, with music. I'm a different person then—at least I hope so."

P.A. students come to feel that they are different from what they call "regular teen-agers," that they are members of a special brotherhood.

"P.A. was the best four years of my life," says actress Diana Sands. "And after the kids get out, they usually stick together. My two best friends to this day are from P.A."

"It was a joy," says Arthur Wolff, now a production coordinator for M-G-M, "to go to a high school where the kids were not afraid to read poetry, to cry at something that moved them, to take a stand. P.A. proves you don't have to be sick and weird to be a creative artist." THE END

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EDITORIAL

The Communist Menace—Real and Imagined

The failure of Communism to achieve the economic utopia promised by Karl Marx, and the sorry state of the Communist Party in the United States, do not mean that the danger to this country has receded. As Mr. Schlesinger says (page 13), people who follow the party line today have a different reason for believing in the Soviet Union. They believe that "Communism is going to win." The Communist Party, U.S.A., has declined in numbers, but as Harold Martin points out (page 17) it is still a deadly and dangerous enemy. The peril to the Republic was never greater, and it was never more imperative that we see the Communist menace in its true light.

Yet there are people in this country—John Birchites, generals and others of the radical right—who are so busy seeing Communists under the beds, in the closets and on top of Government bureaus that they obscure the real danger.

Let us make no mistake on this point. As Harold Martin has indicated, the Communists did make serious inroads into the Government in days gone by. The blind refusal of certain liberals to believe the evidence of this penetration aided and abetted the radicals of the right. People who called themselves intellectuals refused to be persuaded by the overwhelming evidence against Alger Hiss. When Whittaker Chambers came back from Communism, "like Lazarus rising from the dead," to use his image, they refused to expose themselves to the possibility that he was right.

The important point then and now is that we must believe the facts, but evidence is something that the extremists of the right and the left have never been impressed by. They are so emotionally committed to their political prejudices that they believe what they want to, rather than what the facts disclose.

Currently the radicals of the right are holding the center of the stage. When Maj. Arch Roberts, former information officer for Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker, came before the D.A.R. recently, the Army had refused to clear his speech on troop indoctrination, so he spoke off the cuff. Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles "has a Communist background," he said (Mayor Yorty promptly denied the allegation and Chairman Francis Walter of the House Un-American Activities Committee vouched for him), and added that "Soapy" Williams has "leftist leanings." How the Kremlin walls must have trembled at these "revelations"! It was the loudest dud fired in this country since General Walker himself came before a Senate subcommittee two weeks earlier and charged that Secretary of State Dean Rusk was part of a "hidden control apparatus" he couldn't identify, but must exist because things had not gone well for us in Cuba, the Congo and Korea.

The other day we received a leaflet published by an outfit in Los Angeles called Cal-Press Features, Inc. According to the publisher, it was written by "good, solid American writers." We read a column by a man named Tom Anderson, who proclaimed that "the enemy is at our gates. In fact, the enemy is helping tend the gates. . . ." Mr. Anderson suggested that there is a way to put the "enemy" in his place. "Why not hold treason trials?" he asked. "The perfect site for treason trials would be Hyde Park. Hyde Park is, any way you look at it, the 'natural' site, for many reasons. And it's convenient to commuting from Hyannis Port, the State Department, Independence and Gettysburg." In other words, President Roosevelt was a traitor, and so are Presidents Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy, as well as the entire State Department.

We wonder about these self-appointed saviors of America who are always knocking our country and its elected leaders. We wish they could understand the damage they do by sowing seeds of doubt and suspicion wherever they go. We also wish they knew how they complicate the task of the FBI, whose job is to track down spies and other real Communists, and how they do themselves and the cause of conservatism harm by seeing Red every time anybody disagrees with them.

But these people live in a world of their own, a dream world of simple alternatives and easy solutions. If things are not going well in the Cold War, then there must be an easy answer, they believe. Someone has betrayed us here at home, they think, or we are losing because we lack the will to win. This kind of global oversimplification is exemplified in a new book called *No Substitute for Victory* by Frank J. Johnson, a Dartmouth graduate and an M.A. from Johns Hopkins. "We are losing because we have not resolved to win," says Mr. Johnson. In a chapter called "Blueprint for Victory" he explains his plan for winning the Cold War. "We begin by informing the Kremlin that we intend to win," he says. Then we should "take some piece of real estate away from the Communists," so that "the belief in Communism as 'the wave of the future' would be weakened."

Mr. Johnson suggests that we begin by taking Cuba and Albania. Then "we should employ paramilitary warfare against the Communists on a large scale." He believes that "Eastern Europe should be made into a principal area for paramilitary warfare . . . a seething mass of semi-revolt," and that "we would not do the Soviets the kindness of ruling out intervention by the West German Army in support of a revolt in East Germany."

Along with these provocative steps, Mr. Johnson would have us "rekindle the flame extinguished in Budapest and build it into a mighty fire under the feet of the Communist tyrant." While we are at it we would also encourage the South Vietnamese to invade North Vietnam, "unleash Chiang Kai-shek," and help a string of generals all over the world "if they feel it necessary to take power." He lists "General Phoumi in Laos, General Nasution in Indonesia, General Ne Win in Burma and General Mobutu in the Congo" as "a few examples of this category of individual."

We suggest that this chapter could be more properly titled "Blueprint for Disaster," because the inevitable result of Mr. Johnson's advice would be to find ourselves fighting all over the globe and exposing vital areas to Communist conquest by the dispersion of our forces. We also wonder how we could do all these things and fight the Communists who, according to the radical right, are lurking under every bush and tree here at home.

We thank God that our country is being and has been run by rational men, who measure our commitments against our strength and make their decisions on the basis of fact rather than fancy.

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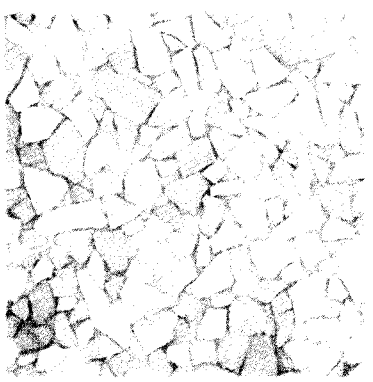

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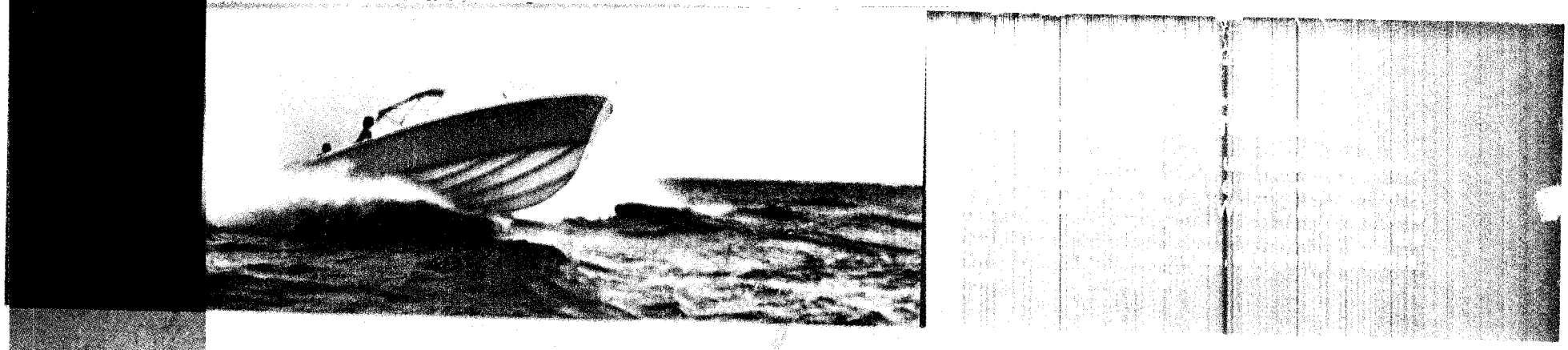
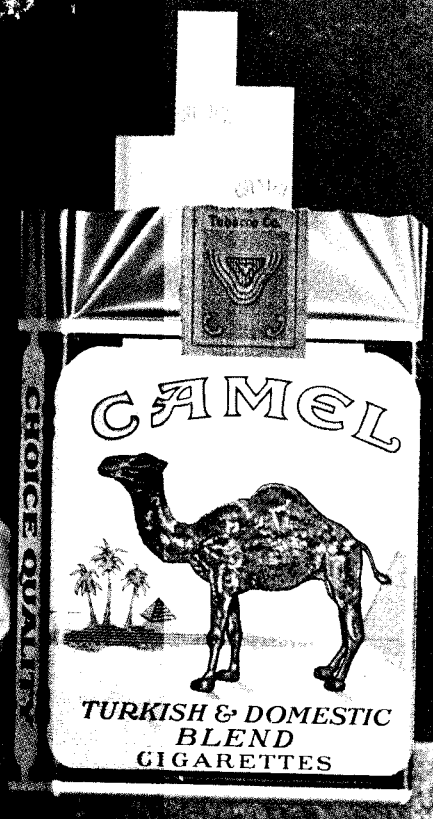


Smoking more now but enjoying it less? *Change to Camel!*

Have a real cigarette— CAMEL



"What I like about Camels are their full, rich taste and easy-going mildness. Camels give me real enjoyment every time I light up."

Richard Bertram

Coconut Grove, Florida
Ocean Racer—Yacht Builder

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